THE ODES, SATYRS, AND EPISTLES OF HORACE.

Done into Engliſh.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. ——

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judge's Head*
in *Chancery-Lane* near *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1688.

UMI

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum aëhere
Vates:
Bourghers delin. et sculp.

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ODES
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Done into English.

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H5 Ec
1688

To the very much Esteemed

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

SIR,

IT is pretended by every one that chooseth a Patron, that either the Worth or good Nature of the Person hath determined him to that choice; He professeth that He hath very mean thoughts of his own performance, and so stands in need of a Protector: He begs a Name whose Luster might shed some Reputation on his Work, or else hath been oblig'd,

and bound in gratitude to make this publick acknowledgment of the goodneſs of the Man. How eminently You, Sir, are endow'd with the firſt qualification of a Patron every one knows too well to need information; and where can this trifle find a Corner that hath not been fill'd with Mr. *Dryden*'s name? 'Tis You, Sir, that have advanc'd our Dramatick to its height, and ſhow'd that Epick Poetry is not confin'd to *Italy* and *Greece*: That You are honored by the beſt, and envy'd by others, proclaims Excellency and Worth; For True Honor is built only upon perfection; and Envy, as it is as ſharp ſighted, ſo 'tis as ſoaring as an Eagle, and who ever ſaw it ſtoop at a Sparrow or a Wren?

When? And that Candor and Goodness have the greatest share in your Composition, I dare appeal to every one whom You have any way honored with your Conversation: These so fill your Mind, that there is no room left for Pride, or any disobliging quality: This appears from the Encouragement You are ready to give any tolerable attempts, and reach out a helping hand to all those who endeavour to climb that height where You are already seated: E'en this ows its completion to those smiles which You condescended to bestow upon some parts of it, and now ventures to appear a second time where at first it found a favourable Entertainment: 'Tis *Horace*, Sir, whom You have thought worthy

thy, your Study and Imitation, that flies to You for Protection, and perhaps will beg it against the Injuries I my self have done him. You, Sir, are best acquainted with the difficulties of the Undertaking, can most easily discover, and as easily pardon the defects of,

SIR,

Your most Obliged Humble Servant,

Thomas Creech.

Oxon. All Souls Coll. May. 25. 1684.

Preface.

QUincillian *in the First Book of his* Institutions *instructs the Young Orator what to read; and after* Homer *and* Virgil *are chiefly commended to his Study, He tells him, That considerable improvement may be made from the* Lyrick *Poets; but there is great Care to be taken in the choice; & me select parts only out of each Author to be permitted Youths: And he says particularly of* Horace, *That He would not have all in Him interpreted: What He means by* Interpretation, *is evident to every one that understands the Extent of the word, and the Ancients Method of instructing. And why this Caution is restrained to the* Odes, *and not apply'd to the* Satyrs *as well, since the reason upon which He fixes it seems common to both, must be taken from the design and subject matter of the Poems; To describe and reform a vicious man, necessarily*

requires

requires some expressions which an Ode *can never want: The Paint which an Artist uses must be agreeable to the Piece which He designs;* Satyr *is to instruct, and that supposeth a knowledge and discovery of the Crime; whilst* Odes *are made only to delight and please, and therefore every thing in them that justly offends is unpardonable. In our Common Schools this Rule of* Quintillian *is grievously neglected, all is permitted to every Eye, and laid open to the dullest sight by the most shameful Notes that can be penn'd: You may see a Grammarian with a demure mouth cry out* O Fœdum! *at a loose expression, and yet presently fill a Page with a more lascivious explication; and the design of all his pains is only to indulge a petulant Humor, or assist the lazy Ignorance of the Common Instructors of our Youth: If any should reckon this amongst the considerable Causes of the Corruptions of our Manners, certainly all those would assent, who see that a Stream will be foul when the Fountain it self is muddy: Nor is this a single opinion, as is evident from their happy industry,*

who

who have corrected some of our Authors, and sent them abroad naked, and uncorrupted with foreign Notes: This Method as it spares the Modesty of the Youth, so it must be a considerable improvement to his Parts, since his Mind and Memory, and not only his Eye must be employ'd: I am bound thankfully to acknowledge the Pious Care of Mr. Thomas Curganven, *now of* Shirburn *in* Dorsetshire, *in this matter, He did not want, or if he had, His Vertue and Industry had contemn'd such helps, having searcht into the Secrets of the Classicks, and being an excellent Example of unweary'd Diligence, and regular Carriage to All under his Tuition: To his Instruction I owe what at present I understand of these Books, and to his Rules my hopes of future Attainments: The same Principles made me Cautious of some* Odes, *tho I have past by three more upon a different account.*

This just debt being paid to my Honored Instructer, the part that concerns my self, Reader, will give Thee little trouble: I cannot choose but smile now and then to think that I

who

who have not Muſick enough to underſtand one Note, and too little ill Nature (for that is commonly thought a neceſſary ingredient) to be a Satyriſt, ſhould venture upon Horace: *'Tis certain our Language is not Capable of the numbers of the Poet, and therefore if the Sence of the Author is delver'd, the variety of Expreſſion kept, (which I muſt deſpair of after* Quintillian *hath aſſur'd us that he is moſt happily bold in his words) and his Fancy not debas'd, (for I cannot think my ſelf able to improve* Horace) *'tis all that can be expected from a Verſion; This the Admirable* Cowley *conſider'd when he undertook* Pindar, *and hath drawn a ſhort and full Apology for the like undertakings: "We muſt conſider,* ſays He, *"the great difference of time betwixt his Age, "and ours: which changes, as in Pictures, at "leaſt the Colorus of Poetry, the no leſs diffe- "rence betwixt the Religions and Cuſtoms of "our Countries, a thouſand particularities of "Places, Perſons and Manners, which do but "confuſedly appear to our Eyes at this di- "ſtance; and laſtly (which were enough alone*

"for my purpoſe) we muſt conſider that our "Ears are Strangers to the Muſick of his "numbers, which ſometimes, (eſpecially in Songs "and Odes) almoſt without any thing elſe makes "an excellent Poet: 'Tis true he improves this conſideration, and urges it as concluding againſt all ſtrict and faithful Verſions; in which I muſt beg leave to diſſent, thinking it better to convey down the Learning of the Ancients, than their empty ſound ſuited to the preſent times, and ſhow the Age their whole ſubſtance, rather than their thin Ghoſt imbody'd with ſome light Air of my own.

As for ill Nature, Horace requires none, nay diſclaims it in a Satyriſt; his ſharpeſt touches, if we believe both himſelf, and thoſe that beſt underſtood him, are innocent Waggery, admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

He endeavours to laugh men out of their Vices, and doth not lance or cauterize the ſores, but tickles till He heals; and how much this method ſurpaſſes the rougher handling, every one may imagine, who knows that 'tis more grievous to any man to be Ridicul'd than beaten; and who is there that would not rather appear in

Company

Company with a black Eye, than a ſmutted Face? Some few adviſ'd me to turn the Satyrs *to our own Times, they ſaid that* Rome *was now rivall'd in her Vices, and Parellels for Hypocriſie, Profaneneſs, Avarice and the like were eaſie to be found; but thoſe Crimes are much out of my acquaintance, and ſince the Character is the ſame whoever the Perſon is, I am not ſo fond of being hated as to make any diſobliging applications: Such pains would look like an impertinent labour to find a dung-hill, only that I might ſatisfy an unaccountable humour of dirting one Man's Face, and beſpattering another: Some have taken this way, and the ill-Nature of the World hath conſpir'd to think their rudeneſs Wit: All their ſmartneſs proceeds from a ſharp Humor in their Body, which falls into their Pen, and if it drops upon a Man's Reputation that is as bright and ſolid as poliſht Steel, it ſullies it preſently, and eats thro. Such are never lov'd, or prais'd, but ſhun'd and fear'd, like Mad-Dogs, for their Teeth and Foam; and are excellently repreſented by* Lucan's *Baſilisk,*

Who

Who drives all other Serpents from the Plains,
And all alone in the vaſt Deſart reigns.

What I have borrow'd from others, if ever I have ſtock enough, I will honeſtly endeavour to repay; but the debt which I have contracted from my Lord Roſcommon *is ſo vaſt, that I ſhall never be able to diſcharge. To his admirable Verſion I muſt gratefully acknowledge, That I owe the ſence, and the beſt lines in the Art of Poetry.*

THE

PREFACE.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

The First BOOK.

ODE I.

To MECÆNAS.

Several Men have several Delights. Lyrick *Poetry is his.*

MECÆNAS, born of Royal Blood,
My joy, my guard, and sweetest good;
Some love with rapid wheels to raise
Olympian dust, and gather praise;

Where Races won, and Palms beſtow'd,
Do lift a King into a God:
And ſome in high Commands are proud,
That great preferment of the Crowd;
Blown by their breath the Bubble flies,
Gaz'd at a while; then breaks and dies:
Another ploughs his Fathers Fields,
His Barn holds all that *Libya* yields;
And hopes of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,
Shall never tempt him from the Plain;
Or draw his fearful Soul to ride
In feeble Ships, and ſtem the Tide:
The Merchants toſt in angry Seas,
That praiſe their fields, and quiet eaſe,
Yet rigg their tatter'd Ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be poor:
Some underneath a Myrtle ſhade,
Or by ſmooth Springs ſupinely laid,
With Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,
Contract the buſineſs of the Day:
Shrill Trumpet's ſounds and noiſy Wars,
That Mothers hate, pleaſe other Ears:
The Hunter doth his eaſe forgo;
He lies abroad in Froſt, in Snow;
He ſoon forgets his pleaſing Wife,
And all the ſoft delights of Life,
Whilſt faithful Hounds a Deer purſue,
Or have a raging Boar in view:
The purling ſtreams and ſhady grove
The Nymphs and Satyrs dance, and love;
Green Ivy Crowns, that only ſpread
Freſh Honors round a learned head,

Shall raiſe my Name above the Crowd,
And lift me up into a God;
If Muſes kind ſhall ſtring my Lyre,
Or Tune my Pipe, and heats inſpire:
If You, my Lord, approve my vein,
And count me 'mongſt the *Lyrick* train,
Secure from Death I'le proudly riſe
And hide my head in lofty Skies.

ODE II.

To AUGUSTUS.

Rome *hath ſmarted for killing* Cæſar, *and all their Hopes are in* Auguſtus.

ENough of Thunder, mighty *Jove*,
Enough thy flaming Arm has thrown,
Enough hath torn the ſacred Grove,
Enough amaz'd the frighted Town:

Leſt *Pyrrha*'s age return'd they fear'd:
Strange Age, when from the former floods
Old *Proteus* drove his ſcaly Herd
To viſit Hills, and glide in Woods:

The Fiſhes hung on lofty boughs,
Thoſe Seats well known to Doves before,
The ſpreading Waves ſnatcht trembling Does,
They ſwam, and look'd in vain for ſhore.

We ſaw ſwoln *Tibur* backward flow,
And from the *Tuſcan* waves retire;
The Monuments of Kings o'erthrow,
And hiſs in *Veſta's* ſacred fire:

Whilſt Hee, too too Uxorious flood,
Swoln big with fury, cuts along
The left-hand banks, though *Jove* withſtood,
To right Complaining *Ilia's* wrong.

The Youth ſhall hear that impious ſteel
Againſt our ſelves we madly drew,
Which better haughty *Medes* ſhould feel,
The Youth our faults have left but few.

What God to prop the falling State
Shall we invoke with earneſt Prayers?
How ſhall our Virgins ſoften fate,
And weary *Veſta's* deafned Ears?

And whom to expiate *Cæſar's* bloud
Will *Jove* appoint? *Apollo* come,
O'er thy bright ſhoulders caſt a cloud,
And kindly ſuccour guilty *Rome*.

Or *Venus* fair, whom Joys attend,
Whom Youth flies round, and ſmiling Grace;
Or Father *Mars* at laſt deſcend,
And pity thy decaying Race.

Oh long, too long thy fierce delight
Hath glutted Thee, whom Wars do pleaſe
With Darts and Spears, and ſtern in fight,
The frightful *Moors* unlearn'd in eaſe.

Or whether chang'd to Mortal Eyes
You ſeem a Youth, Kind winged God,
Nor doſt the friendly name deſpiſe
Of the Avenger of our *Cæſar*'s blood.

Oh Late may You return to *Jove*,
May quiet days extend thy reign,
Nor vext at Us in haſt remove
To viſit happy ſeats again.

Our Empire's Father, Prince, and Guide,
In Triumphs live; Nor let the *Medes*,
Proud in our Spoils, unpuniſh'd ride
Whilſt Mighty *Cæſar* bravely leads.

ODE III.

To VIRGIL,

Taking a Voyage to Athens.

SO may kind *Venus* guide thy Sails,
So *Helen*'s Brother's ſhining Stars,
Secure thee from thy Fears:
So *Æol* looſe the Southern gales,
And all the other Winds controul;
As thou doſt waft thy *Virgil* o'er,
And land him on the *Attick* ſhore;
Preſerving half my Soul.

His Heart was Brass, who first did dare
In feeble Ships to stem the Seas,
Who weeping *Hyades*
And Monsters saw, nor stoop'd to fear.

Who saw the headlong Whirlwinds fight,
And south-winds rage, that best can raise
Or smooth the *Adriatick* Seas,
Nor dy'd at such a sight.

What Face of Death can move his fears,
That saw with an undaunted Eye
Vast Rocks and Waves as high,
And could restrain his flowing tears?

In vain the Gods design'd: in vain,
In vain they did the Lands divide
By an unfriendly Tide,
If impious Ships can cross the Main.

Man forc'd by an imperious Will,
Does make all haste to be undone,
And very eagerly rush on
To court forbidden Ill.

Prometheus brought Celestial fire,
Which first by wicked Arts He stole,
To give his Clay a Soul,
And kindle this absurd desire.

But Vengeance soon pursu'd deceit;
For thence began unknown disease,
Thence cruel Fevers first did seize,
And took their fatal Heat.

Then

Then lazy Death did mend her pace,
Our Life contracted to a ſpan,
Death came in haſt on Man,
And ſtopt his yet unfiniſht race.

With Wings which Nature's Laws deny,
Firſt *Dædalus* did boldly dare
To beat the Empty Air,
And wander thro the liquid Sky.

Thro Hell the fierce *Alcides* ran,
He ſcorn'd the ſtubborn chains of Fate,
And rudely broke the Brazen Gate;
Nought is too hard for Man.

Grown Giants in Impiety,
Our Impious folly dares the Sky,
We dare aſſault *Jove*'s glorious Throne,
Nor, ſtill averſe to his command,
Will we permit his lifted Hand
To lay his Thunder down.

ODE IV.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily.

SHarp Winter Melts, *Favonius* ſpreads his wing,
A pleaſing change, and bears the Spring:
Dry Ships drawn down from ſtocks now plow the Main,
And ſpread their greedy Sails again:
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clowns delight,
And Fields have loſt their hoary white:

The Nymphs and Graces join'd throw flowry Meads
By Moon-light dance, and *Venus* leads:
Whilſt labouring *Cyclops* furious *Vulcan* tires,
And heats their Forge with double fires:
Now crown'd with Myrtle, crown'd with riſing Flowers
From looſned Fields, drive eaſie hours;
A Lamb to *Faunus*; if he moſt approves
A Kid, A Kid muſt ſtain the Groves:
With equal foot, Rich Friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate;
Life's ſpan forbids Thee to extend thy Cares,
And ſtretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:
Night ſoon will ſeize, and You muſt quickly go
To ſtory'd Ghoſts, and *Pluto's* houſe below,
Where once arriv'd, adieu to Wine and Love,
And all the ſoft Delights above:
No Feaſts, where Thee the happy Lot may place
The Juſt Diſpoſer of the Glaſs:
No *Lycidas*, no fair ſurprizing Boy,
Or to admire, or to enjoy:
No *Lycidas*, who now our Youth do's charm,
And ſoon ſhall all our Virgins warm.

ODE V.

He rejoices at his deliverance from his bewitching Miſtriſs.

WHat tender Youth upon a Roſy bed,
With Odours flowing round his head,
Shall ruffle Thee, and looſe a heart?
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair,
And ſpread Charms neat without the help of Art?

How oft unhappy ſhall he grieve to find
The fickle baſeneſs of your Mind?
When he that ne'er felt ſtorms before,
Shall ſee black Heaven ſpread o'er with Clouds,
And threatning Tempeſts toſs the Flouds,
Whilſt Helpleſs He in vain looks back for Shore.

Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,
He wantons in thy pleaſing Arms,
And boaſts his happineſs Compleat:
He thinks that You will always prove
As fair, and conſtant to his Love; (cheat.
And knows not how, how ſoon thoſe ſmiles may

Ah wretched thoſe who love, yet ne'er did try
The ſmil ng treachery of thy Eye!
But I'm ſecure, my danger's o'er,
My Table ſhows the Cloths I vow'd,
When midſt the ſtorm to pleaſe the God,
I have hung up, and now am ſafe on ſhore.

ODE VI.

To AGRIPPA.

Varius *may record his great Actions, but Love must be the subject of his Songs.*

THee great in Arms shall *Varius* sing,
In Conduct wise, and bold in fight;
What Conquests under your Command,
The Legions wan by Sea and Land,
The same shall boldly write
With quills that dropt from lofty *Homer's* wing.

My tender Verse must Wars refuse;
Spears, Trophies, and the armed field,
The fierce *Pelides* haughty rage
That still prest forward to engage,
And knew not how to yield,
Are things too weighty for my feeble Muse.

Strict Modesty confines my Tongue,
And shame forbids me to disgrace
A subject high, so near divine,
As mighty *Cæsar's* praise and thine,
And your great names debase
By the officious meanness of a Song.

For who in worthy strains can write
Mars dreadful in his Iron Coat?
Or show the black *Merione*
In *Trojan* dust severely gay?

Or

Or how *Tydides* fought
By *Pallas* aid, and match'd the Gods in fight?

I ſing ſoft Boys and Virgin's Wars,
How ſoon they ſmile, how angry ſoon
With cloſe par'd nails, and tender tooth
They all invade the ruffling Youth;
Thus urge my frolick on
And bid farewel, a long farewel to Cares.

ODE VII.

He commends Plancus *his Seat, and adviſeth him to enjoy his Life.*

SOme *Mytelen*, or famous *Rhodes* will praiſe,
Or two-ſea'd *Corinth*'s honor raiſe;
Some *Thebes* for *Bacchus* fam'd in ſounding ſtrains,
Or flowry *Tempe*'s open Plains:
Some fill their laſting Verſe with high renown
Of Virgin *Pallas* learned town;
And whilſt they ſtudiouſly their praiſe beſtow,
To All prefer the Olive bough:
To honor *Juno*, *Argos* ſome proclaim,
Or raiſe *Mycæne* high in fame;
Not patient *Sparta*, *Tempe*'s fruitful Fields,
Nor all that fat *Lariſſa* yields,
Can raiſe my fancy; no, I all contemn,
Compar'd to fair *Albunea*'s ſtream;

My

My water'd Orchards, headlong *Anio*'s flood,
Or quiet *Tibur*'s ſhady wood:
As fair South-winds will bruſh the Clouds away,
Nor always brood a rainy day,
So *Plancus*, You, whatever life you lead,
Or play at home in *Tibur*'s ſhade,
Or fill the ſhining Camp, and lead the War,
With Wine ſtill wiſely end thy Care:
When *Teucer* fled, diſtreſt by angry fate,
His Country, and his Father's hate,
With poplar Crowns He grac'd his drunken head;
And thus to drooping Friends he ſaid,
What-ever Chance the kinder Parent ſends,
We'll bravely bear, my noble Friends:
Adieu fond Care, deſpairing fears be gone,
Whilſt *Teucer* guides and leads you on:
Unerring *Phœbus* ſays our hands ſhall raiſe
A City in another place,
Another *Salamis*: Cheer, rouſe your force,
For we have often ſuffer'd worſe:
Drink briskly round, diſpel all cloudy ſorrow,
Drink round, We'll plow the Deep to morrow.

ODE

ODE VIII.

To LYDIA,

Who had made Lybaris *Effeminate.*

TEll, *Lydia*, tell me this,
By all the Gods I do conjure Thee, tell
Why thou wilt ruine *Lybaris*
By loving of the Youth too well?

Why doth He hate the Plain,
That can endure the fury of the Skies,
The burning Sun, the Wind and Rain:
By Nature fitted for the Prize?

Why now refuſe to ride
Amidſt is equals, and with graceful force
The fury of his Courſer guide,
And bravely ſit the manag'd Horſe?

Why Yel'ow *Tibur*'s ſtream
Doth He now hate? Why fear to touch the flood?
And why the ſhining Oil contemn
With greater care than Viper's Blood?

Why do his Arms no more
Look black with blows and honourable Scars,
Which once with juſt applauſe He bore,
When Fame attended on his Wars?

So juſtly prais'd for Art,
So fam'd for ſtrength, when throw the wondring throng
Beyond the bounds he threw the Dart,
Which ſwiftly bore his praiſe along.

Why doth he now lie hid,
As once complying with his Mother's fears
The Great, the Brave *Achilles* did,
Leſt Manly dreſs ſhould force him on to Wars?

ODE IX.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily.

SEE how the Hills are white with Snow,
The Seas are rough, the Woods are toſt,
The Trees beneath their burthen bow,
And purling ſtreams are bound in froſt.

Diſſolve the Cold with noble Wine,
Dear Friend, and make a rouzing fire,
'Gainſt Cold without, and Care within,
Let both both with equal force conſpire.

With all things elſe, come, truſt the Gods,
Who when they ſhall a Calm reſtore,
And ſtill the ſtorms that toſs the Floods;
Old Oaks, and Aſhes ſhake no more.

All

All Cares, and Fears are fond and vain,
Fly vexing thoughts of dark to-morrow;
What Chance ſcores up, count perfect gain,
And baniſh buſineſs, baniſh ſorrow.

Whilſt Thou art green, and gay, and young,
Ere dull Age comes, and ſtrength decays,
Let mirth, and humour, dance, and ſong
Be all the trouble of thy days.

The Court, the Mall, the Park, and Stage,
With eager thoughts of Love purſue;
Gay Evening whiſpers fit thy Age,
And be to Aſſignation true.

Now Love to hear the hiding Maid,
Whom Youth hath fir'd, and Beauty charms,
By her own tittering laugh betray'd,
And forc'd into her Lover's Arms.

Go dally with thy wanton Miſs,
And from the Willing ſeeming Coy,
Or force a Ring, or ſteal a Kiſs;
For Age will come, and then farewel to Joy.

ODE X.

In praiſe of Mercury.

SWeet ſmooth-tongu'd God, wiſe *Atlas* Son,
Whoſe Voice did mould Mens flinty hearts,
Juſt riſen from their Parent ſtone,
By ſoftning Muſick, and inſtructing Arts.

Thee,

Thee, Thee my Muſe ſhall gladly ſing,
Thee, Poſt of Heaven, and Guard of Hell;
Firſt Mover of the charming ſtring;
By waggiſh Thievery cunning to conceal.

Unleſs you would reſtore the Cows,
Whilſt with his voice He dar'd the Child,
And threatned with his angry brows,
Now he had loſt his Bow, *Apollo* Smil'd.

Rich *Priam*, with a Pious haſt,
Whilſt you did guide his trembling feet,
Theſſalian fires ſecurely paſt,
The Camp, and proud *Atrides* haughty Fleet.

You gently guide the Pious Souls
To happy Seats; Your golden rod
The flitting Troop controuls;
O lov'd, Above, Below, by every God!

ODE XI.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily, and take no Care for to morrow.

AH do not ſtrive too much to know,
My dear *Luconoe*,
What the kind Gods deſign to do
With Me and Thee.
Ah do not You conſult the Stars!
Contented bear thy doom,

Rather

Rather than thus increaſe thy fears
For what will come:

Whether they'l give one Winter more,
Or elſe make this thy laſt;
Which breakes the Waves on *Tyrrhene* ſhore
With many a blaſt,

Be Wiſe, and Drink; cut off long Cares
From thy contracted Span,
Nor ſtretch extenſive hopes and fears
Beyond a Man.

E'en whil'ſt we ſpeak the envious time
Doth make ſwift haſt away,
Then ſieze the preſent, uſe thy prime,
Nor truſt another Day.

ODE XII.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHat Man, what *Hero*, ſtately Muſe,
Wilt thou deliver down to Fame?
What God for thy great Subject chooſe?
And make the wanton Echo ſport his Name?

O'er *Helicon*'s reſounding Grove,
O'er *Pindus*, or cold *Hæmus* hill?
Whence liſt'ning Woods did gladly move
And throng'd to hear ſweet *Orpheus* wondrous quill.

He by his Mothers art could bind
The headlong fury of the floods;
Allay rough ſtorms, appeaſe the wind,
And looſe from their fixt roots the dancing woods.

Whom firſt? Shall I creating *Jove*
With humble pious duty ſing,
That guides below, and rules above,
The great Diſpoſer, and the mighty King?

Than He none greater, next him none
That can be, is, or Was:
Supreme he ſingly fills the Throne;
Yet *Pallas* is allow'd the neareſt place.

Thy praiſes, *Bacchus*, bold in War,
My willing Muſe will gladly ſhow;
And, Virgin, Thee whom *Tygers* fear;
And *Phœbus* dreadful for unerring Bow.

Alcides Acts my Muſe muſt write,
And *Leda's* Sons; one fam'd for Horſe,
And one in cloſe and handy fight
Of haughty bravery, and of noble Force.

When both their Stars at once appear,
The Winds are huſht, they rage no more;
(It is their Will) the Skies are clear,
And Waves roul ſoftly by the quiet ſhore.

Shall *Romulus* ſtand next to Theſe?
Or furious *Tarquin's* haughty Reign?
Or, *Numa's* Laws and pious Peace?
Or *Cato's* noble fall, and fierce diſdain?

The *Scauri* next, the Great, the Good?
Or *Regulus* his conſtant Truth?
Or *Paulus*, prodigal of his blood
When *Hannibal* o'erthrew the *Roman* Youth?

Or ſhall I ſing in laſting Verſe
Fabricius Mind too great for Gold?
Or elſe rough *Curius* Praiſe reherſe,
In conduct prudent, and in action bold?

Him and *Camillus* fam'd for War,
In a poor houſe, and mean eſtate
Want poorly bred on hardy fare,
And made them ſtrong to prop *Rome*'s ſinking Fate.

Marcellus like an Oak doth riſe,
And *Julius Cæſar*'s light appears,
As in fair Nights and ſmiling Skies
The beauteous Moon amid'ſt the meaner Stars.

Great *Saturn*'s Off-ſpring, mighty *Jove*,
Whoſe greateſt care is *Cæſar*'s fate;
Serenely You may reign above,
Whilſt here *Auguſtus* keeps the ſecond ſtate.

And whether He in triumph leads
The *Parthians* that on *Latium* preſt;
Or beats the *Indians* and the *Medes*,
And ſpoils the diſtant Nations of the *Eaſt*,

He leſs than Thou, rules all below,
Whilſt Thy hot Wheels may ſhake the Clouds,
And dreadful Thunder fiercely throw
On Groves prophan'd, and on unhallow'd Woods.

ODE XIII.

His Jealousie occasions his disquiet.

WHen *Lydia* praises *Damon*'s Charms,
His rosy Neck, and waxen Arms,
His Air, and rowling Eye;
My Mind scarce thinks on what it does,
My sickly Colour comes and goes;
I rage, I burn, I die:

I lose my former vital Grace,
And tears steal softly down my face;
Cold feeble Sweats begin,
Cold feeble Sweats that plainly show
How fierce the Flame, and yet how slow,
That melts my Soul within:
I rage to see thy Shoulder stain'd,
Or snowy Breast by drunken hand
Too lovingly unkind;
Or when the ruffling Amorous youth
Hath prest thy Lips with eager Tooth,
And left a Mark behind:

Coy *Lydia*, all thy hopes are vain
Still to endure the pleasing pain
Of a surprizing Kiss,
Which *Venus* doth in Nectar steep,
And hangs upon the balmy Lip,
To draw us on to Bliss.

Thrice

Thrice happy They, that free from ſtrife
Maintain a Love as long as life;
Whoſe fixt and binding vows,
No intervening Jealouſie,
No Fears and no Debates untye;
And Death alone can looſe.

ODE XIV.

To the Common-wealth *which was now ready to engage in another Civil War.*

AND ſhall the raging Waves again
Bear Thee back into the Main!
Oh what doſt do! Put cloſe to ſhore,
And never truſt the Ocean more:
Thy Oars are gone, and Southern blaſts
Have rent thy Sails, and torn thy Maſts;
Nor without tackling can'ſt thou brave
The violent fury of the Wave;
Thy Stern is gone, thy Gods are loſt,
And thou haſt none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dangerous Shelves art toſt,
When Billows rage, and Winds are High.
Thô thou art built of noble Wood,
And gay as ever cut the Flood;
Alas! 'tis but an empty Name,
Nor will the Seas regard thy Fame:
What fearful Sea-man dares rely
On Gilded Sterns when Winds are high?

Vain ſhow, not fit to ſail but pleaſe,
An eaſie prey to angry Seas:
Tho often Thou haſt ſafely paſt,
Thou owe'ſt a ſport to Winds at laſt:
Oh! lately Thou my grief and fear,
And now my freſh and preſent Care,
Take heed, and fly the flattering Seas
Between the ſhining *Cyclades*.

ODE XV.

Nereus *ſings the Fall of* Troy, *occaſion'd by* Paris's *Rape of* Helen.

WHen faithleſs *Paris* ſtole away,
And carry'd *Helen* thro the Sea;
Then *Nereus* ſtill'd the Wind:
He quieted the angry Seas,
And lull'd the Billows into eaſe,
Eaſe to the Lovers haſte unkind.

Whilſt thus he ſang, Thou carry'ſt home
Thine own, falſe Youth, and Country's doom;
Whom *Greeks* ſhall fetch again
With all their force; and all combine
To break that wicked Match of thine,
And Ancient *Priam*'s noble reign.

What labor, ah! What duſt and heat!
And how the Men, and Horſes ſweat!

Ah! *Troy*, what Fates engage!
E'en furious *Pallas* now prepares
Her Helmet and her Shield for Wars;
Her dreadful Chariot, and her Rage.

In vain ſhalt thou thy ſafety place
In *Venus* aid, and paint thy face;
In vain adorn thy hair;
In vain thy feeble Harp ſhalt move,
And ſing ſoft tales of eaſie Love,
To pleaſe the wanton and the fair.

In vain ſhalt Thou avoid thy Foe,
The winged Dart, and *Cretan* Bow,
Things grievous thy joys:
In vain with grief ſhalt fear to view
Stout *Ajax* eager to purſue,
And ſtrive to fly the hated noiſe.

But ah! too late, ah, much too late
Thou ſhalt endure the ſtroak of Fate,
And find the Gods are juſt:
Too late Thou ſhalt deſerv'dly feel
The force of the revenging ſteel,
And ſoil th' Adulterous locks in duſt.

Doſt Thou not ſee grave *Neſtor*'s age,
And fierce *Ulyſſes* wildly rage,
The ruine of thy State?
Nor *Teucer*'s brave undaunted force,
Nor *Stheneleus* that drives his Horſe
As furious and as faſt as Fate?

Ah thou ſhalt ſee *Merione*
In *Trojan* duſt ſeverely gay;
And fierce *Tydides* rave;
Look how he frowns, and roves about
To find the Feeble *Paris* out;
Tydides, as his Father brave.

Theſe, feeble *Paris*, thou ſhalt fly
As trembling Does whoſe fears eſpy
A Lion in a Grove;
They leave their Herbs, with panting Breath,
They ſtrive to ſhun purſuing Death;
Was this thy Promiſe to Thy Love!

Achilles angry for a Wrong
Shall *Troyes* approaching Fate prolong;
But after certain years
Theſſalian Flames and *Grecian* Fire
Shall o'er the proudeſt Piles aſpire:
And fill the Matrons Eyes with Tears.

ODE XVI.

A Recantation for a Copy of Iambicks *written on a young Lady.*

OH Daughter fair, of greater Charms
Than thoſe with which thy Mother warms,
My guilty Verſes how you pleaſe
Deſtroy, in Flames (tho ſcarce ſo hot
As that fierce rage with which I wrote)
Or in the angry Seas.

Not

Not *Cybele* ſuch heat inſpires
Ne'er *Phœbus* with ſuch raging fires
His Prophet's Soul poſſeſs'd,
Not *Bacchus* ſelf can raiſe a Man
Half ſo much as Anger can
When once it burns the Breaſt:

Not Tears nor Kindneſs can aſſwage,
Nor Force nor Danger curb the rage,
It ventures boldly on;
It ſcorns to be confin'd by *Joue*,
Or all the Thund'ring Powers above,
But by its boundleſs ſelf alone.

When Bold *Prometheus* firſt began,
As Story goes, to make a Man
From every thing He ſnatcht a part
To furniſh out his Clay
And to compleat his rude eſſay,
And plac'd a Lions fury in the Heart.

'Twas Rage that made the Brothers hate,
Rage wrought *Thyeſtes* wond'rous fate;
'Twas Rage that kill'd the Child;
That fed the Father with the Son,
And when it ſaw the mighty Miſchief done,
Stood by, and (what was ſtrange) it ſmil'd.

'Tis that that raiſes all our Wars,
And brings our Dangers and our Fears,
When the inſulting Foe,
Whilſt Anger burns, and Rage prevails
O'er Town and Cities ruin'd Walls,
Doth draw the heavy plough. Then

Then curb thy Anger, charming Maid,
That once my heedleſs Youth betray'd;
It rais'd a deadly flame,
And hurry'd on my thoughtleſs Muſe
In ſwift *Iambicks* to abuſe
And wanton with thy fame.

But now I do repent the wrong,
And now compoſe a ſofter Song
To make Thee juſt amends:
Recant the Errors of my Youth,
And ſwear thoſe ſcandals were not Truth;
So You and I be friends.

ODE XVII.

He Commends his Country Seat, and invites his Miſtriſs thither.

SWift *Faunus* oft *Lyceum* leaves behind,
And to my pleaſing Farm retreats;
And from the Summer heats
Defends my Goats, and from the rainy wind.

O'er Vales, o'er craggy Rocks, and Hills they ſtray,
Seek flowry Thyme, and ſafely brouze
And wanton in the boughs;
Nor fear an angry Serpent in the way.
No lurking Venom ſwells the harmleſs mold,
The Kids are ſafe, the tender Lambs
Lie bleating by their Dams,
Nor hear the Evening Wolves grin round the fold.

Soft

Soft rural Lays thro every Valley ſound;
By low *Uſtica's* purling Spring
The Shepherds pipe and ſing,
Whilſt from the even Rocks the tunes rebound.

Kind Heaven defends my ſoft aboads,
I live the Gods peculiar Care,
Secure and free from fear;
My Songs and my Devotion pleaſe the Gods.

Here naked Truth, Love, Peace, good Nature reign,
And here to Thee ſhall plenty flow,
And all her Riches ſhow
To raiſe the honor of the quiet Plain.

Here crooked Vales afford a cool retreat;
Or underneath an Arbor's ſhade
For Love and Pleaſure made,
Thou ſhalt avoid the Dog-Star's raging heat;

And ſweetly ſing the harmleſs Wars of Love,
How, chaſt *Penelope's* deſires,
And wanton *Circe's* fires
With various heats for one *Ulyſſes* ſtrove.

At Noon with Wine the fiery beams aſſwage
Beneath a ſhade on beds of Graſs,
And take a Chirping glaſs;
But never drink till Mirth boils up to rage.

Ne'er fear thy old Gallant, He's far away,
He ſhall not ſee, nor ſeize, nor tear
Thy Chaplet from thy Hair;
We ſhall have leiſure, and have room to play.

ODE XVIII.

Wine moderately taken cheers the Mind, but too much makes men mad.

DEar *Varus* urge thy wiſe deſign,
And chiefly plant the noble Vine
In *Tibur*'s fertile ſhade,
Or round *Catilles* Wall,
The ſober Dotards Cares invade,
And numerous miſchiefs wait on all.

Pale cares are rude,
And muſt intrude
Untill forgetful Cups go round;
And who in drink doth prate of Wars,
Of Want, or State affairs?
Each head is free, and buſie thoughts are drown'd;
But Mirth, and Women, Sport, and Play
Is all the trouble of the Day.

But leſt thy growing Mirth ſurpaſs
The moderate freedom of a merry glaſs,
Think on the *Centaurs* blood,
Think how thoſe Beaſts did fight,
With Wine and Gore, their Tables flow'd;
And then command thy Appetite.

What wild deſires,
What Madneſs fires
The *Thracian* Bruits; how fierce a God,
When Drunken They all Right and Juſt
Do meaſure by their Luſt,
And eagerly ruſh on to brawls and blood?

Attending

Attending Death ſtrikes every Gueſt,
And none ſurvive the fatal Feaſt.

Submitting to thy eaſie yoke
I'll freely uſe, but ne'er provoke
Thy rage, obliging God;
Nor ſhall my Tongue reveal
To the prophane and common Crowd
The myſteries thy boughs conceal.

Preſerve my Age
From drunken Rage
Which blind Self-love does ſtill attend,
With Vanity, which loves to ſpread
Her Plumes, and raiſe her Head
Above the Common level of her Friend;
With theſe with an uneven pace
Walks broken Faith which lets all Secrets paſs,
Much more tranſparent than a glaſs.

ODE XIX.

To GLYCERA.

He confeſſeth his Love.

THe cruel Mother of Deſires
And wanton Youth reproves,
And bids me rais'd by *Bacchus* Fires
Reſtore my ſelf to my forſaken Loves.

Fair

Fair *Glycera* my wiſh provokes,
More white than poliſht Marble Stone,
Inviting coy, and ſlippery looks,
Coy looks, too ſlippery to be gaz'd upon.

Now *Venus* leaves her *Cyprian* Seats,
And fills my Soul with all her heats;
Bids me not mind the *Parthian* force,
When dreadful on his Flying Horſe
He makes his proud, and conquering retreats.

All that I think on muſt be Love;
Bring Wine, my Boys, an Altar rear;
A tender Lamb perhaps may move,
And make the angry Goddeſs leſs ſevere.

ODE XX.

He invites Mecænas *to take a Bottle of Wine at his Houſe.*

POor *Sabine* Wine in Cups as poor
Is all my preſent ſtore;
'Twas bottled then, when You, my Lord,
In crowded Theaters ador'd
Smooth *Tibur*'s Banks around
Return'd the joyful ſound,
And babling Echo's the glad ſhouts reſtor'd.

Rich Casks from the *Colenian* Vine,
Or ſmooth *Cæcubian* Wine

Your Cellar ſtore; but meaner juice
Contented I muſt humbly uſe:
My Cups the *Formian* Hill
Nor the *Falernian* fill;
'Tis Wealth's great privilege to be profuſe.

ODE XXI.

He exhorts the Boys and Maids to ſing Apollo's *and* Diana's *praiſe.*

YE tender Maids *Diana* ſing;
Apollo Praiſe, Ye riſing Boys,
And both to equal Honors bring;
Latona too whom mighty *Jove*
Did deeply love,
And ſhow the pious duty of your joys.

Diana ſing, *Diana* loves
The purling Springs that ſoftly flow,
The pleaſing Woods and quiet Groves
That ſhady *Erymanthus* bears,
Or *Cragis* rears,
Or in cold *Algidum* but ſlowly grow.

Ye Males with equal Songs reherſe
The flowry *Tempe*'s open Air;
Or ſing with an immortal Verſe
Fair *Delos* Iſle, the happy Earth
That gave him birth;
His charming Harp, his Bow, and grace ſu Hair.

He by your Pious Vows oe'rcome
Pale Famine, and rough Wars ſhall drive
From *Cæſar*, and his happy *Rome*,
And make thoſe raging Plagues infeſt
The diſtant Weſt:
Whilſt we in wanton Peace and Plenty live.

ODE XXII.

Nothing will hurt a good innocent Man, and a faithful Lover.

A Man unſtain'd, and pure from Sin,
No Quiver fraught with poiſon'd Heads,
No *Africk* Javelin needs,
He has a Guard and Arms within:

Whether o'er *Syrtes* wandring ſands,
Or brutiſh *Caucaſus* He goes,
Or where *Hydaſpes* flows
And ſwiftly cuts the ſavage Lands:

Of late, when Cares forſook my head,
I ſtray'd and Sang ith' *Sabine* Grove
My *Lalage*, my Love,
A Wolf ſaw me unarm'd, and fled:

A Beaſt ſo large did never roar
Ith' *Daunian* Woods, and fright the Swains,
Nor in her burning Plains
The Lions Dry-Nurſe *Africk* bore:

So

So place me where no Sun appears,
Or wrapt in Clouds or drown'd in tears;
Where Woods with whirling Tempeſts toſt:
Where no relieving Summers breeze
Does murmur thro the Trees,
But all lies bound and fixt in Froſt.

Or place me where the ſcorching Sun
With beams too near, doth burn the Zone,
Yet fearleſs there I'll gladly rove;
Let frowning, or let ſmiling Fate
Or Curſe, or Bleſs my State,
Sweet ſmiling *Lalage* I'll always love.

ODE XXIII.

He tells his young Miſtriſs that ſhe is now of Age, and need not be afraid of him.

YOu fly me, Maid, as tender Fawns
Seek abſent Dams in deep deſpair,
O'er craggy Rocks, o'er Woods and Lawns,
And idlely fear at every breath of Air.

If Winds do whiſtle thrô the Grove,
Or ruffle Vines; they quickly ſtart,
If *Lizzards* in a Bramble move,
An Icy trembling runs thrô every part.

Not *Tyger* I or angry *Boar*
Purſue Thee, *Chloe*, to deſtroy,
Attend thy Mother's heels no more
Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

ODE XXIV.

He comforts Virgil *Mourning for the Death of his Friend.*

AND who can grieve too much? what time ſhall
Our mourning for ſo dear a Friend? (end
Melpomene whom *Jove* hath bleſt
With melting Voice, and mournful Tongue,
And with a Harp above the reſt
Hath grac'd; begin the Melancholy Song.

And doth eternal Sleep cloſe *Varus* Eyes?
How ſoon our Pride and Glory dies!
And Where will equal Juſtice find,
Where ſteddy Faith and naked Truth
So generous, and ſo great a Mind?
And where an Equal to the falling Youth?

To be bewail'd by all the Good, the Juſt
He fell; by you, dear *Virgil*, moſt;
By you, who now doſt mourn in vain,
By Pious you, who idlely pray
To have thy *Varus* back again;
He was not lent Thee for a longer ſtay.

Could you with ſofter touch than *Orpheus* move
The Harp that drew the liſt'ning Grove,
The Grove that danc'd to Tunes he play'd;
Yet Blood and Bones would ſcarce return,
Nor Fleſh to cloath the empty ſhade,
The Shade that once lay naked in the Urn.

Which

Which *Mercury*, a hard uneaſie God
To open Fate, with frightful Rod
Hath driven thrô the gloomy Air,
And ſhut amongſt the Shades of Night:
'Tis hard: but when We needs muſt bear,
Enduring Patience makes the Burthen light.

ODE XXV.

He inſults over his Miſtriſs Lydia, *now grown Old.*

HA, Ha! Thy Trade at laſt is done,
And all thy wanton Lovers gone!
No ſighing Youths attend thy State,
There's no ſuch rattling at thy door,
As Heretofore;
And now thy Threſhold loves thy quiet Gate.

Now you may reſt ſecure from noiſe,
And ſ dly dream of former joys:
You ſeldom hear deſparing Sighs,
My *Lydia* reſts in ſoft delight
All the long night,
Whil'ſt here her faithful Lover pines, and dies.

Now, now 'tis thine, thy turn to moan
The haughty wantons all alone:
Now to a ſhady Grove retire,
Whilſt Winds as cold as thy dull Age
Do fiercely rage,
And cool the poor remainders of thy fire.

When Luſt as fierce as Mares deſires
Thy ulcerous Heart and Liver fires,
Then thou ſhalt mourn, but mourn in vain,
That wanton Youth ſeeks blooming Charms,
And greener arms;
Whilſt longing Age ſtill meets with cold diſdain.

Then thou ſhalt think on ſweets before,
And die at the deſpairing thought, No more.

ODE XXVI.

He deſires his Muſe to commend his Friend Lamia.

I, I, the Muſes merry Friend
Deliver all my buſie Cares
Unto the wanton Wind;
What Tyrant of the *North*
Leads dreadful Armies forth
Secure alone, and laugh at others fears.

Sweet Muſe that doſt delight to ſing
In ſtrains to *Roman* Ears unknown,
And taſt the Virgin ſpring;
Trace o'er the ſhady Bowers,
And gather ſweeteſt flowers;
And wreath my *Lamia*, wreath, a noble Crown.

What Honors I without thy Aid
Beſtow to grace my Friends, are vain;
My Crowns will quickly fade:

You,

You, Muſe, and all the Nine ſhould raiſe
In new Alcaïcks *Lamia's* praiſe,
And make him live in an unuſual ſtrain.

ODE XXVII.

He adviſeth his Friends not to quarrel in their drink.

AMidſt our Cups for mirth deſign'd
To fight and quarrel, ſuits
Rough *Thracian* Brutes;
But not the ſober temper of a Friend.

This Savage Humor, Sirs, forbear,
And free the modeſt God
From brawls and Blood;
And let your Humor, as your Wine, be clear.

How Cups and Swords do diſagree!
Then give your fighting o'er,
And brawl no more;
But ſit, and keep your Elbows down like me.

If you will have the glaſs go round,
Then tell from what fair Eyes
The Arrow flies;
What Beauty makes Thee Happy in a wound.

Not tell! Nay then the Glaſs remove,
What ever Charms enſnare
Thy Heart, are fair;
You never ſin in a diſhoneſt Love.

Tell boldly, tell thy generous flame,
This is no leaky Ear;
Nor what I hear
Shall my looſe Tongue pour out to common fame.

Unhappy Youth! doth ſhe Surprize?
And have her Flames poſſeſs'd
Thy burning Breaſt?
Thou didſt deſerve a dart from kinder Eyes.

Undone! for no *Theſſalian* Charms
Nor e'en the winged Horſe
Can break her force,
And free Thee from this ſtrange *Chimera*'s Arms.

ODE XXVIII.

Architas *a Mathematician being Shipwrack'd, is repreſented begging a Seaman to Bury him, and denouncing Vengeance on him if he neglects his Requeſt.*

A Narrow Grave by the *Matinian* Shore (more,
Confines Thee now, and thou canſt have no
Ah! learn'd *Architas*, ah how ſmall for Thee, (Sea!
Whoſe wond'rous Mind could meaſure Earth and
What Sands make up the Shore minutely teach,
And count as far as Number's ſelf could reach?
What did it profit that thy nimble Soul
Had travell'd Heaven, and oft ran round the Pole,
Purſu'd the motions of the rowling Light
When Death came on, and ſpread a gloomy Night!

Wiſe

Wiſe *Tantalus* the gueſt of Gods is dead,
And on ſtrange wings the chang'd *Tithonus* fled:
Jove's Friend, juſt *Minos*, hath reſign'd his Breath,
And wiſe *Pythagoras* felt a ſecond Death;
Althô his *Trojan* Shield, and former State
Did prove his Soul above the force of Fate; (hand,
Withdrew the Mind from Death's black conquering
And left but Skin and Bones at Fate's Command;
In thy Opinion He did moſt excel,
Diſcover'd Truth, and follow'd Nature well:
But once o'er all long Night her ſhades will ſpread,
And all muſt walk the Valleys of the Dead.
Some Rage ſpurs on, and Death attends in Wars;
The Sea deſtroys the greedy Mariners:
The Young and Old confus'd by Numbers fall,
And Death with equal hand doth ſtrike at all:
A boiſterous Storm my feeble tackling tore,
And left me naked on the *Illyrian* ſhore:
But, Seaman, pray be juſt, put near the Land,
Beſtow a Grave, and hide my Limbs in Sand:
So may the threatning Eaſt-winds ſpare the Floods,
And idlely ſpend their Rage on Hills and Woods;
Whilſt you ride ſafely; ſo from every Shore
May Gain flow in, and feed thy growing Store.
May *Jove* and *Neptune*, ſoft *Tarentum's* Guard,
Conſpire to Bleſs, and join in one reward:
Perhaps you ſcorn, and are deſign'dly baſe,
Thy Crime ſhall Damn thy undeſerving Race;
Thy Pride, vain Man, ſhall on thy ſelf return,
Thou naked lie, and be the Publick ſcorn: (down,
My Prayers ſhall mount, and pull juſt Vengeance
No Offerings ſhall releaſe, no Vows atone:

Thô hasty now, driven by a prosperous gale,
(Tis quickly done) thrice strew the sand, and sail.

ODE XXIX.

To ICCIUS.

A Philosopher who had left his study, and was resolv'd to go to War.

YOu envy, *Iccius*, the *Arabian*'s store,
Their precious Gums, and Ivory beds,
And art resolv'd for War;
For fierce *Sabæan* Kings ne'er fought before,
And dreadful *Medes*
Your scourges knit, and *Roman* Chains prepare.

What lovely Virgin when her Lover's kill'd
Shall wait on Thee, and call Thee Lord?
What perfum'd Royal Boy
To shoot in's Fathers Bow exactly skill'd,
Attend thy board;
And serve Thy pleasure in another joy?

Who now dares say that streams must flow
From mountains tops to Vales below,
And not to th' Springs return?
Or who deny but *Tibur*'s wondrous stream
May Hills contemn,
And swiftly rowl back to his lofty Urn?

When

When You can change for Shield, and Sword, and Dart,
And the baſe Drugery of Wars,
What e'er contentment brings
Panætus Works, thy coſtly Books of Art
And *Plato's* cares;
Tho once I'm ſure You promis'd better things.

ODE XXX.

He begs Venus *to come to the Temple which his* Glycera *had prepar'd.*

KInd *Venus* leave the *Paphian* Iſle,
And live with *Glycera* a while;
A noble Temple ſhe prepares,
With Incenſe ſweet thine Altars ſmoak,
Thy preſence numerous Vows invoak;
She calls Thee with a thouſand Prayers.

The Graces with their Zones unloos'd,
The Nymphs their beauties all expos'd
From every Spring, and every Plain;
Thy powerful, hot, and winged Boy,
And Youth that's dull without thy joy,
And *Mercury* compoſe thy Train.

ODE

ODE XXXI.

The Poet's Wiſh.

VVHat will the Poet beg to day
From *Phœbus* in his hallow'd Shrine,
For what doth He deſign to Pray,
Whil'ſt thus He pours his Holy Wine?

Not fat *Sardinia*'s fruitful Corps,
Nor Flocks that hot *Calabria* feeds,
Nor Gold, nor Ivory raiſe his Hopes;
Thoſe toys He neither loves, nor needs.

Not thoſe rich Fields where *Lyris* runs
With quiet Streams, and wanton play,
The ſmootheſt of the Ocean's Sons,
And gently eats his eaſie way.

Let him that Has one, Prune his Vine,
The Merchant now come ſafe to Land,
In golden Gobs lets quaff the Wine
His *Syrian* Wares and Voyage gain'd.

He chiefeſt Darling of the Gods,
For twice a-year He plows the Main;
He rides the Proud *Atlantick* Floods,
And yet makes ſafe returns again!

Me *Cichory* and *Olives* feed,
Me loos'ning Mallows nobly feaſt,
They give what Nature's wants can need,
And kindly fill the eaſie Gueſt.

A Mind to uſe my preſent Store
With Health and Life, but not ſo long
As brings Contempt, or cramps my Song;
Grant this, *Apollo*, and I ask no more.

ODE XXXII.

To his Harp, whoſe aſſiſtance he deſires.

IF underneath a Myrtle ſhade,
When free from Buſineſs, I have play'd
What may this year, and more command;
Begin, ſweet Harp, a *Roman* ſtrain,
Thoſe Meaſures and thoſe Tunes maintain
Firſt ſtruck by great *Alcæus* noble Hand.

He fierce in Arms, yet mid'ſt his Cares,
When Dangers preſs'd, and noiſy Wars,
And ſtain'd his charming Harp with Blood;
Or when He ſtemm'd the angry Seas,
Or when arriv'd He ſate at eaſe,
And laught at all the Fury of the Flood:

The Muſes He in ſounding Verſe
Wound Sing, and *Venus* Praiſe reherſe,
With her attending wanton Boy:
Or *Lyco*'s Face ſurprizing fair,
With lovely Eyes, and Auborn Hair,
By Nature fitted to entice to Joy.

Great

Great *Phœbus* Glory, *Phœbus* Love,
And welcome to the Feasts of *Jove*;
Thou great Reliever of my Care;
When e'er I beg thy Aid, attend;
Assist the Verses of thy Friend,
And tune my Songs for Mighty *Cæsar*'s Ear.

ODE XXXIII.

He Comforts his Friend who had ill success in his Amours.

COme dry thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,
Think not too much on *Glycera*'s scorn:
Let no complaining Songs proclaim,
That she, regardless of her Vows,
Her wanton smiles bestows
Upon a later, and a meaner flame.

Lycoris fair for *Cyras* burns,
She loves, but meets no kind returns;
Ill-natur'd *Pholoe Cyrus* Charms,
But sooner shall the Lambs agree
With cruel Wolves, than she
Shall take so base a Wanton in her Arms.

Thus *Venus* sports, the Rich, the Base,
Unlike in Fortune, and in Face
To disagreeing Love provokes;
When cruelly jocose
She ties the fatal noose,
And binds Unequals to the brazen Yokes.

This

This is the Fate that all muſt prove,
The ſure unhappineſs of Love;
Whilſt fairer Virgins did adore
And courted Me, I *Myrtal* woo'd
As rough as *Adria*'s flood
That bends the Creeks of the *Calabrian* ſhore.

ODE XXXIV.

He reſolves to be religious, and follow Epicurus's *Philoſophy no more.*

I That but ſeldom did adore,
I that no God but pleaſure knew,
Whilſt mad Philoſophy did blind,
And *Epicurus* fooll'd my Mind,
Muſt keep that impious Courſe no more;
But turn my Sails, and ſteer anew.

For Angry *Jove* with mighty force,
Whilſt all the Skies where bright and clear,
Shot thro the Heaven with pointed flame,
And ſhook the Univerſal frame;
He lately drove his thund'ring Horſe
And flaming Chariot thro the Air.

This ſhook the Earth and wandring ſtreams;
This noiſe diſturb'd the quiet Dead;
Thro muddy *Styx*, thro all beneath,
And thro the ſhady Walks of Death
Quick lightning ſhot unuſual beams;
The Ghoſts beheld the Light, and fled.

He

He brings the moſt obſcure to light,
And robs the Glorious of a Crown;
Now tumbles down the mighty Proud
And makes them know there is a God;
Now kicks the lofty into night,
And ſeats the Peaſant in a Throne.

ODE XXXV.

To Fortune, *whom he Celebrates, and begs to preſerve* Cæſar.

GReat Goddeſs, *Antium*'s guardian Power,
Whoſe force is ſtrong and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt place;
Or with a wond'rous fall
To bring the haughty lower;
And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral.

The labouring Swain thy Aid implores,
His Prayers are mixt of Fear and Hope
On Thee depending for his Crop;
The Merchants Thee confeſs
When far remov'd from Shores,
And bow to Thee the Miſtreſs of the Seas.

To Thee their Vows rough *Germans* pay,
To Thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
Thee mighty *Rome* Proclaims a friend:
And for their Tyrant Sons
The Barbarous Mothers pray
To thee, the greateſt Guardian of their Thrones:

They

They bend, they vow, and ſtill they fear
Leſt you ſhould kick their Empire down
And cloud the glory of their Crown;
They fear that you would raiſe
The lazy Crowd to War,
And break their Empire, or confine their Praiſe.

Neceſſity ſtill ſtalks before,
And leads the way with pois'nous breath,
And all the Inſtruments of Death;
Sharp Swords, and Wheels and Racks
That flow with putrid gore,
Her brazen hand to fright the Nations ſhakes.

Sure Hope and Friendſhip cloath'd in white
Attend on Thee, they ſtill remain
The chiefeſt Glories of thy Train;
Thô you in rag'd retreat,
And with a haſty flight,
Thy Garment chang'd, forſake the falling Great.

But the baſe Crowd, the Perjur'd Whore,
And when the Casks of Wine are dry,
The falſe Pretenders quickly fly;
They all refuſe to bend
With the declining Poor
And take the heavy yoke to eaſe their Friend.

Preſerve Great *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* leads
To diſtant *Britain*, guide his Fate,
And keep the Glory of our State,
The youth that muſt infeſt
With Arms the haughty *Medes*;
And ſcatter Fears and Slavery thrô the Eaſt.

I bluſh at the diſhoneſt ſhow,
I die to ſee the Wounds and Scars,
Thoſe Glories of our Civil Wars;
What Sins, a Curſed Age,
Were We afraid to do,
And what hath ſcap'd the fury of our rage?

What dread of Heaven, or fears of Hell
Could ſtop the Impious daring hand?
And was not every ſhrine prophan'd!
Oh wouldſt Thou quickly whet
Our impious blunted ſteel
To fight the bold *Arabian*, and the *Gete*!

ODE XXXVI.

A welcome to his dear Friend Lamia.

'TIs pious Duty now to praiſe
With Incenſe, Songs and ſacred Lays,
And with a promis'd Heifers blood
My *Numida*'s kind guardian God:
Who ſafely now return'd again
From the remoteſt Parts of *Spain*,
To thronging Friends on every ſide
A thouſand Kiſſes does divide;
But Deareſt *Lamia* moſt receives,
And takes as gladly as He gives:
Their equal Love at School began,
Both the ſame Race of Vertue ran;
And both at once grew up to Man:

Be

Be every Head with Garlands Crown'd,
And let the flowing Bowl go round:
Let fading Lilies and the Roſe
Their Beauty, and their ſmells diſcloſe,
Let long-liv'd Parſly grace the Feaſt,
And gently cool the heated Gueſt:
Then all on Beauteous *Damalis*
Shall loſe their gloating wanton Eyes;
But her no Charms no Nods ſhall move,
And none divide her from her Love;
She ſhall imbrace her young Gallant
As twining Ivy claſps the growing Plant.

ODE XXXVII.

On Cæſar's *Victory over* Antony *and* Cleopatra.

NOw, now tis time to dance and play,
And drink, and frollick all the Day;
'Tis time, my Friends, to baniſh Care,
And coſtly Feaſts
With thankful Hearts prepare,
In hallow'd ſhrines, and make the Gods your Gueſts.

'Twas Treaſon once to Sport a Flask,
And Sin to Pierce the Noble Cask,
Whilſt nought but boading Fears were ſeen
For Ills to come,
When *Egypt*'s haughty Queen
With wither'd Eunuchs threat'ned mighty *Rome*.

A Woman vain, whoſe hopes could riſe
To ſuch Impoſſibilities!
A Woman Drunk with ſweet ſucceſs;
Whom ſmiling Fate
Had brought to dare no leſs
Than *Cæſar*'s Fortune, and the *Roman* State.

But ſoon her Pride to Fears retir'd,
When all her Ships were ſunk or fir'd;
And real dread poſſeſt her mind,
When *Cæſar*'s Oars
Did preſs ſo cloſe behind,
And bore his Navy to the frighted Shores.

As Hawks purſue the trembling Doves,
Thro open Fields or ſhady Groves
Or as ſwift Huntsmen chaſe the Deer
Thro *Thracian* Plains
(That fly as wing'd with fear)
To bring the fatal Monſter into Chains.

But She deſign'd a Nobler Fate,
And falling would appear as great
As when She ſingly fill'd the Throne,
No fears betray'd,
Nor fled to Coaſts unknown
To live ſecure, or meanly beg for Aid.

Her falling Throne with ſmiling look
She boldly ſaw; ſhe dar'd provoke
Fierce Serpents rough with Pois'nous trains,
To dart their Tongue,
And fill her dying Veins;
Grown furious now on Death reſolv'd ſo long:

The

The ſtout *Liburnian* Ships, the Fame
And laſting glory of her Shame
She envy'd; ſhe, a Soul too Proud,
Too haughty to be ſeen
Amongſt the private Crowd,
And grace a Triumph leſs than *Egypt*'s Queen.

ODE XXXVIII.

He tells his Boy that he ſhould not take too much care about his Entertainments.

I Hate, my Boy, I deeply hate
The uſeleſs *Perſian* Pomp and State;
Crowns wrought with too much Art diſpleaſe;
Forbear to ſeek the bluſhing Roſe,
Or where the Beauteous Lily grows,
Such toil diſturbs our eaſe.

A negligent and ſimple dreſs
Thoughts free from Cares will moſt expreſs;
Thy Front, my Boy, thy Front, and mine
A Myrtle Crown will beſt become,
Whilſt I ſit, and quaff at Home
Beneath my ſhady Vine.

The End of the firſt Book.

ODES.

The Second BOOK.

ODE I.

To POLLIO.

1 *He desires him to forbear writing Tragedies till He had settled the State.* 2 *Commends the History of the Civil Wars which He was writing.* 3 *Laments the sad effects of them.*

1 SAD Prisoners Guard, and Glory of the Bar,
The Senate's Oracle, and great in War,
Whose Faith and Vertue all proclaim;
To whom the *German* Triumph won
Eternal Fame,
And never fading Glories of a Crown.

The Grounds and Vices of our Wars,
Our Civil Dangers, and our Fears,
The sport of Chance, and turns of Fate,
And Impious Arms that flow'd
With yet unexpiated blood;

The

The great Triumvirate,
And their Leagues Fatal to the *Roman* State;
A dangerous Work you write; and tread
O'er Flames by treacherous Aſhes hid;
Yet this you write, and give to Fame
A laſting Monument of our Fathers Shame.

But hold thy Mourning, Muſe; forbear
To tread the crowded Theater,
Till Quiet ſpread o'er State Affairs,
Shall lend Thee time for meaner Cares;
And then inſpir'd with Tragick rage
Return to the forſaken Stage
And mourn the Faults, and Follies of the Age.

2 Methinks the Trumpet's threatning Sound
Diſturbs our reſt with fierce Alarms,
And from the ſhining Arms,
A dreadful lightning ſpreads around;
It darts pale fear through every Eye,
The Horſes ſtart, and trembling Riders flie.
Methinks the Warlike Captain's ſhouts are (heard,
With ſordid Duſt how Glorioufly beſmear'd!
In Blood I ſee the Souldiers rowl,
I ſee the World obey,
All yield, and own great *Cæſar*'s ſway
Beſide the ſtubborn *Cato*'s haughty Soul.

3 *Juno*, and *Africk*'s Guardian Power,
That left their ruin'd Seats before,
Unable to revenge their fall;

Hath now on *Rome* return'd disgrace,
And offerr'd up the Victor's race
To great *Jugurtha's* Ghost, and *Hannibal.*

What Land is free, what Plain
Not Fatt'ned by the *Roman* Slain?
What cannot witness by the Graves it shows
Our Empire's fall, whose Noise is spread
O'er *Persia* and the distant Mede,
The Sport and Laughter of our Smiling Foes?

What Lake unstain'd before
Not knows our War, and swells with *Latian* Gore?
What Sea's not dy'd? On what unhappy Flood
On what remoter Coast
Have not our Youth been lost
Grown Impiously Prodigal of their Blood?

Enough, my Muse, Complaints forbear,
With me to shady Grots retire,
Thy Mourning cease, divert thy Care;
And there with softer touches move thy Lyre.

ODE II.

The free and generous only are the happy Men.

DEar Friend, whose generous thoughts despise
The creeping Fears of Avarice,
How Silver looks, how mean and base,
How much below the common Brass,

Unless

Unleſs a Moderate uſe refine,
A value give, and make it ſhine?

Kind *Proculeius*, juſt and good,
In Fame as Noble as in Blood,
Who with a Father's care did grant
Supplies, and eas'd his Brother's Want,
Long long ſhall live; ſurviving Fame
On laſting Wings ſhall bear his Name.

That Man a wider Empire gains
That his one craving wiſh reſtrains,
Than he whoſe Sword and wide Command,
Join diſtant *Spain* and *Libya*'s Sand,
Than if they did his Arms obey,
And either *Carthage* own his ſway.

The Dropſies ſtill by Drink increaſe,
In vain are all our hopes of eaſe;
The Jaws are dry, the Thirſt remains
Until the fatal Humors ceaſe;
Until the cauſe of the Diſeaſe
Shall leave the ſwoln and craving Veins.

Phraates fixt in *Cyrus* Throne,
Ador'd like *Perſia*'s riſing Sun,
True ſenſe that ſcorns the Peoples teſt,
Ne'er ranks amongſt the happy Bleſt;
From cheats of Words the Crowd ſhe brings
To real Eſtimate of things.

To him ſhe gives, to him alone
The Laurel, and the laſting Throne,

Whoſe Eyes can unconcern'd behold
The dazling heaps of ſhining Gold;
Whoſe mind doth never Wealth purſue,
Nor turn to take a ſecond view.

ODE III.

He adviſeth his Friend Delius *to be content, and live merrily.*

AN even mind in every State,
Amidſt the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,
Dear mortal *Delius*, always ſhow;
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemperate joys appear
Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow.

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
Run ſlowly clogg'd with hopes and Fears,
And ſit too heavy on thy Soul;
Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flowers
Mirth ſoftly drives thy eaſy hours
And cheers thy Spirits with the choiceſt Bowl.

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine
And Myrtles friendly Branches join,
And hoſpitable ſhades compoſe;
Where near a purling Spring doth glide
In winding Streams, and ſoftly chide
The interrupting Pebble as it flows.

There

There bring thy Wine; thy Odors ſpread,
Let fading Roſes crown thy Head,
Whilſt Time, and Age and Life will bear;
For you muſt leave your Groves, your Houſe,
And Farm where yellow *Tibur* flows;
And thy heap'd Wealth ſhall fill thy greedy Heir.

For whether ſprung from Royal Blood,
Or from the meaneſt of the Crowd,
'Tis all a Caſe, for nought can ſave;
The hand of Fate doth ſtrike at all,
And thou art ſurely doom'd to fall
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave.

Our Lots are caſt, Fate ſhakes the Urn,
And each mans Lot muſt take his turn.
Some ſoon leap out, and ſome more late:
But ſtill 'tis ſure each Mortals Lot
Will doom his Soul to *Charon*'s Boat,
To bear th' eternal Baniſhment of Fate.

ODE IV.

To Xanthias Phoceus *who fell in Love with his Captive.*

DEar *Xanthias*, 'tis a faulty ſhame,
Bluſh not to own a Noble flame
Rais'd by thy Captives Charms;
The fair *Briſeis* once could move

Achilles

Achilles ſtubborn Soul to Love,
And force the haughty Heroe to her Arms.

Tecmeſſa's Charms ſubdu'd her Lord,
And Conquering *Ajax* ſoon ador'd;
By fair *Caſſandra*'s Eyes
When *Hector* fell, and left his *Troy*
To weary *Greeks* an eaſy Prey,
E'en midſt his triumph great *Atrides* dies.

See what a Beauteous Majeſty,
And how commanding is her Eye,
Her look proclaims her State;
She Mourns, ſhe Mourns, a Royal Race,
And Parents equal to her Face,
And grieves to ſee ſo ſtrange a turn of Fate.

Ne'er think her, Friend, of Common Blood;
Nor ſprung from the diſhoneſt Crowd
A mind ſo bravely bold,
So chaſt as to reſiſt the Arts
That take the mean unguarded Hearts,
The force of preſſing Youth, and Charms of Gold.

Her Face, her Neck, her Breaſt and Arms
I praiſe, not taken with her Charms;
Suſpicious thoughts remove;
Let almoſt forty feeble Years
Secure thy mind from jealous fears,
And tell that *Horace* is too old for Love.

ODE

ODE V.

To his Friend in Love with a young Girl.

THy Heifer, Friend, is hardly broke,
Her neck uneaſy to the Yoke;
She cannot draw the Plough, nor bear
The weight of the obliging Steer:
In flowry Meads is her delight,
Thoſe charm her Taſt and pleaſe her ſight:
Or elſe ſhe flies the burning Beams
To quench her Thirſt in cooler Streams;
Or with the Calves thro Paſtures plays,
And wantons all her eaſy days:
Forbear, deſign no haſty Rape
On ſuch a green, untimely Grape:
Soon ruddy Autumn will produce
Plump Cluſters, ripe, and fit to uſe:
She now that flies, ſhall then purſue,
She now that's courted doat on you:
For Age whirls on, and every year
It takes from Thee it adds to Her:
Soon *Lalage*, ſhall ſoon proclaim
Her love, nor bluſh to own her Flame:
Lov'd more, for ſhe more kindly warms
Than *Phloe* coy, or *Cloris* Charms,
So pure her Breaſt, ſo fair a White
As in a clear and ſmiling Night,
In quiet Floods the Silver Moon
Or *Cretan Gyges* never Shone;
Who, plac'd amongſt the Maids, defies
A skilful Stranger's prying Eyes;

So

So ſmooth his doubtful looks appear,
So looſe, ſo Womaniſh his Hair.

ODE VI.

To SEPTIMIUS.

Being to go into Spain *with* Auguſtus *againſt the* Cantabrians. *He wiſhes for a quiet retreat in his Old Age.*

Septimius that muſt ſtem the Main,
And go with me to diſtant *Spain*;
To fierce *Cantabrians* never broke,
As yet unlearn'd to bear our Yoke:
And *Syrtes* Sands, where th' Ocean roars,
And rowling Waves waſh ſwarthy *Moors*;
May *Tibur*'s Walls the *Tuſcan* Seat
Afford my Age a ſafe retreat,
Oh! there, now tir'd with Wars and Seas,
May I enjoy a happy Eaſe!
If Fate denies this ſmall Deſire,
My haſty ſteps ſhall ſoon retire
Where ſmooth *Galeſus* cuts his way;
Around whoſe Banks, white Fleeces play,
And felt *Phalantus* eaſy ſway:
Oh how thoſe little Plains do pleaſe,
How fit for Happineſs and Eaſe!
Where Honey fills the Combs and ſtrives
With fair *Hymettu*'s ſweeteſt Hives:
Where Olives Crown the fruitful Soil,
Nor yield to the *Venafrian* Oil.

Where

Where Springs are long, and Winters mild,
Nor hoary Froſt deforms the Field;
Where *Bacchus* friendly Mountains ſpread,
And *Almon* rears his fruitful Head;
Where choiceſt Grapes in Cluſters twine,
Nor envy the *Falernian* Vine:
Theſe happy Seats muſt us receive,
There you and I, dear Friend, muſt live,
Till Death's approaching hands ſurprize,
And cloſe thy Poet *Horace* Eyes;
Then you a little Tomb ſhall rear,
And cool my Aſhes with a Pious tear.

ODE VII.

A Welcome to his Friend Pompey.

DEar *Pompey*, that haſt often try'd,
Whilſt once we fought on *Brutus* ſide,
How near pale Death rough Wars attends;
What Genius now hath ſent Thee home,
And who reſtor'd Thee back to *Rome*,
Pompey, the beſt of all my Friends?

With whom in Mirth and Wine and Play,
Whilſt ſweeteſt Roſes Crown'd my Head,
And did their Fragrant Odors ſpread;
I often broke the lingring Day.

The bloody Wars, *Philippi*'s Field
Ignobly having loſt my Shield,

With

With thee I ſaw, ſecure from Wound;
I ſaw the flight, when haughty Proud
To *Cæſar*'s ſtronger vertue bow'd,
And baſely bit the bloody ground.

Me *Mercury* ſecur'd from Fears,
He kindly wrapt me up in Night,
And ſav'd me from the dangerous fight,
But Thee the Tide bore back to Wars.

Now then reſtor'd to eaſe and reſt,
Pay *Jove* thy thanks and promis'd Feaſt;
Now tir'd with Wars, from danger free
Beneath my cool and pleaſing ſhade,
On flowry Beds ſupinely laid
Enjoy the Casks deſign'd for Thee.

See here they ſtand, theſe Bowls employ,
Forgetful Wine profuſely pour,
From largeſt Shells rich Oyntments ſhour,
There's no extream in real joy.

Who Parſly twines, or Myrtle Boughs
To grace our Mirth, and ſhade our Brows?
Who Crowns prepares for every Gueſt?
Whom will the happy Dye deſign
The juſt diſpoſer of the Wine,
And great Controuler of the Feaſt?

Let Mirth, and Joy, and Wine attend,
I muſt be Mad, I muſt appear
As wild as the mad *Thracians* are;
'Tis decent at the welcome of a Friend.

ODE VIII.

To his forſworn Miſtriſs.

BArine did revenge o'ertake,
And blaſt as oft as you deceive;
Were but one Nail, one Tooth more black,
Thy Vows I would at laſt believe.

But ſtill more fair, more bright thy Face,
More Crowds of Lovers flock to view,
As each falſe Oath procur'd a grace
And tempted Thee to prove untrue.

It profits Thee to be forſworn
By all that other Mortals fear,
Th' eternal Gods, thy Mothers Urn,
By whirling Heaven, and every Star.

The merry Nymphs approve thy Arts,
And *Venus* fair forgives thy Wiles,
And *Cupid*, ſharpning flaming Darts
On bloody Whetſtones, gently ſmiles.

Beſides new Slaves ſtill flock to Thee,
And happy He that takes the Chain;
And thoſe that threaten to be free
Forgive the jilt, and ſerve again.

Thee ſtill the thrifty Father fears,
And Mothers for their wanton Boys:
New Brides leſt you detain their Dears,
And rob them of their promis'd joys

ODE IX.

He adviſeth his Friend to grieve no more for dead Myſtes.

NOt always Snow and Hail and Rain
Deſcend, and beat the fruitful Plain;
Not ruffling Storms ſtill toſs the *Caſpian* Floods:
Not every Month doth lazy Froſt
Bind up the *Armenian* Coaſt
Nor furious Storms ſtill vex the groaning Woods.

Call'd forth by Spring's enlivening Breez
The leaves return to naked Trees;
But you, dear Friend, ſtill mourn in Weeping ſtrains
Loſt *Myſtes*; when Noon burns the Skies,
When night comes on, or when it flies
No change appears, Thy love and Grief remains.

Yet Aged *Neſtor* dry'd his Tears,
His Grief was ſhorter than his Years;
Nor did he ſtill his dying Son bewail:
His Siſters, and the *Trojan* Train,
And *Priam* wept, but ſmil'd again,
Nor always mourn'd young *Troylus* haſty fall.

Thy ſoft Complaints at laſt forbear,
Let Mirth ſucceed, and Smiles appear:
Let's ſing, and *Cæſar* be our lofty Theme;
How rough *Niphates* Hills obey,
And *Tigris*, bound by *Cæſar*'s ſway,
Leſs furious grows, and rowls a milder ſtream.

The

The *Scythians* now with broken Bows
Confin'd to their own Froſt and Snows
Have cool'd the raging fury of their Pride;
In narrow bounds with nimble force
They ride their fierce impetuous Horſe,
And view with longing Eyes the *Roman* ſide.

ODE X.

A middle Eſtate of Life is the beſt.

VVIſe they, that with a cautious fear
Not always thro the Ocean Steer,
Nor, whilſt they think the Winds will roar,
Do thruſt too near the rocky Shore:
To thoſe that chooſe the golden Mean;
The Waves are ſmooth, the Skies ſerene,
They want the baſeneſs of the Poors retreat,
And envy'd Houſes of the Great:
Storms often vex the lofty Oak,
High Mountains feel the Thunder's ſtroke;
And lofty Towers, when Winds prevail,
Are ruin'd with a greater fall:
A Breaſt prepar'd in either State
Or fears or hopes a change of Fate;
'Tis *Jove* the ſame that Winter brings
And melts the Froſt by pleaſing Springs:
Tho Fortune now contracts her Brow,
And frowns; yet 'twill not ſtill be ſo:
Apollo ſometimes Mirth purſues,
His Harp awakes his ſleepy Muſe,
Nor always bends his threatning Bow:

When Fortune ſends a Stormy Wind
Then ſhow a brave and preſent Mind,
And when with too indulgent Gales
She ſwells too much, then furl thy Sails.

ODE XI.

He adviſeth his Friend to live Merrily.

WHat fierce *Cantabrians*, what the *Scythians* (dare
Make, Friend, no object of thy care;
Whilſt raging Floods, and *Adria*'s Tide
Confine their force, and arms divide,
Secure we laugh at all the threats of War.

Let no concern, no cares for Life approach,
It laſts not long, and asks not much;
But ſee our years do ſwiftly move,
Our Nimble Youth and beauty fades,
Dry Age with Cares will crowd our Heads;
And leave no room for eaſy Reſt and Love.

Spring Flowers not always equal Beauties wear,
Nor Moons with equal Beams appears
As when at full they brightly ſhin'd;
Then why ſhould you diſturb your Mind
So much too narrow for eternal Care?

Why underneath a pleaſing Myrtle ſhade
On flowry Banks ſupineing laid,
Are we ſo ſlow to ſpend a Day;
And whilſt grey Hairs are crown'd with Roſe,

Or

Or odorous Oil our Heads o'erflows
Drink all our Troubles and our Cares away?

Brisk *Bacchus* ſoon will ſordid Cares refine,
And make dull Melancholy ſhine;
What Boy waits there, what Boy to bring
Some cooler Streams from yonder Spring,
To quench the fury of my flaming Wine?

What ready Servant waits to call my Miſs,
And who coy *Lyde* will entice?
Bid *Lyde* come, we are in haſt;
Bid *Lyde* come, her harp prepare,
Like *Spartans* looſely bind her hair;
For Love may Ebb, and then her time is paſt.

ODE XII.

To MECÆNAS.

Wars and Battles are not a Subject fit for his Muſe, but Love and Lycimnia *he can Sing.*

THe ſtout *Numantines* lingring fall,
The *Romans Scourge* dire *Hannibal*,
No more, my Learned Lord, require,
No more the rough *Sicilian* Flood
Dy'd deep with *Carthaginian* Blood,
To fit to the ſoft Meaſures of the *Lyre*.

Nor *Centaurs* eager to engage,
Nor fierce *Hylæus* Drunken rage,
Nor Giants tam'd by *Hercules*
Who dar'd to reach old *Saturn*'s Crown,

Who dar'd to ſtorm his ſhining Throne
And break the quiet of eternal Eaſe.

And you, my Lord, with equal flights
Great *Cæſar's* Wars, and conqu'ring Fights
Shall better tell in laſting Proſe;
And how in Triumph *Cæſar* led
The *Perſian* and the haughty *Mede*,
And ſcatter'd Slavery midſt his threatning Foes.

My Muſe bids me imploy my Verſe,
And ſoft *Lycimnia's* Songs rehearſe;
She bids me all her Charms improve,
Her taking Air, her ſhining Eyes,
By Nature fitted to ſurprize;
And mind ſtill faithful to thy mutual Love.

Lycimnia fair, the Pride of *Rome*,
How well her Charms and Arts become?
How movingly her Beauty pleads,
When toying ſhe and richly dreſt
At Great *Diana's* ſolemn Feaſt,
Begins the Dance, and leads the Beauteous Maids?

For what *Achemenes* poſſeſt,
And for the Wealth of all the Eaſt,
Would you, my Lord, exchange your Fair?
Would you, my Lord, for all the Gold
The ſtuſt *Arabians* houſes hold
Exchange one braid of ſweet *Lycimnia's* hair?

When e'er her head ſhe gently moves,
To take the earneſt of her Loves

A balmy Kiſs; or elſe denies
With eaſy forwardneſs, which ſhows
That ſhe is more content to loſe
Than He that begs to win the Prize;
Or when She runs to ſnatch an eager Kiſs.

ODE XIII.

Upon a Tree that was like to fall upon him as he was walking in his Field.

A Fatal Star did then command
The Skies, and guide his impious hand
Who planted Thee, to the diſgrace
Of's Farm, and ruin of his Race:
'Tis certain He his Father kill'd,
He ſlew, and fed upon his Child,
He Stabb'd his Friend before his God
And Stain'd the Image with his Blood:
To him *Medea*'s Arts were known,
The whole World's Sins he made his own,
Who firſt diſgrac'd my Field with Thee,
Thou impious Stock, thou curſed Tree,
Thou curſed Tree whoſe haſty fall
Deſign'd thy Maſter's Funeral:
What each ſhould fly is ſeldom known,
We unprovided are undone:
The Waves that foam round *Thracian* Shores
Are dreaded by the ſwarthy *Moors*,
They think cold Death doth uſe to trace
The Snow and Frozen Hills of *Thrace*
Nor fear it from a warmer place:

The *Roman* dreads the Darts, the Force,
And conquering flights of *Parthian* Horſe:
The *Roman* Chains the *Parthian* fears,
Their ſteddy Troops, and weighty Spears:
Yet Death when Arm'd with a Diſeaſe
From other Parts will rudely ſieze,
She comes unlookt for, ſweeps away
Unthinking Nations in a Day,
And huddles up her eaſy Prey:
How near had I, how nearly ſeen
The Kingdom of the ſwarthy Queen?
Judge *Æacus*, the ſtory'd Grove,
The ſeat of Piety and Love:
And *Sappho* who in humble ſtrains
Of her baſe Country-men complains,
In ſweeteſt tunes proclaims her Love,
But mourns at her reproach above:
Alcæus too whoſe golden ſtrings
With manlier ſtrokes ſound greater things;
He tells the dangers and the fears
Of Flights, of Sailing, and of Wars:
With ſilent rever'nce Ghoſts admire
The wondrous fury of his Lyre:
The Vulgar Shades throng moſt to hear
Of Kings depos'd, of feats of War:
And Drink them with a greedy Ear.
No wonder this, Hell's furious Guard
With ſilent wonder ſtood and heard;
His Ears lay down, and, whilſt he play'd,
A hollow Grin his joy betray'd:
No Hiſs was heard, the Furies Snakes
Lay huſht, and quiet on their necks:

Delight

Delight did torn *Prometheus* ſieze,
The ſound deceiv'd him into eaſe;
And *Tantalus* felt ſoft repoſe,
Unheeded now the bending Boughs
Hang o'er his Lips, and Water flows:
Nor did the fierce Orion care
To hunt his Lion, or his flying Bear.

ODE XIV.

Life is ſhort, and death unavoidable.

THe whirling year, Ah Friend! the whirling year
Rouls on a pace;
And ſoon ſhall wrincles plow thy wither'd Face:
In vain you waſt your Pious breath,
No prayers can ſtay, no vows deferr
The ſwift approach of Age, and conqu'ring Death.

No, tho ten thouſand Oxen ſtain'd his Shrines
With ſacred Blood,
Should'ſt thou appeaſe the inexorable God:
He opens, and he ſhuts the Grave;
Geryon's triple Soul confines,
And ſtubborn *Gyges* with the *Stygian* Wave.

That fatal Wave that muſt be paſt by all,
The Rich, the Poor
Are doom'd alike to view the *Stygian* Shore;
The Knaves and Fools, the Wiſe and Juſt,
The Kings as well as Clowns muſt fall;
And undiſtinguiſht lie with meaner duſt:

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,
And live in eaſe;
In vain we ſhun the rage of angry Seas:
The burning Fevers Autumn brings
In vain we fly, and idlely fear
The Plagues that South-winds bear on ſickly Wings.

For all the *Stygian* Waves are doom'd to paſs,
We all muſt go
And view *Cocytus* wandring Streams below:
We all muſt ſee the laſting Chains
That hold curſt *Danaus* his Race,
And *Siſyphus* condemn'd to endleſs pains.

Thy Children muſt be left, thy Lands and Houſe,
Thy pleaſing Wife,
That happy Comfort and delight of Life;
Of all the Trees thy hands reſtor'd
None but the *Cypreſs* hated Boughs
Shall follow their ſhort-liv'd decaying Lord.

The Wines you keep ſo cloſe, thy worthier Heir
Shall ſoon poſſeſs,
And waſt midſt wanton Luxury and Eaſe;
Much nobler Wine the ſquandring Youth
Shall ſpill, and coſtlier Feaſts prepare,
Than ever pleas'd a Pamper'd Abbot's Tooth.

ODE XV.

On the Luxury of the Age.

OUr Squares ſtill riſe, our fields decreaſe,
And now the Ploughs muſt ruſt in eaſe;

New

New Moats are dug, large Ponds we make
That Rival e'en the *Lucrine* Lake:
Round lofty Firrs weak Ivy twines,
Unmarry'd Planes profuſely ſpread
A uſeleſs melancholy Shade
O'er larger Fields than marry'd Elms and Vines.

Our Beds of Roſes, Myrtle Bowers
And all the Luxury of Flowers
Their fruitleſs ſhades and Smells afford:
They now thoſe fruitful grounds poſſeſs,
Where Olives roſe with vaſt Increaſe,
And with great Bounty fed the former Lord.

Thick Laurels plac'd by purling Streams
Shut out the *Mid-days* burning Beams
And give us ſhade to drink and play;
Was this by *Romulus* allow'd?
Was this the way our Fathers ſhow'd
To riſe to Empire, and extend our ſway?

No, then each ſingle Man's Eſtate
Was ſmall, the Publick Stock was great,
The Publick-Weal imploy'd their Care;
No private Man profuſely Skill'd
Did then his large Piazza's build
To take cool Breezes of the Nothern Air.

The little Hut their Father's Houſe
The Laws forbad them to refuſe,
But live content in mean Abodes;
Enjoining all their Shrines and Towns

To build with new and coſtly Stones,
To grace their Country, and to pleaſe their Gods.

ODE XVI.

The contented Man the moſt happy.

For eaſe the Seaman asks the Gods
When toſt in the *Ægean* Floods;
When darkneſs ſpreads to heighten fears,
And not one friendly Star appears.

For eaſe the Warlike *Thracians* plead,
The *Perſian* and the quiver'd *Mede*;
For eaſe too precious to be ſold
For coſtly Gems, or bought with Gold.

For neither Power nor Wealth controul
The ſad diſorders of the Soul,
Nor yet remove the Cares that wait
About the Palace of the Great.

Bleſt he with little, on whoſe thrifty Board
That Salt ſtill ſhines that call'd his Father Lord,
No vexing fears his Breaſt can ſieze,
No ſordid Luſt will break his eaſe.

Why theſe extended Cares, and Striſe,
And trouble for ſo ſhort a Life?
Why do we ply our Sails and Oars,
And fondly viſit foreign Shores?

Can

Can he that flies his Country find
That he can leave himſelf behind ?

"For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
"And overtake us under ſail ;
It dogs the Horſeman cloſe behind,
More ſwift than Roes, or Stormy Wind.

A man contented with his preſent doom
Hates to look on for what's to come ;
With mirth he ſweetens bitter Fate ;
There is no perfect happy State.

The ſtout *Achilles* dy'd in haſt,
Long Age did old *Tithonus* waſt ;
Thoſe years ſwift time denies to Thee
Perhaps his hand ſhall reach to me.

Round Thee ten thouſand Heifers low,
Stout Oxen bend beneath thy Plough ;
In thy gilt Coach neigh generous Mares,
Thy Purple ſhines as bright as Stars :
Around Thee Wealth and plenty wait
With all the Luxury of fate.

A Farm as large as my deſire
With ſome few heats of *Lyrick* fire
On me hath bounteous Fate beſtow'd,
With Pride enough to ſcorn the Crowd.

ODE XVII.

To MECÆNAS.

He is resolv'd not to survive him, and congratulates his Recovery.

WHy am I kill'd with thy Complaint?
'Tis more than any God will grant;
'Tis more, my Lord, than I can bear,
That you on whom my hopes rely,
That you my great support should die,
And leave thy Melancholy *Horace* here.

Did you, my better half, decay
For what should I, the other, stay?
What comfort could compose my Mind
When neither whole, nor yet so dear
I should be doom'd to linger here,
And feel my worser part still left behind?

The same black Day shall sieze on both,
It is a fixt, and Solemn Oath,
We'll go, I've Sworn, We both will go;
Tho you may first begin the Race,
I'll follow with a nimble pace,
And join you e'er you reach the Waves below.

Did fierce *Chimera* dart her fire,
To make my frighted Soul retire,
Yet still I would attend your State;

Tho

Tho hundred handed *Gyas* Roſe,
In vain ſhould all his ſtrength oppoſe,
For Juſtice bids, and 'tis approv'd by Fate.

What ever Star did at my Birth prevail,
Whether my Fate was weigh'd in *Libra*'s Scale,
Or Fatal *Scorpio*'s Beams did ſhine;
Or *Capricorn*'s diſturbing Rays
Thoſe Tyrants of the Weſtern Seas,
'Tis Strange how much your Stars conſent with mine.

From *Saturn*'s fatal influence
Jove's milder Rays were your defence,
He clogg'd the Wings of haſty Death;
When thrice with an auſpicious voice
The States of *Rome* proclaim'd their joys,
And with their own ſupply'd your fading Breath.

My Head had felt a falling Oak,
But *Faunus* did divert the ſtroke;
Faunus, the Wits kind guardian God,
The Shrine you vow'd the Gods prepare,
Let offer'd Bulls reward their Care:
For me a Lamb ſhall ſhed his meaner Blood.

ODE

ODE XVIII.

Against Covetousness.

NOr Ivory, nor *Indian* Stuff,
Nor Gold adorns my gawdy Roof;
No Cedar Beams press costly Stone
From Quarries of the torrid Zone,
Where burning Rayes the Marble mou l,
And join the Mass with flowing Gold.
Nor yet have I an Heir unknown
E'er siez'd on *Attalus* his Throne;
No honest Clients hang my Rooms
With Purple stretcht on *Tyrian* Looms:
But yet I make a fair pretence
To Honesty and Innocence,
And store of Wit; and these compleat,
And make me sought to by the great:
This is my Wealth, This all my Store,
Content I ask the Gods no more;
Nor my great Friends: O bounteous Fate,
How happy in my mean Estate!
Days push on Days with equal pace,
New Moons still hast to the decrease,
But you e'en whilst the Bell doth toll,
And sadly warn thy flying Soul
Rich Stones provide, large Piles you rear,
Unmindful of your Sepulcher:
Thy Moles, and thy incroaching Mounds
Remove the floods to streighter bounds,

For

For greedy you would ſeem but poor
Confin'd by Nature's narrow Shore:
Nay more you leap the Sacred bounds
And ſieze your meaner Clients Grounds;
No Fence too high, no Ditch too deep
For wealthy Injury to leap:
Expell'd by greedy Avarice
The Wife with her dear Husband flies,
With all her Gods, (too weak defence
For Poor and Injur'd Innocence,
They ſuffer in the common harms)
And ſordid Infants in her Arms:
Yet after all this toil and heat,
This Fraud and Treachery to be great,
The laſt retreat the Rich muſt have,
The laſt and ſureſt, is the Grave:
What wouldſt thou more? To Swains and Lords
An equal Room juſt Earth affords,
Nor does ſhe take a Prince's Bones
With greater Rev'rence than a Clowns:
Ne'er ſurly *Charon* brib'd with Gold
Brings back the Cunning or the Bold;
Nor will He waſt *Prometheus* o'er
And land him on the living Shore:
Proud *Tantalus* and all his Line,
Tho Kings, His laſting Chains confine;
And whether we his aid Implore
Or not, He's ready ſtill to eaſe the Poor, (Shore.
Free him from want, and place him on the happy

ODE

ODE XIX.

In praiſe of Bacchus.

BOrn out by an unuſual rage
I ſaw, (believe it future Age)
Where *Bacchus* taught the Nymphs a Song,
In diſtant Vales; from every Wood
With prickt-up Ears the Satyrs ſtood,
And ſmiling *Fauns* compos'd a liſt'ning throng.

Evæ! new fear diſturbs my Soul,
With troubled joy my Paſſions rowl
Whilſt full of the impetuous God:
Evæ! ſpare, mighty *Liber*, ſpare,
Urge not the violent rage too far:
Spare, *Liber*, dreadful with thy angry Rod.

Now boldly I can ſpeak thy Praiſe,
Rehearſe the ſtubborn *Thyades*,
Too fierce to bear thy eaſy Yoke:
Thy ſtreams of Wine, thy milky Spring,
And in repeated Numbers Sing
Deſtilling Honey from the melting Oak.

Thy happy Bride's refulgent Hairs,
That grace the Skies with brighter Stars;
What Fate the Impious *Theban* ſtrook,
How Aunt and Mother ſtrangely tore
The trampling Woolf, and rooting Boar;
And fierce *Lycurgus* falling by his hook.

Indus

Indus and *Ganges* own thy ſway,
And Thee the barbarous Seas obey,
You fluſh'd o'er craggy Mountains lead,
O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Springs and Lakes
The *Thracian* Rout, whilſt harmleſs Snakes
In innocent folds twine round each drunken Head.

When impious Giants climb'd on high,
And dar'd to ſtorm thy Fathers Sky;
Thy ſingle hand ſecur'd his crown:
You with a Lions dreadful Jaws
And frightful Nails retriev'd the Cauſe,
Bold *Rhetus* quell'd, and ſav'd the falling Throne.

Tho much more us'd to ſoft delight,
Unfit, unable for a fight,
You once were thought, and doom'd to eaſe:
Yet when your Heat and Vertue roſe,
What fury ſiez'd your haughty Foes?
How equally inclin'd to Wars and Peace?

When beauteous with your gawdy horn,
You did from Hells black Shades return,
Thee *Cerberus* ſaw, and ſhow'd the Way;
He wagg'd his Tail, grew wondrous kind,
He lickt thy Feet, he fawn'd and whin'd;
Nor did one grin an impious rage betray.

ODE XX.

He promiseth himself immortal Fame.

NO weak, no common Wing shall bear
My rising Body thro the Air;
Now chang'd I upward go;
I'll grovel here on Earth no more,
More high than Envy's self can soar,
I leave Mortality and things below.

Not Me, not Me, the meanly Born,
Whom the proud Fools and haughty scorn,
Not me shall Death controul:
Not I whom you I know not what,
Mecænas, call, will yield to Fate:
Nor shall the *Stygian* Waves confine my Soul.

Rough Skin o'er both by Legs is spread,
And shining Feathers Crown my Head;
Above I'm turn'd a Swan:
O'er both my Hands light Plumes do spring,
My Arm is chang'd into a Wing,
And now I move with greater speed than Man.

On stronger, and on swifter Wing,
Than *Icarus* fled, I rise and Sing:
A sounding Bird I soar,
I'll see the distant Northern Pole,
I'll see the Southern Billows rowl,
And spread my Wings o'er *Bosphorus* groaning Shore.

My

My Songs ſhall to the *Colchian* Ears,
And *German*, that conceals his fears
Of *Roman* Troops, be known:
The *Moors*, and in my numerous Verſe
The *Scythians* Skill'd ſhall Songs rehearſe:
The *Spaniard* too, and He that drinks the *Rhone*.

Mourn not, no friendly drops muſt fall,
No ſighs attend my Funeral,
Thoſe Common Deaths may crave:
Let no diſgraceful Grief appear,
Nor damp my Glory with a Tear:
And ſpare the uſeleſs Honors of a Grave.

The End of the Second Book.

HORACE'S ODES.

BOOK the Third.

ODE I.

Not Wealth or Honor, but Peace and Quietneſs makes a happy Life.

BEgon, begon, I hate ye all,
Both you great Vulgar, and you ſmall;
Nor Myſteries, Prophane, behold:
To Boys and Maids unſtain'd with Crimes
The Muſes Prieſt in Sacred Rhimes
Doth unknown Songs and wondrous Truths unfold.

The awful Kings o'er Nations ſway,
Their Subjects tremble and obey;
The Kings themſelves are rul'd by *Jove*,

Who

Who broke the Giants Pride, and won
Eternal ſafety to his Throne,
And by his powerful Nod doth all things move.

One man doth larger Fields poſſeſs,
One ſtands more fair for Offices,
The drudging Darling of the Crowd:
Whilſt One his Manners, or his Friends,
Or his Obſequious Train commends,
And one in Fame is greater, or in Blood.

Yet equal Death doth ſtrike at all,
The haughty Great, and humble Small,
She ſtrikes with an impartial Hand;
She ſhakes the vaſt capacious Urn,
And each Man's Lot muſt take his turn;
Thro every glaſs ſhe preſſes equal Sand.

Whilſt Swords hung o'er proud *Damocles*,
Not all the Tyrant's ſweets could pleaſe:
Not Muſicks Airs could calm his Breaſt;
The black remembrance of his faults
Still crowding back upon his thoughts,
Diſturb'd and robb'd his troubled Soul of reſt.

But humble quiet ne'er flies o'er
The lowly Cottage of the Poor:
The pleaſing Shade and purling Streams
She loves to haunt, ſhe loves the Plains,
And cheers the Plough-man loos'd from Pains
With ſtill Security, and eaſy Dreams.

He that desires but what's enough
Against the force of Fate is proof:
Unstain'd He lives, and pure from Sin:
Let violent Tempests break the Woods,
And angry Whirlwinds toss the Floods;
He still hath Quiet, and a Calm within.

Let Hail his ripening Olives beat,
Or let them shrink with too much heat,
His barren Field deceive his hopes;
Or let his naked Trees complain
Of too much Drought, or too much Rain;
Or Frost untimely nip his rising Crops.

Now still our stately Squares encrease,
The Fish will find their Ocean less;
The Moles thrown in extend the Shore;
The Lord grown weary of the Land
Now builds upon the Ocean's Sand,
And scorns the Bounds that Nature fixt before.

But Fear, and Melancholy Cares attend,
And where the Master climbs, ascend;
They soon o'ertake his flying Mind:
Born on by the same nimble gales
They press the Poop where e'er He sails,
And when he rides black Care sits close behind.

Well then, since neither Gold, nor Gain,
Can quiet bring, or fears restrain;
Since Purple bright as shining Stars
Can ne'er dispel our Cloudy Cares;
Since all the Spices of the East.

Can

Can never calm our troubled Breaſt,
Why ſhould I madly toil to raiſe
On envy'd Pillars Palaces?
Why ſpend my time, and waſt my health?
Why ſhould I ſtrive to change my Field,
And thoſe delights my Farm can yield,
For larger Lands, and more diſturbing Wealth?

ODE II.

Youth muſt be bred in Wars and Want, and taught to be Religious.

LEt vigorous Boys be train'd to bear
The ſtreights of Poverty in War;
Be hardly bred, improve their Force,
And bravely gall the *Parthian* Horſe;
And let the *Perſians* tremble at his Spear.

And let him live, and lie abroad
Mid'ſt Dangers, Slaughters, Fears, and Blood;
Be toſt with all the Storms of Fate,
And hard'ned up to prop the State;
His Country ſave, and riſe into a God.

Him from their Walls, when fierce in War,
Let Tyrants Mothers view, and fear;
And let their Brides deſpairing ſigh
Ah may not my unskilful Spouſe
That furious Lion madly rouſe,
How fierce He drives, and how our Armies fly!

He nobly Bleeds, he bravely Dies
That falls his Countries Sacrifice;
The flying Youth ſwift Fate o'er takes,
It ſtrikes them thro their trembling backs,
And runs too faſt for nimble Cowardice.

Vertue, unlearn'd to bear the baſe
And ſhameful baffle of diſgrace,
Nor takes nor quits the tottering Throne,
As fickle Crowds ſhall ſmile or frown;
Nor from their wavering Breath receives the place.

True Vertue that unbars the Skie
To thoſe that are too brave to Die,
Thro wondrous ways doth upward go,
Scorns the baſe Earth and Crowd below;
And with a ſoaring Wing ſtill mounts on high:

And juſt Rewards the Gods decree
For fair, obedient Piety;
Not He that ſcorns or ſcoffs his God,
Or blabs his Myſteries abroad,
Shall live in the ſame Houſe, or ſail with me.

Oft *Jove* doth heedleſs Thunder throw,
And mix the Good and Bad below:
But lame Revenge ſtill ſtalks behind,
Does ſlowly dog the guilty mind,
And only ſtays to give the ſurer blow.

ODE IV.

To the Muſes, acknowledging their Power and Kindneſs.

DEſcend, my Muſe, compoſe a long,
A pleaſing and a grateful Song,
Or to the Pipe or ſounding Flute,
Or gently move *Apollo*'s Lute.
D'ye hear? Or airy frenzy cheat
My mind, well pleas'd with the deceit?
I ſeem to hear, I ſeem to move
And wander thro the happy Grove
Where ſmooth Springs flow, and murmuring Breez
Does wanton thro the waving Trees:
In lofty *Vultur*'s riſing grounds
Without my Nurſe *Apulia*'s bounds
When young, and tir'd with ſport and play,
And bound with pleaſing ſleep I lay,
Doves cover'd me with myrtle boughs
And with ſoft murmurs ſweetned my repoſe:
A wonder this, and ſtrange to all
That liv'd in fat *Ferenti*'s Vale;
High *Acherontia*, *Bantine* groves
Admir'd the kindneſs of the Doves:
'Twas ſtrange that I midſt Thorny Brakes,
Secure from Bears and creeping Snakes
Should lie ſo long; that Doves ſhould ſpread
The Sacred Laurel round my Head,
And I a Child be ſafe i'th' Woods

The

The Care and Darling of the Gods:
Yours, Muſes, yours, I live your Care
On *Sabine* Hills, or cold *Prænesté*'s Air:
Or whether watry *Baiæ* pleaſe,
Or wanton *Tibur* lulls me into eaſe:
Becauſe your Springs, your Sport, and Grove
Are all the objects of my Love;
When *Brutus* loſt *Philippi*'s Field,
I ſafely fled, and ſcorn'd my Shield,
'Twas Sin to Guard or to defend
By mortal Arms the Muſes Friend:
By you the Proud *Sicilian* Rock
I brav'd, and ſcap'd the curſed Oak:
Whilſt you my feeble Ship ſhall guide,
I'll ſingly ſtem the proudeſt Tide;
I'll travel thro the fartheſt Eaſt,
Where never Mortal foot hath preſt;
Britans Inhoſpitable Flood,
Or *Thracians* drunk with Horſes Blood,
On *Scythian* Sands I'll boldly tread,
And ſtoutly ſee the quiver'd *Mede*:
When *Cæſar*, great as all our Hopes,
In Towns hath hid his weary Troops,
You cheer his Soul, you ſoften Cares,
And eaſe the harſh fatigue of Wars:
You, Kind, inſtruct him how to live,
Give good advice, and joy to give:
We know, we know how mighty *Jove*
(Whoſe guiding Nod rules all above,
Who governs with an equal hand
The raging Sea, and quiet Land;
Whoſe eaſy and Almighty ſway

The Gods, and Ghoſts, and all obey;)
With Thunder ſtrook bold *Titans* down,
And beat their fury from his Throne;
We know how impious Giants fell
From climbing Heaven to deepeſt Hell:
That horrid Troop, thoſe impious Bands,
Relying on their numerous hands,
Whilſt they on Mountains climb'd on high
Spread no ſmall terror thro the Sky;
And ſhady *Pelion*, rais'd above
The high *Olympus*, frighted *Jove*:
But how could Brawny *Mimas* riſe,
How large *Porphyrion's* frightful ſize
Againſt the Thunder of the Skies?
How bold *Typhœus* aim a ſtroke,
How impious *Encel* dart his Oak?
Too weak their force, and ſoon repell'd
By Virgin *Pallas* ſounding Shield:
Here *Vulcan* fought, a greedy God,
On that ſide Matron *Juno* ſtood;
And *Phœbus* there a dreadful Foe
Still arm'd with an unerring Bow:
Who loves to haunt the *Lycian* Woods,
And in the pure *Caſtalian* Floods
Waſh his looſe locks; who Songs inſpires,
And fills his Prieſts with pleaſing fires,
On *Patara* and *Delos* Fame
Beſtows, and takes from both a Name.

Raſh force by its own weight muſt fall,
But Pious ſtrength will ſtill prevail;
For ſuch the Gods aſſiſt, and bleſs,

But

But hate a mighty Wickedneſs.
Proud *Gyges* proves this fatal truth,
And hot *Orion*'s lawleſs youth,
E'en Virgin *Pallas* ſcarce could ſcape
The Luſtful fury of a Rape;
'Till her Bow reach'd him, whilſt He ſtrove,
With fiercer Darts than thoſe of Love:
The Earth on her own Monſter thrown
Now mourns the ruin of her Son,
She grieves that her proud Children fell
By Thunder ſtrook to deepeſt Hell:
Nor do hot *Ætna*'s flames decay,
Yet cannot eat the load away:
Hot *Tytius* Liver Vulturs tear,
They watch as ſoon as parts appear,
And ſieze them ſtreight; the Doom was juſt,
He's puniſh'd in the ſeat of Luſt;
Wrath waits on Sin, three hundred Chains
Perithous bind in endleſs pains.

ODE V.

To AUGUSTUS.

Praiſing him for enlarging their Empire, and diſcommending Craſſus's *Souldiers, which draws on the Story of* Regulus.

HIs Thund'ring proves that mighty *Jove*
With wondrous Force rules all above,
And now as mighty Actions ſhow
That *Cæſar* is a God below;

O'er

O'er *Britiſh* Shores our Empire's ſpread,
Our Arms have reach'd the haughty *Mede*:
Could *Craſſus* Souldiers lead their lives,
So meanly yok'd to barbarous Wives?
Could they grow old (degenerate race,
Inverted Souls, and *Rome*'s diſgrace?)
In Hoſtile Arms, the *Mede* obey
And fight for a Barbarians pay?
Forget their Rites, their Name, and Blood,
Whilſt *Jove* was ſafe, and *Rome* yet ſtood!
Wiſe *Regulus* did this prevent,
He ſcorn'd baſe Terms that *Carthage* ſent,
Nor would he e'er by his advice
Tempt future Age to Cowardice:
He knew that Vertues Crowns would fade
Unleſs the Captive Youth were made
Unpitied Preys to barbarous Foes,
And bore the Slavery they choſe.
I ſaw, ſaid He, our Eagles ſhine
And baſely fill a Punick ſhrine,
With hanging Wings our fears upbraid
By which they were ſo ſoon betray'd:
I ſaw how Coward Armies ſtood,
And yield without a drop of Blood;
I ſaw when they their Arms reſign'd,
Their Slaviſh Hands drawn back behind,
I ſaw our Free-men bound led home,
Bound Conquer'd Citizens of *Rome*!
Their Gates unbar'd, they plow'd the ſoil
Which *Roman* Troops did lately ſpoil:
Redeem'd perhaps, more free from fear
More fierce they ſhall return to War,

More

More bold, more careful of their Fame;
You add new losses to your shame:
Wool once infected with a stain
Ne'er takes it's Native white again:
And when true Vertue falls, it lies,
Prest down, and never cares to rise:
If trembling Does when freed from Snares
Will fight, then He'll forget his fears,
Then He'll be stout who basely chose
To trust the Treachery of his Foes:
He, He no doubt, will brave appear,
And beat them in another War,
Whose Arms could tamely bear the Cords
And Whips of domineering Lords,
Who sold his precious Liberty
For meaner Life, and fear'd to Die:
Resolv'd for Life He did not know
To which he should his safety owe
His *Roman* Courage or his Fear,
And mixt dishonest Peace and War;
Oh shame! Great *Carthage*! Rais'd more high
On the Disgrace of *Italy*!
His Wives chast Kiss, his pratling Boys
The former Partners of his joys,
Now grown a Slave, thrown down by Fate,
And less'ned from his former State
He shun'd; with manly modesty
On Earth he cast his stubborn Eye
Whilst thus by strange advice He fought,
And fixt the wavering Senate's Vote;
Then thro his weeping Friends He ran
In hast, a glorious banisht man:

What

What Cords and Wheels, what Racks, and Chains,
What lingring Tortures for his Pains
The Barbarous Hangmen made, He knew;
And hightning Fame told more than true:
Yet He his Wife and Boys remov'd,
His hindring Friends, and all he lov'd,
And thro the Crowd he made his way
That wept, and beg'd a longer ſtay;
As free as if when Term was done,
And Suits at end, He left the Town,
Or did from Buſineſs and from Cares retreat
To the cool pleaſures of a Country Seat.

ODE VII.

To ASTERIA.

He tells her that her abſent Husband is Conſtant, and adviſeth her to have a care of her ſoliciting Neighbour.

AND why does fair *Aſteria* mourn?
And why deſ, air of his return?
The firſt Spring Winds ſhall thy Dear Love reſtore,
Soft Gales ſhall waft the charming Youth
Of conſtant and unſhaken truth
With Wealthy lading to the *Roman* Shore.

He's driven to a diſtant Coaſt,
Whilſt Winter binds the Floods with Froſt;
Sleep grows a Stranger to his Eyes:

He

He mourns in melancholy Creeks,
Whilſt falling Tears freez on his Cheeks,
And lengthens out the lingring Night with ſighs.

Whilſt ſome from *Chloe* ſtrive to move,
And draw him to another Love;
They tell the fury of her Flame;
They tell how melted in thy Fires
The miſerable Maid expires,
And uſe all Arts that Treacherous Wit can frame.

They tell how *Phædra*'s treacherous Tears
Did urge Believing *Prætus* Fears,
And with what luſtful heat ſhe ſtrove;
What Crimes ſhe feign'd to haſten on
The Death of chaſt *Bellerophon*,
And take ſharp vengeance for her ſlighted Love.

How neer chaſt *Peleus* reach'd his Fate
And felt the force of Woman's hate,
Whilſt from *Hyppolite* He fled;
A Thouſand tales, thoſe Bawds to Vice
They ſtill force on him, to entice,
Or fright him to deſpairing *Chloe*'s Bed.

A

In vain, in vain, He hears no more
Than Rocks when Winds and Waters roar;
Nor owns the Conqueſt of her Eyes:
But, fair, take heed, and guard your Heart,
And let not fond *Eunipe*'s Art
Steal in, and your unguarded Soul ſurprize.

Tho none with equal manly force
In *Mars* his Field can guide his Horſe,

Tho

Tho none appears ſo brave in Arms;
Tho none with equal Art divides
The headlong force of *Tibur*'s Tides,
Yet ſcorn the winning beauty of his Charms.

Shut all your doors at evening's ſhade,
Nor when you hear a Serenade
Look down with a regarding Eye:
Although he vows, and mourns his pains,
And calls Thee cruel, and complains;
Be cruel Still, and more and more deny.

ODE VIII.

To MECÆNAS.

Whom He invites to an Entertainment which He made for joy of his deliverance from the falling Tree.

WHat I, a Batchellor, intend,
My learned Lord, and noble Friend,
In *Mars* his Calends you admire;
What mean thoſe Flowers that Crown my Head,
The Coals on green-turf Altars laid
Where in ſmall Cenſers thankful ſweets expire.

To *Bacchus* pleaſing Feaſts I vow'd,
And a White Goat's atoning Blood,
When I had ſcap'd the falling Oak:
This day, as years run round, a Feaſt

Shall pierce my Casks; and claim the best,
That long stor'd up hath drank digesting Smoak.

Drink, drink, let numerous Cups extend
The Life of thy deliver'd Friend,
Cups large as thy extensive joys:
Let watching Tapers chase the Night,
Till rising Morn restore the light;
Let mirth attend, and banish Strife and Noise.

Forget, forget thy publick Cares,
And take no thought for state Affairs,
We hear the *German* Troops o'er-thrown;
The *Medes* now hate their Former Lords,
They fight, nor yet expect our Swords;
But sadly conquer for us with their own.

Our ancient Foe, the Pride of *Spain*,
The fierce *Cantabrian*, takes the Chain,
Tho late, at last He's forc'd to yield:
The *Parthians* fly, the *Scythians* now
Their Arrows break, unstring their Bow,
And are resolv'd to quit the fatal Field.

Neglect the various turns of State
The sports of Chance, or nods of Fate,
Grown private watch not o'er Affairs;
But smile, and eagerly receive
The Goods the present time can give;
And leave behind the Grave Fatigue of Cares.

ODE IX.

A Dialogue between Horace *and* Lydia.

WHilſt I was welcome to your Heart,
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms
Threw round your neck his dearer Arms;
I flouriſh'd richer, and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the Eaſt.

Lydia.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia the celebrated Name,
The only Theme and Verſe of Fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

Horace.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muſe
And every Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly die to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

Lydia.

Me lovely *Calais* doth fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire,
For whom I twice would die to ſave
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

Horace.

What if our former Loves return
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn,

If *Chloe*'s baniſh'd to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia*?

Lydia.

Tho He is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant, and Kind as he is Fair;
Though light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would Live, would Die with Thee,

Duke.

ODE X.

He tells Lyde *that perhaps He ſhall not always be able to endure her Scorn.*

Did *Lyde* Drink cold *Tanais* Flood;
A *Scythians* Bride that fed on Blood;
Yet would you grieve to ſee the Kind,
The conſtant *Horace* graſp the Floor,
Extended by thy cruel Door,
Expos'd to th' fury of the Native Wind.

Doſt hear what Tempeſts beat thy Gate?
How all ruſh on as arm'd with Fate?
And how thy pleaſing Groves are toſt?
With what ſevere and piercing light
The Moon and Stars now gild the Night,
And glaze the ſcatter'd Snow with hoary Froſt?

Thy haughty Pride and Scorn remove,
Ingrate and Enemy to Love;

My

My paſſions Tide may ebb again;
No *Scythian* Mother brought Thee forth,
And hardned by the freezing North,
That ardent Lovers thus ſhould burn in vain.

If all my Prayers and Gifts are weak,
Nor violet paleneſs of my Cheek,
The Lover's Livery, can move;
If that thy Husband ſcorns thy Charms,
And takes a Songſtreſs to his Arms,
Can ne'er provoke Thee to my firmer Love.

O ſtiff as Oaks to warm deſire
Too hard to burn in my ſoft Fire.
As fierce as Snakes on *Libyan* Shore;
Tho now my patient ſide can bear
Thy Door, the Rain, and piercing Air,
Yet time may come when 'twill endure no more.

ODE XI.

To Mercury, *and his Shell, whom He deſires to move* Lyde, *and tells the Story of* Danaus's *Daughters.*

SWeet *Mercury* (for taught by you
The liſtning Stones *Amphion* drew)
And pleaſing *Shell*, well skill'd to raiſe
From ſeven ſtretch'd ſtrings the ſweeteſt Lays;
Once mute, but now a Friend to Feaſts,
To cheer the Gods, and Rich-mens gueſts,
Play Tunes, as may provoke to hear
E'en *Lyde's* coy denying Ear.

She like a Colt frisks o'er the Plain,
A Rider hates, nor takes the Reign;
Unable yet to bear the force
And ſtrength of the obliging Horſe:
You Tigers, you the liſtning Woods
Can draw, and ſtop the rapid Floods,
E'en *Cerberus* thy force confeſt,
Well-pleas'd He lay, and lull'd in reſt,
Tho thouſand hiſſing Serpents ſpread
And guard around his horrid Head,
And Gore foam'd round his tripple Tongue
He gently liſt'ned to thy Song:
Ixion, *Tytius* heard below,
And ſmil'd, but with a gloomy Brow:
The leaky Tub a while was dry,
And *Danaus* Race ſtood idle by,
Whilſt thy harmonious Tunes did pleaſe
They ſmil'd at their unuſual eaſe;
Begin ſweet Lays, let *Lyde* hear
What Crimes they did, what Pains they bear,
Tell how their Tub can nought retain,
But ſtill gives ſpace for idle pain;
How Vengeance comes, tho moving ſlow,
And ſtrikes the guilty Souls below:
They could (could Hell contrive a blacker deed)
Their Husbands ſtab, and ſmile to ſee them bleed:
But one more Worthy of the Name of Wife,
The hopes and end of every Virgin's Life,
Her perjur'd Father bravely diſobey'd,
And lives thro future Age a glorious Maid;
With Love and Pity in her look
She wak'd her Spouſe, and thus ſhe ſpoke,

Fly,

Fly, fly, leſt Fate ſhould ſieze thy breath,
And ſleep be lengthned into Death:
Fly, fly, thy unexpected Fate,
My Siſters Rage, and Fathers Hate,
Like Lioneſſes on a Steer
They grin, and tear, ah me! They tear:
More tender I'll not ſtrike the blow,
Nor keep Thee for a fiercer Foe:
Me let my Father load with Chains,
Join Wit and Cruelty in Pains;
Me let him ſend to *Libyan* Shores,
Mid'ſt Poiſnous Snakes, and ſwarthy *Moors*,
For ſaving you, I'll gladly bear,
Nor ſhow I'm Woman by a Tear:
Fly, fly, dear Partner of my Bed,
Whilſt Night can hide, and *Venus* lead,
Fly, fly, let happy Omens wait,
And guide Thee ſafe thro gloomy Fate;
Remember me, and o'er my Grave
Write this in a complaining Epitaph.

ODE XII.

He congratulates Neobule's *Happineſs, who lov'd a deſerving Man.*

'Tis hard to be deny'd to prove
The ſoft delights of pleaſing Love,
'Tis hard to be deny'd to play,
And with ſweet Wine waſh Cares away,

Still to be toſt with doubting fear
Leſt angry Friends ſhould prove ſevere,
And with ſharp chidings wound our Ear.
Young wanton *Cupid*'s Darts and Bow
Have forc'd thy Spindle from Thee now,
Thy Wool, and all *Minerva*'s toils
Are charming *Hebre*'s Beauties ſpoils;
He lives thy minds continual Theme,
And you can think on nought but him;
Hebre, a Youth of Manly force,
None ſits ſo well the manag'd Horſe;
Bellerophon would ſtrive in vain
To guide with ſo gentile a Rein:
In all He ſhows a Manly grace,
In Cuffing ſtout, and ſwift in Race,
When His oil'd Arms have cut the Flood
In ſwimming ſtrong; He takes the Wood,
Thro Plains purſues the flying Doe,
And ſhoots with an unerring Bow;
Or elſe for Boars His Toils He ſets,
And takes them foaming in his Nets.

ODE XII.

To His pleaſant Spring.

B*Lunduſia*'s Spring more clear than Glaſs,
That bubbles thro the riſing Graſs:
Thee Wine ſhould ſweeten, Crowns adorn,

But now a wanton Ridgling dies
A Pious humble Sacrifice,
His flowing blood ſhall Paint the riſing Morn.

With budding Horns He dares to fight;
His fury haſtens to delight;
Courage with Love together grows:
In vain, in vain, His wanton Blood
Shall ſurely ſtain thy cooler Flood,
And pay the mighty Debt his Maſter owes.

The furious Dog-Stars burning Beams
In vain attempt thy living Streams,
In vain they ſtrike thy Sacred Deep;
You yield delightful liquid Snow
To oxen wearied with the Plough,
And cool the thirſty Heat of wandring Sheep.

You rank'd ſhall be midſt noble Springs,
And high in Fame, whilſt *Horace* Sings,
The ſhady *Beech* that riſing grows
Where, by great *Neptune*'s Trident ſtrook,
A Paſſage opens thro the Rock,
And whence thy prattling Stream of Water flows.

ODE XIV.

He resolves to be merry at Cæsar's *return.*

CÆsar, who like *Alcides*, *Rome*,
Did march to bring the Laurel home,
Bought with his Death; from distant *Spain*
Is now return'd in Peace again.

Let *Cæsar's* Queen, with one content
With Pious thanks just Gods present;
His Sister too, as bright in Charms
And great as *Cæsar* in his Arms.

And you whose Sons kind Fates restore
With humble modesty adore.

Ye smiling Maids, ye Girls and Boys
And you that tast the Marriage joys,
With Mirth salute our Conquering Lord,
Nor drop one inauspicious Word.

This Day, to me a real Feast,
Black Cares shall banish from my Breast:
I'll fear no Tumults, fear no Pains,
Nor violent Death, whilst *Cæsar* Reigns.

Boy bring me Oil, and Crowns prepare,
And Wine that knew the *Marsian* War,
If any Cask could hidden lie
From wandring *Spartacus* his Eye.

Bid

Bid ſweet *Neæra* ſpread her Charms,
And haſt to fly into my Arms,
But if the Curſed Porter ſtay
And ask Thee queſtions, Come away.

Now Snowy time hath cool'd my rage,
I am not eager to engage,
But yet I know when I was wont
To ſtorm at ſuch a rude affront;
Whilſt Youth was warm; but Love is cold,
And I can bear now I am old.

ODE XV.

He adviſeth an Old Woman to be modeſt.

THou Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,
Forbear, and toy in Love no more,
Confine thy Luſt and end thy ſhame,
Nor ſtrive to blaze with dying flame:
Now near to death that comes but ſlow,
Now thou art ſtepping down below:
Sport not amongſt the Blooming Maids
But think on Ghoſts, and empty ſhades:
What ſuits with *Pholoe* in her bloom,
Gray *Cloris*, will not Thee become
A bed is different from a Tomb:
Thy Daughter with a better Grace
Tho wrincles plow her wither'd Face,

And

Might burn, and rage, break Young Mens doors,
And waſt the Relicks of her hours;
Let *Nothus* Love force her to play
Like wanton Kids i'th' heat of *May*;
Lucerian Wool with Purple ſtain'd
Not Harps become thy wither'd hand,
The Purple Roſy Crowns diſgrace
The Earthy paleneſs of thy Face;
And Drink until the Hogſhead's dry,
Then ſuck the dregs, no blood will fly
To thy pale Cheek, nor ſoftneſs to thy Eye.

ODE XVI.

All things obey Gold.

A Tower of Braſs, Gates ſtrong and barr'd
And watchful Dogs ſuſpicious Guard
From creeping Night Adulterers,
That ſought impriſon'd *Danae*'s Bed,
Might have ſecured one Maiden-Head;
And freed the old *Acriſius* from his fears.

But *Jove* and *Venus* ſoon betray'd
The jealous Guardian of the Maid:
They knew the way to take the hold;
They knew the Paſs muſt open lie
To every hand, and every Eye,
When *Jove* himſelf was Bribe, and turn'd to Gold.

Gold

Gold loves to break through Gates and Barrs,
It is the Thunderbolt of Wars;
It flies through Walls, and breaks a way,
By Gold the Argive *Augur* fell,
It taught the Children to rebel,
And made the Wife her fatal Lord betray.

When Engines, and when Arts do fail,
The golden Wedge can cleave the Wall;
Gold *Philip*'s Rival Kings o'er-threw;
Rough Sea-men, ſtubborn as the Flood
And angry Seas that they have Plow'd,
Bribes quickly ſnare, and eaſily ſubdue.

Care ſtill attends encreaſing ſtore,
And craving Appetite for more;
Mecænas, Honor of our Knights,
How juſtly was thy Friend afraid
To raiſe his too conſpicuous Head
And ſoar to lofty, and to envy'd heights?

Thoſe that do much themſelves deny,
Receive more bleſſings from the Sky:
I love a mean, and ſafe retreat;
And naked now with haſt retire
To Humble Thoſe who nought deſire
And joy to leave the Party of the Great.

In my ſcorn'd Farm a greater Lord
Than if my crowded Barns were ſtor'd
With all the ſtout *Appulian* reaps;
Than if to me *Pactolus* ran

And

And roul'd in flowing Tides of gain,
Whilſt I was Poor amidſt my mighty heaps.

A purling Spring, a ſhady Grove
To raiſe my Song, and eaſe my Love,
My Farm that ne'er deceives my hopes
Make me ſeem happier to the Wiſe,
Tho not to baſe and vulgar Eyes,
Than He that boaſts his Fruitful *Libya*'s Crops.

Tho no *Calabrian* Bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my Hive,
No Wines by Rich *Campania* ſent
In my Ignoble Casks ferment;
No Flocks in *Gallick* Plains grow Fat,
Yet I am free from pinching want,
And, beg'd I more, my Lord would grant,
And to my Wiſhes equal my Eſtate.

But now more ſafe, and more ſecurely bleſt
Than if my Hand graſp'd Eaſt and Weſt:
He, that asks much, muſt ſtill want more;
Happy, to whom Indulgent Heaven
Enough, and ſparingly hath given,
And made his Mind as narrow as his Store.

ODE

ODE XVII.

He adviſeth his noble Friend Ælius Lamias *to live merrily.*

GReat Sir, from ancient *Lamus* Sprung,
As noble a deſcent, as long;
(From Him, the Spring, thy generous Blood
In undiſturbed Streams has flow'd;
From him the *Lamias* took their name,
And ſwell the Annals of our Fame,
Thy generous Blood rowl'd nobly down
From him that fill'd the *Formian* Throne,
Where ſwoln with Rain, ſwift *Liris* roars,
And waſhes fair *Marica's* Shores,
A Potent Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And meaſur'd out a wide Command)
To morrow furious Winds ſhall ſpread
The troubled Shore with uſeleſs Weed,
And fill the Woods with ſcatter'd Leaves,
Unleſs the cawing Crow deceives,
The Crow that ſtill foretels a Rain
And Storm, and never caws in vain:
Now Pile thy Wood whilſt ſound and dry,
To morrow morn a Pig ſhall die,
And Wine ſhall cheer thy Slaves and Thee,
From Country Toil, and Buſineſs free,
And all enjoy a ſhort liv'd Liberty.

ODE

ODE XVIII.

To FAUNUS.

Whoſe Favour and Protection He deſires.

FAunus that flying Nymphs purſues
And Courts as oft as they refuſe,
If Yearly Ridglings ſtain thy Grove,
If the large Bowl the Friend of Love,
Still flows with Wine; if Prayers invoke,
And thy old Shrines with Odors ſmoak,
Defend my Fields, and ſunny Farm,
And keep my tender Flocks from harm:
O'er graſſy Plains the wanton Flocks,
The Village with their idle Ox,
Sport o'er the Fields, all finely dreſt
When cold *December* doth reſtore thy Feaſt:
The Lambs midſt ravenous Wolves repoſe,
The Wood to Thee ſpreads ruſtick Boughs,
The Ditcher with his Country Jugg,
Then ſmiles to Dance where once he dugg.

ODE XIX.

A merry Ode to his Friend who was a Student.

HOw many years divide
Old *Inachus* and *Codrus* Reign,
Who for his Country bravely dy'd,
You ſeek with mighty pain,
Theſe are the idle Labors of thy Brain.

Old *Æacus* you can derive from *Jove*,
And tell what mighty Kin he had above,
You all the *Trojan* Wars can Write,
But never mind what Wine will coſt,
Who make a Feaſt, and who invite,
And who a Fire prepares at Night
Now Winter ſpreads the Fields with hoary Froſt.

A Glaſs! Come fill me to the riſing Moon,
To Midnight, and to Morning one;
We'll never part whilſt Stars do ſhine;
Forget thy Books, thoſe idle Dreams;
Fill round, Three Bowls or Nine
Are ſober Jollity's extreams.

He that th' uneven Muſes loves,
With Three times Tree his heat improves,
A ſtaring Poet, rais'd by every Bowl;
The ſober Grace with th' naked two,
Afraid of Brawls, but Three allow,
And only cheer, but never heat the Soul.

I muſt be Mad, what means the Flute?
Why hangs the Pipe and ſilent Lute?
I hate a niggard, quickly ſpread
The ſweeteſt Roſes round my Head;
Let *Lycus* hear the roaring noiſe,
And ſhe, the Neighbouring Miſs,
That doth his feeble Love deſpiſe,
And let them pine, and envy at our joys.

Thee Beauteous with thy buſhy Hair,
And like the brighteſt Evening Star
Ripe *Chloe* ſeeks with warm deſires;
Whilſt I a dull expecting Fop
Still linger on with lazy hope,
And ſlowly melt in *Glycera*'s tormenting Fires.

ODE XX.

He adviſeth his Friend not to ſtrive to part a Lover and his Miſtriſs.

DOſt ſee what Dangers muſt attend,
Thy Pious Duty to thy Friend;
'Tis hard to rob a Tygreſs of her Young:
Ah baffled, Thou ſhalt ſoon retreat,
And midſt the ſhame of a defeat,
Unequal Foe, confeſs her force too ſtrong,
When ſhe with Fury rais'd ſhall move
Thro throngs of Youth that offer Love,

And

And ſtrive to win her Heart; to ſieze the Fair:
Then ſhall we ſee who wins the Day,
And who ſhall ſieze the Beauteous Prey,
And in *Nearchus* have the greateſt ſhare.

Whilſt you your winged Arrows draw,
She whets her Teeth, and ſpreads her paw;
Whilſt he that muſt beſtow the Prize
Sits unconcern'd with gloating Eyes;
On all around his amorous glances ſpread,
His Perfum'd, looſe and wanton Hair,
Permitting to the waving Air,
As ſweet as *Nireus*, or as *Ganymede*.

ODE XXII.

He Dedicates his Pine to Diana.

KInd Guardian of my Hills and Grove
Who thrice implor'd doſt hear, and ſave
The teeming Women from the Grave,
Great here on Earth, in Hell, and great Above:

This Tree be thine that long hath ſtood
To ſhade my Houſe; as Years rowl round,
A Boar that Aims a ſide-ways wound
Shall Yearly ſtain the Trunk with offer'd Blood,

ODE XXIII.

Innocence pleaſes Heaven more than Sacrifice.

A Fat and coſtly Sacrifice
Is not the welcom'ſt Tribute to the Skies,
They're more delighted with the ſmall expence
Of Honeſty and Innocence.

Let ruſtick *Phydile* prepare
At each new Moon an humble Prayer,
And at her old *Penates* Shrine
Pour one ſmall bowl of Country Wine,
And ſtain their Altars with a greedy Swine;
No ſcorching Winds ſhall blaſt her fruit,
Her Corn be free from barren ſmut;
Nor let her darling Children fear
The ſhivering Agues of the dying Year.

The Sacrifice *Albanian* Paſtures feed,
Or Snowy *Algidum*'s cold Mountains breed
'Midſt fruitful Oaks a pamper'd Beaſt,
Shall ſtain the Axes of the Prieſt:
But why ſhould You profuſely try
With ſlaughter'd Flocks to bribe the Sky,
Since Myrtle Crowns, and from the neighbouring Flood,
Few ſprikled drops ſhall pleaſe the God
More than whole Rivers of their offer'd blood?

If

If with an unpolluted hand,
Which neither Blood nor wicked Arts have ſtain'd,
A little Meal and Salt you bring
'Twill prove a more provailing Offering
Than all the Spices of the Eaſtern King.

ODE XXIV.

Nothing can ſecure a Man from Death. And Covetouſneſs is the Root of all Evil.

THough You had all the Spice and Gold
Arabian ſweats, and the rich *Indies* hold;
Tho You extend Your Palaces
O'er the *Tyrrhene*, and *Pontick* Seas;
When ſtrong Neceſſity
Shall fix her Adamantine hooks on Thee,
When ſhe ſhall drag away
The trembling melancholy Prey,
Not all thy Wealth ſhall ſave
Thy Mind from fear, or body from the Grave.

Happier the wandring *Scythians* live,
Who all their houſe in one ſmall Waggon drive,
Where no unequal bounds
Do parcel out the Land in private grounds,
The Corn grows freely for the Common good;
And when one Year their Fields they plow'd,
They ſit at Eaſe, whilſt others toil,
And equal pains manure the Publick Soil.

There all the Cups the Step-dames hands preſent
To unſuſpecting Heirs are innocent:
No Wife confiding on her Dowre,
Or rich Gallant uſurps her Husband's Power;
None there a lawleſs ſway pretends,
Her Portion is the vertue of her Friends,
And cautious Modeſty
That cloſer draws the marriage tie,
They fear to ſin, or ſinning doom'd to die.

He that would prize his Country's good,
And ſtop the Iſſue of our Civil blood;
He that would ſtand in Braſs as fixt as Fate,
Be nam'd the Father of the State;
Let him reſtrain this Brutal rage:
A glorious Man in future age!
Since Envious We deſpiſe
Vertue when preſent, when it flies
Stand and gaze after it with longing Eyes!

But ſad Complaints are vain,
Vice only yields to pain,
Her Sword ſtrict Juſtice needs muſt draw,
And cut it off by neceſſary Law;
And what are Laws! State Pageantry!
Unleſs obey'd
With the ſame reverence they were made,
Unleſs our Manners and the Rules agree!

The Merchants dare to cut the Line,
Where beams ſtill boil the Metal in the Mine,
Nor can the frigid Coaſt
That lies bound up with lazy Froſt,

Nor

Nor all the Snow and Northern Ice,
E'er cool the Sailer's flaming Avarice;
In feeble Ships they dare to ride
And boldly ſtem the higheſt Tide,
When ſcarce three inches them and Death divide
For Poverty, that great diſgrace,
Still drives them on the vicious race;
Whilſt Vertue's Paths that lead on high
Untrod and unfrequented lie,
Few think it worth their while to climb the Sky.

To *Jove's* great Shrine let *Romans* bring
Their Wealth, a grateful Offering;
For thoſe that thus their Treaſures ſpend,
Juſt bleſſings Crown, and joyful ſhouts attend:
Or in the Neighbouring flood
Let's caſt our Jewels and our Gold,
For which we have our Vertue ſold,
Our Gold the dear-bought cauſe of all our blood.
Wealth, form'd near Hell, when here on Earth
Brings up the curſed Region of its birth.

If we repent, and hate the Crimes
And Follies of our own and Father's times,
We muſt root out the very ſeeds of Sin,
And plant new Vertue in;
The Soil is ſoft, and if manur'd with care,
And manly Arts, may bear
A fruitful Crop, Vertue may ſprout again,
And with a Vaſt encreaſe reward the Tiller's pain.

Our Nobles Sons with an unequal force
Now ſcarce can ſit the Manag'd Horſe:
They Hate the Ring, nor dare to ride the Courſe:
But Cards, unlawful Dice,
And all the myſteries of Vice (know,
That *Greece* e'er taught, or *Rome* improv'd, they
For theſe they nobler Deeds forgo;
Theſe are their Arts, their chief delights,
The Pleaſures of their days, and ſtudy of their (nights.

Mean while their perjur'd Fathers cheat,
Grow grey in baſe Oppreſſion, and Deceit;
To their beſt Friends their Oaths are Snares,
Whilſt at the vaſt Expence
Of Honeſty and Innocence,
They Heap up Wealth for their unworthy Heirs:
Their Stores encreaſe, and yet, I know not what,
Still they do ſomething want,
Which neither pains can get, nor Heav'n can
To ſwell their Narrow to a full Eſtate. (grant,

ODE XXVI.

Now being grown Old, he bids farewel to Love.

ONce I was gay, and great in Charms,
Succeſs ſtill waited on my Arms,
In *Venus* Battles bravely ſtout,
I fought, and conquer'd when I fought.

But

But now my Arms and wanton Lyre
Whoſe tunes could ſpread Harmonious fire,
Whoſe moving ſtroaks could ſoon impart
Soft wiſhes to the tender heart,
My Torches, Leavers, Darts and Bows
That broke the Doors that did oppoſe,
That did all Obſtacles remove,
Which hindred my purſuit of Love,
In *Venus* Shrine unheeded lie
With all my Love's Artillery:
Great Goddeſs who o'er *Cyprus* reigns,
And ſcorching *Memphis* burning Plains,
Let coy and ſcornful *Chloe* know
The fury of thy *Cupid*'s Bow;
And let her ſmart for her diſdain,
Enflame her Breaſt, and I ſhall love again.

ODE XXVIII.

To Lyde, *On* Neptune's *Feſtival.*

WHat ſhould I do at *Neptune*'s Feaſt,
What better ſhould my thoughts employ,
What ſhould I do but treat my gueſt,
And ſhow the greatneſs of my Joy?
Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; ſtorm ſober Senſe,
My Bowl is ſtrong, and that will make a weak defence.

Do'ſt

Do'ſt ſee how half the day is paſt?
And yet as if wing'd Time would ſtay,
You ſtill the precious minutes waſt;
And lead me on with ſlow delay.
Wine, *Lyde*, Wine to raiſe my flame;
Old luſty Wine, and ſeal'd with *Bibulus*'s name.

I'll ſing great *Neptune* bound by Rocks,
I'll ſing the *Nereids* Sea-green hair;
And how they ſit and ſpread their locks
To tempt the greedy Mariner:
You to your Harp *Latona* ſing,
And *Cynthia*'s Arrows ſhot from an unerring ſtring.

Both her who drawn by murmuring Doves
To *Paphos* guides with ſilken ſtrings,
Whilſt *Cupid*'s wait, and wanton Loves
Fan their warm Mother with their wings:
Juſt Songs and thanks ſhall praiſe the Night,
For lingring Long, and giving ſpace for gay delight.

ODE XXIX.

He invites Mecænas *to an entertainment.*

MY noble Lord of Royal Blood,
That from the *Tuſcan* Monarchs flow'd,
I have a Cask ne'er pierc'd before;
My Garlands wreath'd, my Crowns are made,
My Roſes pluck'd to grace thy head;
As fair and ſweet as e'er *Prænesſte* bore.

Make

Make haſt, my Lord, and break away
From all the Shackles of delay,
From watry *Tibur*'s Fields retreat:
Let not low *Æſula* delight,
Nor let her Vales detain thy ſight,
Or Parricide *Telegonus* his Seat.

From thy diſguſting Plenty fly,
Thy Palace leave that mounts on high
And hides her head in bending Clouds;
Admire no more (but quickly come)
The Wealth, the noiſe, and ſmoak of *Rome*,
That happy Manſion of our future Gods.

Changes have often pleas'd the Great,
And in a Cell a homely treat;
But ſweet and good, and cleanly dreſt,
Tho no rich Hangings grace the Rooms,
Or Purple wrought in *Tyrian* Looms,
Have ſmooth'd a careful brow, and calm'd a troubled breaſt.

The Dog's and Lion's fury riſe,
With doubled beams they ſcorch the Skies;
The Swains retire to mid-day dreams:
The bleating Flocks avoid the heat,
And to the Springs and Shades retreat;
And not one breath of Air curles o'er the Streams.

Whilſt You ſtill watch the turns of Fate,
The careful guardian of our State;

Intent

Intent on what the *Mede* prepares:
What leads the quiver'd *Perſian* forth,
What moves the *Bactrian*, and the *North*,
Are the diſtracting Objects of thy Cares.

Future Events Wiſe Providence
Hath hid in Night from human Senſe,
To narrow bounds our ſearch confin'd:
And laughs to ſee proud Mortals try
To fathom deep Eternity
With the ſhort Line and Plummet of their Mind.

Thoſe Joys the preſent Hours produce
Take thankfully, my Lord, and uſe;
All other things like Rivers flow,
In their own Chanels thro the Plain,
They fall into the *Tuſcan* Main,
And bleſs the Country as they go:
When Rain hath rais'd the quiet Floods,
Whilſt Neighbouring Mountains all around
Are fill'd and Echo with the ſound,
They whirl the eaten Rocks and Woods,
And drown the growing Labors of the Plow.

He's Maſter of himſelf alone,
He lives, that makes each day his own:
He lives that can diſtinctly ſay
It is enough, for I have liv'd to day:
Let *Jove* to morrow ſmiling riſe,
Or let dark Clouds ſpread o'er the Skies:
He cannot make the pleaſures void
Nor ſowre the ſweets I have enjoy'd,
Nor call that back which winged hours have born away.

Still

Still Fortune plays at faſt and looſe,
And ſtill maliciouſly jocoſe,
Her cruel ſport ſhe Urges on;
Now ſmiles on me, on Me beſtows,
And then upon another throwes
Vaſt heaps of Wealth, and takes them back as ſoon.

When e'er ſhe ſtays with what ſhe brings
I'm pleas'd, but when ſhe ſhakes her Wings,
I ſtreight reſign my juſt pretence;
I give her back her fading Gold:
My ſelf I in my Vertue fold,
And live content with Want and Innocence.

When ſpreading Sails rough Tempeſts tear,
I make no lamentable Prayer;
I do not bargain with the Gods,
Nor offer coſtly Sacrifice
To ſave my precious *Tyrian* dies
From Adding Riches to the Greedy Floods.

E'en 'midſt theſe Storms I'll ſafely ride,
My Bark ſhall ſtem the higheſt Tide;
Tho Tempeſts toſs, and th' Ocean raves,
Caſtor ſhall gather gentle Gales,
And *Pollux* fill my ſpreading Sails,
And bear me ſafe thro the *Ægean* Waves.

ODE XXX.

He promiſeth himſelf Eternity.

'TIs finiſh'd; I have rais'd a Monument
More ſtrong than Braſs, and of a vaſt extent:
Higher than *Egypt*'s ſtatelieſt Pyramid,
That coſtly Monument of Kingly Pride;
As High as Heaven the top, as Earth the Baſis wide:
Which eating ſhowers, nor *North* wind's feeble blaſt,
Nor whirling Time, nor flight of Years can waſt:
Whole *Horace* ſhall not die, his Songs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy Grave:
Still freſh I'll grow, ſtill green in future praiſe,
Till Time is loſt, and *Rome* it ſelf decays;
Till the chief Prieſt and ſilent Maid no more
Aſcend the Capitol, and *Jove* adore:
Where violent *Aufid* rowls thro humble Plains,
And where ſcorch'd *Daunus* rul'd the labouring Swains.
There ſhall my fame reſound, there all ſhall cry
'Twas I, the great from mean deſcent, 'twas I
That firſt did dare to bind the *Grecian* Song,
And unknown numbers in the *Roman* tongue:
Muſe take thy Merits due, and proudly raiſe
Thy Head, and gladly Crown my Brows with Bays.

The End of the Third Book.

ODES.

BOOK the Fourth.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

1. *He is now grown Old and unfit for Love.* 2. *Desires her to go and visit Young* Paulus. 3. *Yet He still thinks on his lovely Boy* Ligurine.

1. LOng interrupted War
Thou *Venus* doſt again renew,
And former hate purſue;
Oh ſpare, for Pity, *Venus*, ſpare!

I am not what I was
In lovely *Cynera*'s eaſy Reign
When heat warm'd every Vein,
And manly Beauty fill'd my Face.

Cea ſe

Ceaſe *Queen* of ſoft Deſires
To bend my Mind grown ſtiff with Age.
And *fifty* years engage
To crackle in thy wanton Fires.

But Youth and Beauty hear,
Go where their tender wiſhes call,
And let their ſighs prevail;
Go free young Virgins of their fear.

2 There is a Noble game,
In *Paulus* Houſe, go drive thy Doves,
And revel with thy Loves,
His Heart deſerves thy choiceſt Flame.

For he is great in Charms,
The chiefeſt Honor of the Bar,
He'll make ſucceſsful War,
And ſpread the Glory of thy Arms.

When He, the lovely, ſmiles,
When he the happy Man ſhall prove,
And win by naked Love
His giving Rivals coſtly ſpoils;

Of *Cedar* grac'd with Gold,
A ſtately Pile ſhall proudly riſe
As glorious as the Skies,
And thy bleſt *Image* gladly hold;

Before Thee *thrice* a day,
With Incenſe ſweet thy Shrine ſha'l ſmoak,

And

And Boys and Maids invoke,
And dance, and praiſe Thee as they pray;

In wanton order move,
Whilſt Pipe, and Flute, and charming Lyre
Compoſe the joyful Quire,
And naked all, and fit for Love.

No Maids, no wanton Boys,
No Empty hopes of mutual Love
My feeble paſſions move,
Or quicken my dead Soul to joys.

E'en Crowns and Wine diſpleaſe,
I cannot roar and drink all Night,
Old Age doth cramp Delight,
And lead me down to lazy Eaſe.

3. But Ah! What's this my Dear!
Dear *Ligurine*, ah! tell me why
Theſe drops forſake my Eye,
And tender ſighs fan every tear?

Why doth my flowing Tongue
In unbecoming ſilence fall?
And why do ſighs prevail,
And in the midſt ſurprize my Song?

Thee, Thee, my lovely Boy,
Now now, I claſp, and now in Dreams
Purſue o'er Fields, and Streams;
Thee, Thee, my Dear, my flying Joy.

ODE II.

To ANTONIVS JULUS.

1. *None can imitate* Pindar. 2. *Commends* Antony, *and proposes* Cæsar's *Actions as a fit subject for his Muse.*

1. HE that to equal *Pindar* tries,
With Waxen wings he vainly flies
Too near exalted Fame;
And must expect a Fate like his
Who fell, and gave the Sea a name.

As violent Rivers swoln with Rain,
Break o'er the neighbouring fruitful Plain
With an impetuous stream;
So *Pindar* doth all Banks disdain,
And overflows the highest Theme.

In all He doth deserve the Crown;
Whether He rushes boldly on,
And rowls new words along;
Through lawless *Dytherambicks* thrown;
Or Thunders in a looser Song.

Or Gods, or Gods next Kindred Kings,
In mighty numbers mighty things,
Or valiant *Heroes* names
That kill'd the *Centaurs*, nobly sings,
And quench'd the fierce *Chimæra*'s flames.

Or

Or praiſed him that ſwiftly rode,
And Crown'd return'd almoſt a God
From the *Olympian* race:
Or Verſes on the Brave beſtow'd,
More ſounding and more ſtrong than Braſs.

Or ſoftly ſings with pious grief
A Youth ſnatcht from his weeping Wife,
And bears their names on high,
Their vertuous manners, pleaſant life;
And doth forbid their Loves to die.

The *Theban* Swan vaſt whirls of Air
Thro higheſt Regions ſwiftly bear
When he deſigns to riſe,
When He his lofty head doth rear
And ſhoots it through the Cloudy Skies.

I like a *Bee* with toil and pain
Fly humbly o'er the flowry Plain,
And with a buſy tongue
The little Sweets my Labors gain,
I work at laſt into a Song.

2. But you ſhall ſing in higher ſtrains
What Conqueſts mighty *Cæſar* gains,
How great his Pomp appears,
When juſtly Crown'd he leads in Chains
The *German* Trophies of his Wars.

Greater than him no Age can know,
Nor, if they would, the *Gods* beſtow;
No, they can bleſs no more

If they their bounty ſtrove to ſhow,
And would the *Golden* Age reſtore:

Then thou ſhalt ſing our feaſting days,
Our City's Joy, and publick Plays
At *Cæſar's* wiſh'd return:
Then thou ſhalt ſing how ſtrife decays,
And *Courts* their peaceful Clients mourn.

And there if any patient Ear
My *Muſes* feeble Song will hear
My voice ſhall ſound thro *Rome*:
Thee, *Sun*, I'll ſing, Thee, lovely fair;
Thee, Thee I'll praiſe when *Cæſar's* come.

As you, great Poet, march along
From every Heart and every Tongue
A joyful ſound ſhall move,
Io Triumphe be the Song,
Whilſt Incenſe ſmoaks to Gods above.

Ten fair large Bulls, ten luſty Cows
Muſt die to pay thy richer Vows;
Of my ſmall ſtock of Kine
A Calf juſt wean'd now Youthful grows
In paſtures fat to fall for mine.

Unus'd to puſh he now doth wildly run,
And as the third-days riſing Moon
So bend his tender horns;
All over Red, but where alone
A milky ſpot his front adorns.

ODE III.

To his Muſe.

By her favour he gets immortal Reputation.

AT whoſe bleſt birth propitious rays
The *Muſes* ſhed, on whom they ſmile,
No duſty *Iſthmian* game
Shall ſtouteſt of the Ring proclaim,
Or to reward his toil
Wreath Ivy Crowns, or grace his head with Bays.

Nor Victor, Laurel round his Brows,
In an *Achean* Chariot ride:
No glorious feats of War
His happy Skill, and Arms declare
When He hath broke the pride,
And baffled dreadful threats of haughty Foes.

But fruitful *Tibur*'s ſhady Groves,
Its pleaſant Springs and purling Streams,
Shall raiſe a laſting name,
And ſet him high in ſounding fame,
For *Lyrick* Verſe the nobleſt Themes,
Great as his Mind, and various as his Loves.

Rome, Empreſs of the Nations, Writes,
Writes me amongſt the *Lyrick* Train;
And hence I Honor raiſe,
Immortal Love and laſting praiſe
Secure from fears, and pain,
For ſharp-tooth'd Envy now but faintly bites.

Sweet *Muſe* that tun'ſt the charming *Lyre*,
And draw'ſt ſoft ſounds from ſtubborn ſtring,
That can'ſt the Envious pleaſe
And ſoften fury into eaſe,
Teach ſilent Fiſh to ſing,
And tunes as ſweet as dying Swans inſpire.

'Tis thine, *ſweet Muſe*, thy gift alone,
That as I walk all cry, *'tis He*,
That warms with *Lyrick* fire;
'Tis He that tunes the *Roman* Lyre;
And that I pleaſe, I own,
Suppoſe I pleaſe, I have it all from Thee.

ODE V.

GReat *Hero's* Son, *Rome's* gracious Lord,
How long ſhall we thy abſence mourn!
Thy promis'd ſelf at laſt afford,
Rome's ſacred *Senate* begs: Return.

Great Sir, reſtore your Country light;
When your auſpicious beams ariſe,
Juſt as in Spring, the Sun's more bright,
And fairer days ſmile o'er the Skies.

As tender Mothers wait their Sons
Whom Storms have toſt above a Year,
And every nimble day that runs
They load with vows, and pious fear.

They

They ne'er their Eyes from th' Shores remove,
Longing to ſee their Sons reſtor'd;
Thus *Rome*, inſpir'd with Loyal Love,
Expects her great, her gracious Lord.

The Oxe doth ſafely Paſtures trace,
And fruitful *Ceres* fills our Plains,
The Merchant ſails o'er quiet Seas,
And unſtain'd Faith, and Vertue reigns.

No baſe Adultry ſtains our Race,
Strickt Law hath tam'd that ſpotted Vice;
The Child can ſhow his Father's face;
Pain waits on Sin, and checks its riſe.

Who doth the dreadful *Germans* fear
The *Scythian* Rage, or *Parthian* Bow,
Or Who the threatning *Spaniards* War,
Whilſt *Cæſar* lives, and rules below?

In his own Hills each ſets his Sun;
To Widow Elms he leads his Vine,
And chearful, when his toils are done,
Invokes Thee o'er a Bowl of Wine.

To Thee our Prayers, and Wines do flow
To Thee the Author of our Peace.
As much as grateful *Greece* can ſhow,
To *Caſtor*, or great *Hercules*.

Long may You live, your days be fair,
Beſtow long Feaſts, and long Delight;
This is our ſober morning Prayer,
And theſe our drunken Vows at Night.

ODE VI.

To Apollo *and* Diana.

GReat God, whom *Niobe*'s Race did know,
A ſharp revenger of a haughty Tongue,
Whom Luſtful *Titus* wrong
Provok'd to draw his fatal Bow;
And ſtout *Achilles* found too great a Foe.

Tho fierce in Arms, tho *Thetis* Son,
Tho Death did wait upon his Sword, and Fear,
Attended on his Spear;
Tho wretched *Troy* almoſt o'er-thrown
Confeſs'd his force, He bow'd to Thee alone.

Like Oaks which biting Axes wound,
Or Cypres tall which furious Storms divide
He ſpread his ruin wide:
He felt the fatal Dart, He groan'd
And hid his noble Head in *Trojan* ground.

Not he in great *Minerva*'s Horſe
Had cheated *Troy*, and *Priam*'s heedleſs Court
Diſſolv'd in Wine and Sport;
But hot, and deaf to all remorſe
Had fiercely ſtorm'd our Walls with open force.

And when ſtrong Fates had *Troy* o'ercome
Too ſavage He, ah! ah! with *Grecian* Flames
Had burnt the breeding Dames,

And

And in their Mothers burning Womb,
Poor harmleſs Infants found a hated Tomb.

But your kind Prayers, and *Venus* Face
Prevail'd on Fate, made angry *Juno* kind,
And bent *Jove*'s mighty mind
To grant a more auſpicious place
To raiſe a Town for great *Æneas* Race.

Feign'd Artiſt on the Muſes Lyre,
That bath'ſt thy yellow Locks in *Zanthus* Flood,
Sweet, ſmooth-fac'd charming God,
Improve the rage thou didſt inſpire,
Encreaſe my heat, and ſtill preſerve my Fire.

From *Phœbus* all my fancy came,
'Twas *Phœbus* firſt that taught me how to ſing,
And ſtrike the ſpeaking ſtring;
He Art inſpir'd, He rais'd my Fame,
And gave the glory of a Poet's name.

You noble Maids, and noble Boys,
The chaſt *Diana*'s chiefeſt care below,
Whoſe dreadful Darts and Bow,
Fierce *Tygers* fear; obſerve my voice,
Obſerve the meaſures of the Publick joys.

Juſt praiſes give *Latona*'s Son;
And ſing the Moon with her encreaſing light
The beauteous Queen of Night,
Kind to our Fruits, and ſwift alone
To turn the headlong Months, and whirl 'em down.

When

When, Marriage bands confine thy Love
Then boaſt, as years brought round the Feaſt, I plaid
The Tunes that *Horace* made;
I ſung his Verſe; and This did prove
A pleaſing Tribute to the Gods above.

ODE VII.

To MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

The Spring coming on, from the conſideration of our frail State, He invites him to be merry.

THE Snows are gone, and Graſs returns again,
New Leaves adorn the *Widow* Trees,
The unſwoln Streams their narrow banks contain,
And ſoftly rowl to quiet Seas.

The decent *Nymphs* with ſmiling *Graces* join'd,
Now naked dance i'th' open Air;
They dread no blaſts, nor fear the Wind
That wantons thro their flowing Hair.

The nimble hour that turns the Circling Year
And ſwiftly whirls the pleaſing Day,
Forewarns Thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care
Nor cramp thy Life with long delay:
The Spring the Winter, Summer waſts the Spring,
And Summers beauty's quickly loſt,
When drunken *Autumn* ſpreads his drooping Wing;
And next cold Winter creeps in Froſt.

The

The Moon 'tis true her Monthly loſs repairs,
She ſtreight renews her borrow'd light;
But when black Death hath turn'd our ſhining years,
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we ſhall view the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,
And walk amongſt the mighty Dead,
Where *Tullus*, where *Æneas* went before,
We ſhall be Duſt, and empty ſhade.

Who knows if ſtubborn Fate will prove ſo kind,
And join to this another day?
What e'er is for thy greedy Heir deſign'd,
Will ſlip his Hands, and fly away.

When thou art gone, and *Minos* Sentence read,
Torquatus, there is no return,
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,
Nor goodneſs ſhall unſeal the Urn.

For Chaſt *Hyppolitus* *Diana* ſtrives,
She ſtrives, but ah! ſhe ſtrives in vain:
Nor *Theſeus* Care, and Pious force reprieves,
His Dear *Perithous* from his Chain.

ODE VIII.

To Marcus Cenſorinus.

Verſe is the beſt and moſt laſting Preſent that a Man can ſend his Friend.

I Would be kind, I would beſtow,
Dear *Cenſorine*, on all I know,
Plate, Statues, Braſs prepar'd,
Or Bowls the ſtouteſt *Greeks* reward,
On You my Friend, and half my heart,
Some curious Piece of noble Art;
Could I the famous Works command
Of *Scopa's* or *Parrhaſius* hand,
One skill'd in Stone, and one in Paint,
To frame a Man, or make a Saint:
The Art declar'd the frame divine,
And *God* appear'd in every Line.
But I am poor, and your Eſtate
Too large for theſe, your Soul too great
To want ſuch Toys: But You delight
In noble Verſe, and I can write;
I'm rich in theſe, can pleaſe a Friend,
And ſhow the worth of what I ſend:
Not ſtately Pillars rais'd in Braſs,
Nor Stones inſcrib'd with publick Praiſe,
Tho ſuch new Heat and Vigor give,
And make the buried *Heroes* live;
The haſty flight, the wondrous fall,
And threats thrown back on *Hannibal*,

Not

Not impious *Carthage* bright in flames,
His praiſe, who came increas'd in Names
From conquer'd *Africk*, Vertues ſhow
With half the Glory verſe can do.
If Books were dumb, what ſmall Regard
Would Vertue meet, what mean Reward?
And who had *Rome*'s great Founder known
Tho ſprung from *Mars*, tho *Ilia*'s Son,
If envious ſilence had with-held,
His great Deſerts, and Fame conceal'd?
From Shades below, and gloomy Night
By Poet's power, and force of Wit
Freed *Æacus*, ſerenely reigns,
A mighty King in happy Plains.
The *Muſe* forbids great worth to die;
On whom ſhe will beſtows the Sky:
Thus Great *Alcides* carves the Feaſt
With *Jove* himſelf, a noble Gueſt:
Thus ſhining *Caſtor* kindly ſaves
A feeble Ship in rougheſt Waves;
And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
Our modeſt Vows, and ſpeeds our Prayers.

ODE

ODE IX.

To LOLLIUS.

His Songs ſhall never die; and he is reſolv'd to make his Friend Lollius *his Name live for ever.*

VAin fear to think thoſe Words will die
Which born by *Auſid*'s rowling ſtream,
With unknown Art I firſt did try
In *Lyric* numbers join'd
With charming ſtrings to bind,
And gently raiſe my noble Theme.

Tho King in Verſe great *Homer* reigns,
And doth Equality refuſe;
Yet *Pindar* lives in lofty ſtrains,
Alcæus nobly charms,
The *Cæon Lyrick* warms
With grave *Steſicorus* ſtately Muſe.

We read *Anacreon*'s wanton toys;
Whilſt they our paſſions gently move.
No Envy blaſts, no Age deſtroys;
And *Sappho*'s charming Lyre
Preſerves her ſoft deſire,
And tunes our raviſh'd Souls to Love.

Not only *Helen*'s Heart was fir'd,
When baſely careleſs of her fame

She

She *Paris* Princely Train admir'd,
His Curls ſurprizing Grace,
His Dreſs, his Art, his Face,
And lewdly fed her lawleſs Flame.

Not *Teucer* firſt drew fatal Bows;
Not *Troy* but once felt *Grecian* rage;
Not only *Stheneleus* brav'd his Foes,
The great firſt-born of Fame,
That fought, and overcame
And lives in Verſe to furure Age.

Not *Hector* firſt the glory won
Of bravely ſpending Royal Blood
To guard his hopes, his darling Son;
Nor firſt profuſe of Life
To ſave a Vertuous Wife
And do his dying Country good.

Before that Age a thouſand liv'd,
And ſent ſurpriſing Glories forth,
But none the ſilent Grave ſurviv'd;
In Night their Splendor's gone,
They fell, unmourn'd, unknown;
Becauſe no Verſe embalms their Worth.

What worth doth lazy ſloth excel,
If 'tis withheld from ſounding Fame?
Thy Glories I will loudly tell,
And in immortal Verſe
Thy living praiſe reherſe,
Nor ſuffer Age to waſt thy Name.

A Generous Mind in Action bold,
Wiſe in debate, in Council grave,
Too ſtrong for all-attracting Gold:
Let Fortune frown or ſmile
Thy ſoul is conſtant ſtill,
In either State 'tis great and brave.

Not *Conſul* only for one Year,
But ſtill the Chair as oft obtain'd
As equal juſtice rul'd the Bar,
As oft as Crimes accus'd,
And guilty Bribes refus'd
With haughty look ſhe nobly Reign'd.

Believe not thoſe that Lands poſſeſs
And ſhining heaps of uſeleſs Ore,
The only Lords of Happineſs,
But rather thoſe that know
For what kind Fates beſtow,
And have the Art to uſe the Store.

That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of Poverty
Who more than Death will baſeneſs fear,
Who nobly to defend
Their Country or their Friend
Embrace their Fate, and gladly die.

ODE X.

To ſcornful LIGURINE.

Age will come, Beauty waſt, and then he will be ſorry for his preſent Pride.

AH lovely yet, and great in Charms!
Ah coy, and flying from my Arms!
When an unlook'd for Beard ſhall hide
And ſcatter'd hairs ſpread o'er thy Pride;
When all thoſe wanton Curls ſhall fall,
Thy Roſy Colour yield to pale,
Thy Cheeks grow wan, thy Body pine,
And leave a different *Ligurine*,
Ah! thou ſhalt ſay, when e'er the glaſs
Shall ſhow Thee quite another Face,
Ah! whilſt I was a vigorous Boy,
Why did I not this Mind enjoy?
Or ſince I now ſo freely burn
Why won't my former Face return!

ODE XI.

To PHYLLIS.

On Mecænas *his Birth Day, He invites her to a Feaſt.*

I Keep ſome Casks of racy Wines
Full nine years old; to Crown thy hair
My Parſly grows; my Ivy twines
To grace thy head, and make Thee fair.

My Rooms well furniſh'd joy proclaim,
My Altar Crown'd with Sacred Wood
And *Vervine* chaſt, expects her Lamb,
And thirſts to drink the promis'd Blood.

All hands at work, my Boys and Maids
With buſy haſt the Feaſt prepare,
My Torches raiſe their trembling Heads
And roll dark Volumes thro the Air.

But now to tell what joys to Night
I call Thee to; I keep the *Ide*
That *April*'s Month the choice delight
Of Sea-born *Venus* doth divide.

A Day of Joy and Mirth appears,
And almoſt dearer than my own;
It ſhuts *Mecænas* former years,
And brings another gently on.

That

That *Telephus* whom you desire
A richer Maid, and Beauty gains
Young, Wanton, Gay, and full of fire,
And holds him fast in pleasing Chains.

Burnt *Phaeton* checks hopes too high,
From Heaven by dreadful Thunder thrown;
And *Pegasus* refus'd to fly
And threw his mortal Rider down.

Then *Phyllis* stop thy rising Flame,
And all ambitious thoughts remove,
'Tis Sin to hunt too great a Game,
And fly at an unequal Love.

Come, come, my last, my dearest Miss,
The last I can I must adore;
No Face shall e'er provoke a Kiss;
And other beauty warm no more.

Come learn, my Dear, some pleasing Song,
Which you with a surprising Air
Might warble o'er your charming Tongue;
For Songs are good to lessen Care.

ODE XII.

To VIRGIL.

He deſcribes the Spring, and invites him to Supper.

THe ſoft Companions of the Spring
The gentle *Thracian* Gales
Spread o'er the Earth their flowry Wing,
And ſwell the greedy Merchants Sails.

The Streams not ſwoln with melted Snow
In fair *Meanders* play,
To quiet Seas they ſmoothly flow,
And gently eat their eaſy way.

The Swallow with the Spring returns,
And as ſhe builds her Neſt,
Her murder'd *Itys* ſadly mourns
And ſighs, and beats her troubled Breaſt.

The ſwallow, *Athens* laſting ſhame,
For tho her Cauſe was juſt,
Her Breaſt conceiv'd a lawleſs flame,
And ill reveng'd the Tyrant's Luſt.

The Swain whilſt Flocks ſecurely feed,
Sits down, and ſweetly plays,
He ſoftly blows his Oaten Reed,
And pleaſeth *Pan* with rural Lays.

The

The Seaſon, *Virgil*, brings us thirſt;
And if you Mirth deſign
With Noble youths, bring Ointment firſt,
And I'll provide Thee racy Wine.

For one ſmall Box of Ointment brought
I will a Cask prepare,
'Tis ſtrong to tame a lofty thought,
Check hopes, and waſh down bitter Care.

Now if you'll make a joyful Gueſt
I'll not, as Nobles do,
Bear all the Charges of the Feaſt,
But muſt expect a ſhare from you.

Think Life is ſhort, forget thy fears,
And eager thoughts of Gain,
Short Folly mix with graver Cares,
'Tis decent ſometimes to be vain.

ODE XIII.

To LYCE.

He inſults over her now ſhe is grown Old.

THe Gods have heard, *Lyce*, the Gods have heard,
The Gods have heard my Prayer,
As I have wiſh'd, and you have fear'd,
You'er old, yet would be counted fair.

You toy, you impudently drink to raiſe,
Your lazy dull deſire,
You ſtrive to highten to a blaze
With your cold breath the dying fire.

In vain, 'tis all in vain, coy *Cupid* flies,
A better Seat He ſeeks,
In young ſoft *Chloe*'s Face he lies,
And gently wantons in her Cheeks.

Coy he flies o'er dry Oaks, he ſcorns thy Face,
Becauſe a furrow'd Brow
And hollow Eyes thy form diſgrace,
And o'er thy head Age ſcatters Snow.

Nor can thy coſtly dreſs the Eaſtern Shore
With all the Gems it bears,
Thy former lovely Youth reſtore,
Nor bring thee back thy ſcatter'd Years.

Thoſe Years which the *Eternal* wheel hath ſpun,
And drawn beyond thy Prime,
Thro which ſwift Day hath nimbly run
And ſhut in known Records of Time.
Where is that Beauty, where that charming Air,
That ſhape, that Amorous Play,
Oh what haſt thou of her! of Her!
Whoſe every look did Love inſpire,
Whoſe every breathing fann'd my fire,
And ſtole me from my ſelf away!
To lovely *Cynera*'s Face ſet next in Fame
For all that can ſurprize,
For all thoſe Arts that raiſe a Flame,
And kindly feed it at our Eyes; But

But haſty Fate cut charming *Cynera* ſhort,
That Fate that now prepares
Old *Lyce*, old as Daws, for ſport,
And ſcorn, as grievous as her Years.

When our hot Youths ſhall come, and laugh to ſee
The Torch that burnt before;
And kindled aged Lecheny,
To aſhes fall'n, and warm no more.

ODE XIV.

To AUGUSTUS.

That His Deſerts are much greater than any Rewards Rome *can beſtow.*

HOw can the *Senate's*, how the *People's* care,
Tho all with gifts that ſwell with honors ſtrive,
A laſting Monument prepare
To make thy glory live,
And thy great Name thro future Ages bear!

O greateſt Prince the circling Sun can view!
Whom ſtout *Vindilici* unlearn'd in fear,
From glorious Conqueſts lately knew
How great He is in War,
And felt that all that Fame had told was true.

Brave *Druſus* led thy conquering Legions on,
And fierce *Genauns* a ſtubborn Nation broke;
The furious *Brenni's* force o'er-thrown

Now gladly take the Yoke,
The Glory of their Slavery proudly owe.

Strong Caſtles fixt on Mountains vaſtly high,
Almoſt as high as his aſpiring thought,
With a repeated Victory
Thrown down; He climb'd and fought
Where Fear or winged Hope ſcarce dar'd to fly.

Next Elder *Nero* great in Arms appear'd,
And *Rhæti* fought; A ſight for Gods to ſee
What ſlaughters broke their Souls prepar'd
For Death with Liberty,
And led the Conquerer to high Reward.

As raging Winds with an impetuous Courſe
When ſtormy Stars aſſiſt, do toſs the flood,
So fierce He breaks thro armed force,
Thro Darts and ſtreams of Blood
And threatning flames He ſpurs his foaming Horſe.

As branched *Aufidus* doth Moles diſdain,
And thro *Apulian* Fields doth whirl his Waves,
When rais'd by Snow or ſwoln with Rain,
Againſt his Banks He raves,
And threatens Floods to all the Fruitful Plain.

Thus *Claudius* violent did in Arms appear,
No Bands, no barbarous Troops his force could ſtay,
The Front, the Body, and the Rear
Secure he ſwept away,
And o'er the Field He ſcatter'd dreadful War.

Whilſt

Whilſt You your Forces, You your Counſel lent,
What mortal Courage could his Arms oppoſe?
When to his Aid your Gods you ſent,
He thunder'd on his Foes,
And threw among them Slavery as He went.

Since ſuppliant *Ægypt* in her empty Throne
Receiv'd Thee Lord, the Fates that ſtrive to bleſs,
Thy Title to the Empire own
By fifteen Years Succeſs;
And ſtill increaſe the Glory of thy Crown.

The fierce *Cantabrian* not to be o'ercome
Before thy Arms, the *Indian* and the *Mede*,
The wandring *Scythians* lurk at home,
And Thee they wiſely dread;
O preſent guard of *Italy* and *Rome*!

The Waves that beat the *Britiſh* monſtrous ſhore,
Cold *Iſter*, *Nile*, and *Tanais* rapid ſtream,
Fierce *Spaniards* now rebel no more,
And *Gauls* that death contemn
Lay down their Arms, and quietly adore.

ODE XV.

He praiſeth Auguſtus.

WHen I would ſing of noble Fights,
Of Lofty things in lofty flights;
Apollo's Harp my Temples ſtrook
The trembling ſtrings in Conſort ſhook,
And anſwer'd to the tunes he ſpoke:
Thy Ship is weak, he ſaid, forbear,
And tempt not raging Seas too far.
Thy Age, great *Cæſar*, gracious Lord,
Hath Plenty to our Fields reſtor'd:
Proud *Parthians* captive Arms reſign
To Mighty *Jove's* and *Cæſar*'s Shrine.
Now noiſy Wars and Tumults ceaſe,
And *Janus* Temple's barr'd by Peace:
Wild Luſt is bound in modeſt chains,
And Licence feels juſt order's reins:
Strict Vertue rules, good Laws command;
And baniſh'd Sin forſakes the Land:
You all thoſe generous Arts renew,
By which our Infant Empire grew;
By which her Fame ſpread vaſtly wide,
And carry'd in Majeſtick pride
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* ſerenely ſhone,
As far and glorious as the Sun.
Whilſt *Cæſar* lives and rules in Peace,
No Civil Wars ſhall break our Eaſe,
No Rage that fatal Swords prepares,
And hurries wretched Towns to Wars:

Not

Not cruel *Getes* tho bath'd in blood,
Not thoſe by *Tanais* faithleſs flood,
Not thoſe that drink *Danubius* Stream
Shall glorious *Cæſar*'s Laws contemn:
We on our Feaſt, and working days
'Midſt jovial Cups will gladly praiſe;
Our Pious Wives, and pratling Boys
Shall firſt the Gods with humble voice,
And then with Pipes and ſounding Verſe
The Heroes noble Acts reherſe;
Anchiſes, *Troy* our Songs ſhall grace,
And brave *Æenas Venus* happy race.

The End of the Fourth Book.

EPODES.

EPODES.

EPODE I.

MY *Lord*, my beſt, and deareſt Friend,
The chiefeſt Bulwark of the State;
In tall *Liburnian* Ships defend
Great *Cæſar*'s Cauſe, and prop his Fate.

Before his danger thruſt your own:
But what ſhall He that breaths in You,
That ſcorns to live when You are gone,
What ſhall forſaken *Horace* do?

Shall I ſit down and take my Eaſe?
But without You what joys delight?
Or ſteel my ſoftneſs, ſtem the Seas,
Or bolder grow, and dare to fight?

Or ſhall I arm my feeble breaſt,
And wait on You thro *Alpine* Snow,
Or fartheſt Regions of the *Weſt*,
Where *Cæſar* bids the Valiant go?

You ask why thus I boldly preſs,
And what ſhould feeble I do there,
My fear, *My Lord*, will be the leſs;
For abſence ſtill increaſes fear.

Thus Birds on Wing are moſt afraid
That Snakes will come when they're away,
Tho preſent they're too weak to aid,
And ſave the eaſy Callow prey.

I would be ſtout, diſcard my fears,
The greateſt dangers bravely prove,
And venture this or other Wars
In hopes, *my Lord*, to keep your Love.

But not to have more Oxen groan
Beneath my Ploughs, nor feed more Swains;
Nor yet as Heat or Cold comes on,
To drive my Sheep to other Plains.

Not to enlarge my Country Seat,
Or get vaſt heaps of ſhining Ore;
Your bounty, Sir, hath made me great,
And furniſh'd with ſufficient ſtore.

I do not heaps of Gold deſire,
To hide, and have no heart to uſe,
As *Chremes* did; nor Wealth require
On baſer Luſts to be profuſe.

EPODE II.

The pleasures of a Country and retir'd Life.

HAppy the Man beyond pretence,
(Such was the State of innocence)
That loose from Care, from business free,
From griping Debts and Usury,
Contented in an humble Fate
With his own Oxen Plows his own Estate:
No early Trumpet breaks his ease,
He doth not dread the angry Seas:
He flies the Bar, from noise retreats,
And shuns the *Nobles* haughty Seats.
But Marriageable Vines he leads
To lusty Oaks, and kindly Weds:
Or carelessly in Vallies strays
And smiles to see his Oxen graze:
He prunes his Vines, or grafts his Trees;
Or sheers his Sheep, or takes his Bees;
From Combs well prest his Honey flows
Almost as sweet as his repose:
Or when the mellow Autumn rears
His Fruitful Head, he gathers Pears,
Or Purple Grapes, and these reward
With pleasing gifts his Holy Guard;
Thee, *Sylvian*, and, *Priapus* Thee
A Tribute fills from every Tree:
Or smiles beneath a Myrtle shade
On flowry Banks supinely laid,
Whilst near his Head there creeps a Spring,
And the free Birds around him sing:

Or

Or Fountains with their murmuring Streams
Invite to ſhort, and eaſy Dreams:
Or when cold *Jove* hath turn'd the Year,
And Rain and Snow and Froſt appear,
He takes his Hounds, ſtrong toils he ſets,
And drives fierce Bores to ſecret Nets.
Or ſpringes lays in every Buſh,
To take the Black-bird and the Thruſh:
Or Fearful Hare, or ſtranger Crane
All ſweet rewards to cheer his pain.
Who midſt theſe pleaſing joys does bear,
The numerous ills of Love and Fear?
In Towns the Tyrant paſſions Reign,
And ſpread their Cares, but fly the Plain,
But if a Wife more chaſt than Fair,
(Such as the ancient *Sabines* were,
Such as the Brown *Apulian* Dame,
Of moderate Face, and honeſt Fame)
With equal Care, his Care ſhall meet,
And keep the Houſe and Children ſweet;
Againſt he comes provide a Fire,
As pure and warm as her deſire:
And with an Honeſt cheerful ſmile
Receive him weary from his toil:
Pen up her ſelf, and Milk the Kine,
Then draw a Pot of Country Wine,
And ſtreight with what her Fields afford
Doth furniſh out an eaſy board:
I would not change for all the State
And coſtly trouble of the Great;
Their Oyſters, Trouts, and all the ſtore
Of Luxury would take no more;

Their

Their Fiſh that catering Storms, to pleaſe
Their Palate, toſs from Eaſtern Seas,
The Pheaſant, Partridge, Quail and Teal
Would not go down, nor taſt as well
As Olives pluck'd from laden Boughs,
Or Sorrel that in Paſture grows;
Or Mallows ſweet, extreamly good
For Bodies bound, poor wholſome Food,
Or Lambkins kill'd a ſheering feaſt:
Or reſcu'd from a greedy Beaſt:
Amidſt theſe dainties, Oh the vaſt delight
To ſee fed Sheep come home at Night!
To hear the weary Oxen low
And almoſt tir'd trail back the Plough!
To ſee my merry Clowns carouſe,
And ſwarm about my cleanly Houſe!
This *Alpius* ſaid, the ſam'd, and known,
The griping Uſurer of the Town,
Reſolv'd to leave his Cares and Striſe
And quickly lead a Country Life;
One week He call'd his Money in,
The next He lent it out agen.

EPODE III.

To MECÆNAS.

He ſhows his diſlike to an Onion that made him ſick.

IF any, let's ſuppos'd ſo damn'd a Rage,
Forget their Duty and their Age;

And

And eager to enjoy the whole Eſtate,
With Impious hands ſhall haſten Fate,
And their old Fathers coming Death prevent,
Let *Onions* be their Puniſhment.
O Reapers Stomachs! Ah! what Poyſon Reigns,
What ſecret fire runs o'er my Veins!
Hath Viper's blood, or hath *Canidia's* breath
Blown o'er my Meat, and mingled Death?
When *Jaſon* did *Medea's* fancy move,
And ſhe fixt on him for a Love,
Before the reſt, ſhe gave him this to tame
The fiery Bulls, and quench their Flame,
By Preſents dipt in this *Creuſa* dy'd,
And *Jaſon* mourn'd his promis'd Bride:
Such furious heat as rages o'er my Veins
Ne'er ſcorcht the dry *Apulian* Plains,
Nor did the flaming Poys'nous giſt infeſt
With half ſuch Heat *Alcides* Breaſt:
My merry *Lord*, if e'er you taſte of this,
May every Maid deny a Kiſs;
And ſtop her Mouth, cry foh! refuſe delight,
And ne'er lie near Thee all the Night.

EPODE IV.

To Vulteius Mena, *a Freed-Man* of Pompey.

AS much as Lambs with Wolves agree,
So much, *baſe Sot*, do I with thee;
With *Spaniſh* whips thy Sides are torn,
Thy Legs with heavy ſhackles worn:

Tho Fortune ſmiles and ſwells thy Mind,
It gilds, but cannot change the Kind:
Do'ſt ſee when Thou with ruffling Gown
Do'ſt ſweep the *Mall*, how many frown,
How each that views Thee, ſcrews his Face,
And juſtly ſcorns the gawdy Aſs!
He lately whipt at the Carts tail,
The very ſcandal of the Jail,
Now vaſtly Rich, a mighty Spark
In Coach and Six flies o'er the Park:
At Plays he takes the Box, in ſpight
Of *Othe*'s Law, a doughty Knight!
What Honor is't to free the Waves
From *Pyrates* rage, and tame the *Slaves*?
What honor can attend the War
Where *He*, a *Captain* claims a ſhare?

EPODE V.

Againſt the Witch Canidia, *where he diſcovers the Cruelty and Baſeneſs of ſuch Creatures.*

BUt Oh whatever God doſt fill the Sky,
And rule the Earth and Men below,
What means that rout? and why
Each *Fury* bends on me an angry brow?

By all thy brood, if e'er *Lucina* came
To real Births, and eas'd thy throws;
By *Honor*'s uſeleſs name,
By *Jove* that ſees, and will revenge my Woes;

Why

Why doth that Step-dame's frown affright?
That rage thy gaſtly form diſgrace?
A hunted *Tyger*'s ſpight,
And grinning fury ſit upon thy Face?

Thus ſadly ſpake the naked lovely Child,
Which e'en a *Thracian*'s Soul might move,
Make raging fury mild
And in a flinty Boſom kindle love.

Canidia, Serpents wreath'd her ſhaggy brow,
Appear'd, and theſe Commands ſhe gave;
A Funeral Cypreſs Bough,
And a wild Fig-tree rooted from a Grave;

A Scritch-Owls Feather, Eggs beſmear'd with blood
Of croaking Frogs, a Tyger's paws,
A ſwelling angry Toad,
And Bones ſnatcht from an hungry Bitches jaws:

Each powerful Herb that in *Iberia* ſprings
To raiſe ſtrong Love, or Anger tame,
And all that *Colchos* brings,
Go mix, and burn them in a Magick Flame.

Whilſt ready *Sagana* from beechen Cup
Pour'd *Stygian* Water o'er the Floors,
Her hair an end ſtood up
Like Hedg-hogs briſtles, or a running Bores:

But hardned *Veja* deaf to all remorſe
A little Grave had quickly made;
She rais'd her feeble force,
And joy'd to ſweat, and groan upon the Spade:

Where fixt Chin-deep the poor unhappy gueſt
By looking on his meat muſt die,
Whilſt they renew the Feaſt,
And He ſtands famiſht, feeding at his Eye.

That His dry Marrow, and his raging Heart
When his weak Senſes fail may prove
Fit for their Magick Art,
And make Ingredients for a Cup of Love.

All thought that luſtful *Floria* too was one
That came to view the horrid fight,
She that can charm the Moon
And force the Stars from their fixt Seats of light.

Here fierce *Canidia* whilſt her unpar'd Nail
She gnaw'd with an envenom'd Tooth,
Oh what did ſhe conceal!
What horrid words broke from her impious mouth!

Thou Night, thou Moon and all Ye meaner lights
That charm dull Mortals into ſleep,
And when our ſacred Rites
Are done, an undiſturbed ſilence keep;

Aſſiſt me now with all your ſtrength and rage,
That I might pay the debts I owe,
Your greateſt force engage
To wreak my ſpight on my unhappy Foe.

Whilſt cruel Beaſts aſleep in Woods are ſafe,
Let the *Saburran* Maſtiffs bark,
('Twill make the Neighbours laugh)
At the old Leacher creeping in the dark:

When

When fierce deſire hath raging fury bred
Then let him walk as Luſts perſwade
With Ointment round his Head
As ſtrong as e'er my skilful hands have made.

Ah! whats the matter! where's the Power of Charms
Which fierce *Medea* once did prove,
When with theſe conquering Arms
She furiouſly reveng'd her injur'd Love!

When with a Garment lin'd with ſecret flame
(What will not jealous rage inſpire?)
She burnt the lovely Dame,
And wrapt falſe *Jaſon*'s youthful Bride in fire.

Ah! ſure no powerful Herb hath ſcap'd my ſight,
in ſhady Groves or purling Streams;
And yet he ſleeps all night,
No wanton Miſs diſturbs him e'en in Dreams.

Ah! Ah, ſome Witch more skilful ſets Thee free,
Unhappy *Varus*, doom'd to ill,
Thou ſhalt return to Me;
I'll force Thee back by an unuſual skill.

With unreſiſted Art I'll bind thy Soul,
No Charms ſhall then thy mind reſtore;
I'll mix a ſtronger Bowl,
And urge Thee ſtill as Thou doſt ſcorn the more.
(move,
Firſt Heaven ſhall downward, Earth ſhall upward
And to the Center Stars retire,
Ere thou ſhalt ceaſe to Love,
Or burn like Brimſtone in a ſmoaky Fire:

The injur'd Boy inrag'd, no longer ſtrove
To ſoften them by mournful Prayer
and gentle pity move,
But ſpoke theſe dying words in deep deſpair:

Poor Charms, too weak to alter Humane Fate,
And hinder Plagues from rage Divine;
No Blood ſhall expiate
So ſolemn, and ſo great a Curſe as mine.

When I am dead then I'll a Ghoſt by Night
With crooked Nails your jaws invade,
At every turn affright;
For that's the force and fury of a Shade.

Then will I ſit upon your fearful Breaſt,
And there my dreadful watches keep;
Diſturb approaching reſt,
And drive away the lazy hand of Sleep.

Thro every Street the Crowd in eager haſt
Shall brain the ugly Hags with Stones,
And when Death comes at laſt, (Bones.
The Crows ſhall ſcatter, Wolves ſhall break your

And this my Parents (ah they muſt ſurvive,
And ſeek in vain, and mourn for Me)
Tho many years they grieve,
Grown gray in Tears, ſhall live and ſmile to ſee.

EPODE VI.

Againſt Caſſius Severus *a very ſcurrilous and abuſive Rhymer.*

BAſe coward Curr when harmleſs ſtrangers come,
You ſnarl and bark about the Room;
But when a fierce and ſhagged Wolf appears,
How ſoon you whine, and hang your Ears!
Come, make at me, if you reſolve to fight,
For I have Teeth, and dare to bite:
The generous Maſtiff I of Noble ſenſe
The careful Shepherd's kind defence;
With Ears an-end thro Snow and Froſt purſue
Whatever Beaſt I have in view: (ſhook
When Thou the Woods with frightful ſounds has
Thou leap'ſt for every little Brock.
Take heed take heed, to Rogues a deadly Foe
I'm ſtill prepar'd to ſtrike the blow;
As ſharp as fierce *Archilochus* his Song
Like *Hipponax* revenge a wrong;
If any malice wounds my Fame, ſhall I,
Like a poor Child, ſit down and cry?

EPODE VII.

To His Citizens that are ready to engage in another Civil War.

WHere, *Madmen*, where? where, ſo averſe to Peace,
Your ruſty Swords that ſlept in eaſe
Why drawn? What hath not every Country flow'd
And every Sea with *Roman* Blood?
Not to Purſue your angry Fathers hate,
And urge proud *Carthage* rival Fate;
Nor make the untoucht *Britains* Slaves to *Rome*
And lead them chain'd in triumph home;
But what the *Parthians* often pray to view
Theſe Arms are now prepar'd to do:
Againſt your ſelf, ah me! you raiſe them all,
And *Rome* by her own hand muſt fall:
E'en Wolves are to more gentle thoughts inclin'd
And prey but on another kind:
What is it Madneſs, is it ſtupid Rage
That doth the Brutal Arms engage?
Or is it Sin? ſpeak, not one word will come;
'Tis Cruel Fate that urges *Rome*:
Since *Remus* fell about thy riſing Walls
His loud-tongued blood for Vengeance calls;
The Iſſue then began, and ſtill hath flow'd,
For Blood muſt be aton'd with Blood.

EPODE IX.

To MECÆNAS.

He wiſhes for the good News of Cæſar's *Victory over* Mark Antony, *that they might be merry as formerly, when* Sextus Pompeius *was overthrown.*

WHen will the happy morning come,
And bring the Welcome News to *Rome*,
That I, *my Lord*, with you may Dine,
And in your ſtately Houſe
Full Bowls carouſe,
Preſerv'd for this expected Joy, of racy Wine?

Where Pipes ſhall join the ſpeaking ſtring,
And tuneful Voices gladly ſing,
As you, *my Lord*, and I have done;
When *Pompey* turn'd his Head
And baſely fled
Confeſſing *Cæſar*'s Fortune greater than his own.

His flaming Ships blaz'd o'er the Wave;
Whilſt flying by the light they gave,
He left thoſe Chains which Faithleſs He
Had loos'd from ſervile Hands,
And threatned Bands
To happy *Rome*, by *Cæſar*'s Will, and Nature free.

A *Roman* (who will credit give
What future Age this truth receive?)

Turn'd

Turn'd Woman's Slave with ſervile Hands
A Common Souldier bears
The drudgery of Wars (mands:
And can endure her wither'd *Eunuchs* baſe Com-

Amidſt the Arms, diſhoneſt ſight!
The Sun that view'd withdrew the Light,
As once at curſt *Thyeſtes* Feaſt;
As 'twere aſham'd to ſee
The *Canopy*
And the great *Roman* lolling on a *Woman's* Breaſt.

Jo Triumphe, break delay,
Why doth the golden Chariot ſtay?
And not the promis'd Oxen fall?
Jo Triumphe bring
The greateſt King,
The Common good, the comfort, and the joy of All.

Jugurtha's Wars, and Noble Toils
Ne'er ſhow'd his Equal grac'd with Spoils;
Nor Conquer'd *Africk* ſent to *Rome*,
Although his laſting Name
Is great in Fame,
And ruin'd *Carthage* lies to make his noble Tomb:

Where will the conquer'd Roman fly
From *Cæſar's* Hand, and *Cæſar's* Eye?
What will the Conquer'd *Roman* do?
What Winds, what ſervile Gales
Will ſwell his Sails,
That on his Maſter *Cæſar's* may ſo freely blow?

More

More Bowls and larger Bowls, my Boy,
As large as my extenſive joy,
Let Mirth advance my good deſign;
'Tis ſweet to eaſe my Cares
For *Cæſar*'s Wars,
And drown all Melancholy thoughts in noble Wine.

EPODE X.

He wiſhes Mævius *the Poet may be Shipwrackt.*

THat curſed Ship that ſtinking *Mævius* bore
With an ill Omen left the Shore;
South-wind, beſure, you raiſe the ſwelling Tides
And ſtoutly beat her feeble ſides,
You Eaſt-wind turn the Sea and break the Oars,
And whirl her Sails to diſtant ſhores,
The North-wind rage as when he tears the Woods
On lofty Hills, and toſs the Floods:
No Friendly Star ſhine thro the Cloudy Night
But ſad *Orion's* watry light:
Hah! let him now no ſmoother Waves enjoy
Than thoſe that toſt the *Greeks* from *Troy*,
When *Pallas* hatred from the flaming Town
On wicked *Ajax* Ship was thrown.
Hah! Hah! what ſweat ſhall from thy Seamen flow,
And what Death-pale ſpread o'er thy Brow!
What Woman's Cries and what unmanly Tears
What vows to *Jove*'s relentleſs Ears!

When

When South-winds ratling o'er th' *Ionian* Tide
Shall beat thy Ship, and break her ſide,
Then if I ſee thee ſpread a dainty diſh
To hungry Fowl and greedy Fiſh,
A Goat and Lamb ſhall then my Vows perform,
And both ſhall die to thank the Storm.

EPODE XI.

To PETTIUS.

Love hinders him from Writing any more.

AH! I have loſt my old delight,
No Muſe can now my fancy move,
My Rhymes diſpleaſe, I hate to write,
Now I am very deep in Love.

Love that doth ſtill my Heart ſurprize,
And ſingle me for conſtant game,
From Boys and Maidens charming Eyes
He through my Marrow ſcatters Flame.

Three Stormy Winters now have ſhook
The leavy Honor from the Tree,
Since I diſdain'd *Inachia*'s Yoke,
And dar'd to ſet my paſſion free.

Oh what a Town-talk then was I,
How Fops did wanton, with my Fame,
And (when I think on't how I die)
All ridicul'd my Fooliſh Flame!

Oh how it grates to mind the Feaſts
Where thoughtful ſilence ſeem'd to prove,
And a deep ſigh would tell the Gueſts
That Poet *Horace* was in Love!

When Wine unlockt my eaſy Soul
How often I with Sighs have told
The Poor Man's Wit could not controul
The giving Rival's mighty Gold!

Yet, Faith, if vext my rage will riſe,
And when theſe hated Chains are broke,
I'll leave theſe dull complaints, be wiſe,
And ſcorn to take another Yoke.

Yet after this was ſtoutly ſaid,
And *conſtant* I reſolve to hate;
My heedleſs Feet my mind betray'd,
And brought me to the uſual Gate.

That cruel Gate, and us'd to ſcorn,
Where I have lain, and lain deni'd;
Where I whole tedious nights have born
And craz'd my Health, and bruis'd my Side.

Lyceſtris now of greater Charms
Than all that grace proud Woman kind,
Doth gently force me to his Arms;
With pleaſing Bands he draws my Mind.

And now let my free Friends adviſe,
Or let them blame; 'tis all in vain,
Too feeble they to break the ties
When Love and Beauty make the Chain.

Of

Of freedom I muſt ſtill deſpair,
Unleſs ſome Maid or lovely Boy
With killing looks, and Charming hair,
Shall draw me to another joy.

EPODE XIII.

He adviſeth his Friends to paſs their time merrily.

DArk Clouds have thickned all the Sky,
And *Jove deſcends* in Rain;
With frightful noiſe rough Storms do fly
Thro Seas and Woods, and humble Plain.

My noble Friends the Day perſwades,
Come, come, let's uſe the Day;
Whilſt we are ſtrong, ere Age invades,
Let Mirth our coming years delay.

Put briskly round the noble Wine,
And leave the reſt to Fate,
Jove, chance, will make the Evening ſhine,
And bring it to a clearer State.

Now, now your fragrant Odours ſpread,
Your merry Harps prepare;
'Tis time to cleanſe my aking Head,
And purge my drooping thoughts from Care.

Thus *Chiron* ſang in lofty ſtrain
And taught *Achilles* Youth;
Great *Thetis* Son, the pride of Man,
Obſerve, I tell Thee fatal truth.

Thee, Thee for *Troy* the Gods deſign
Where *Simois* ſtreams do play,
Scamander's thro the Vallies twine
And ſoftly eat their eaſy way:

And there thy thread of Life muſt end
Drawn o'er the *Trojan* Plain;
In vain her Waves ſhall *Thetis* ſend
To bear Thee back to *Greece* again:

Therefore, Great Son, my Precepts hear;
Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,
And merry Talk divert thy Care,
And make Life pleaſant, ſince 'tis ſhort.

EPODE XIV.

To MECÆNAS.

Love hinders him from making the Iambicks which He had ſo often promis'd.

YOu ask, *My Lord*, why lazy ſloth hath ſpread
A dark oblivion o'er my Head;
As I had drank forgetful *Lethe*'s Stream;
And this is your continual Theme;

This

This the Complaint I am condemn'd to hear,
Like Death it pierces thro my Ear:
A God forbids me, (ah! a cruel God
Regardleſs, Sir, of what I vow'd)
(To other things my eaſy Mind he drew)
To finiſh what I promis'd you:
Thus ſoft *Anachreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
And oft his Love he ſadly mourn'd:
He to his Harp did various grief rehearſe,
And wept in an unpoliſht Verſe:
E'en, Sir, you Love, but if no brighter Flame
Burnt *Troy*, careſs thy lovely Dame:
By *Phyrne*, ah! thy *Horace* is undone,
Falſe, fair, and not content with one.

EPODE XV.

To NEÆRA.

He complains of breach of Promiſe.

'TWas Mid-night, and the riſing Moon
Amongſt the leſſer Stars ſerenely ſhone,
When you the falſe, the Perjur'd you
Devoutly Swore you would be always true:
Scarce half ſo cloſe doth Ivy twine
Round Oaks, as you did then your Arms in mine:
As long as Wolves purſue the Sheep,
As long as Winter Storms ſhall toſs the deep:
As long as wanton Gales ſhall move
Apollo's Locks, ſo long ſhall be my Love.

Perjur'd

Perjur'd *Neæra*, falſe as Hell,
Yet fair as Heaven, and ah! belov'd too well,
How ſhalt thou mourn at my diſdain!
For ſure if *Horace* be but half a Man,
He'll ſcorn to bear repeated ſlights,
Nor tamely ſee his Rival's happy Nights;
But with an equal Flame purſue
A Face as fair, though not ſo falſe as you:
And know, when I begin to hate,
I'll ne'er be kind, I am as fixt as Fate:
And Thou, the Bleſt, who e're thou art
The fanſy'd happy Maſter of her Heart;
That doſt thy Conqueſts proudly boaſt,
And Triumph'ſt in the ſpoils that I have loſt,
Tho Thou art rich as Miſers Dreams,
And tho *Pactolus* brought Thee all his Streams,
Tho Fam'd *Pythagoras* Arts be thine,
Thy Face more fair than *Nireus*, half Divine;
Yet thou ſhalt mourn to find that ſhe
Doth prove as falſe as once to Me,
And then 'Twill be my turn to laugh at Thee.

EPODE XVI.

To the People of Rome.

He adviſeth them to leave the Town, which He thinks doom'd to Civil Wars.

NOw Civil Wars do waſt another Age,
And *Rome* muſt fall by her own rage;
What neighbouring *Marſi* with an envious Hand,
What threatning *Porſen's Thuſcan* Band,

Fierce *Spartacus*, and *Capua*'s rival Fate,
The force of all the *German* State;
What in unſetled times the faithleſs *Gaul*,
The Mother-hated *Hannibal*,
Could not deſtroy, We, We, an impious Brood
Devoted ſtill, and doom'd to Blood,
Shall ruin now by force of Civil Wars,
And leave our Towns to Wolves and Bears:
Ah me! the barbarous Horſe with ſounding Feet
Shall tread our Graves, and beat our Street,
And madly, ſcatter, Oh too proud! unjuſt!
Rome's glorious Founder's quiet duſt b
Perhaps the moſt, or better part would know
What way to ſhun the falling blow:
I like that way the *Phoceans* once have gone;
They all forſook their curſed Town,
And did their Lands, their Fields and Shrines reſtore
To ravenous Wolf and angry Boar.
Let's go, let's go, and ſeek a place to live
Where Chance directs, or Wind ſhall drive:
Agreed? or do's ſome better Courſe appear?
Come let's imbark, the *Omen*'s fair:
But firſt let's ſwear we'll then return again
When Rocks ſhall float upon the Main,
When lowly *Po* ſhall pour his Chryſtal Urn
O'er *Alpine* Tops, then We'll return;
When *Appennine* runs out, and cuts the Floods,
When nimble Dolphins graze in Woods, (join,
When wondrous Luſt ſtrange kinds ſhall ſtrangely
Fierce *Tygers* leap the willing Kine,
The fearleſs Does ſhall court the Lyon's Love
And cruel Hawks gallant the Dove:

When Goats grown ſmooth ſhall leave the flowry Plain,
And dive and wanton in the Main:
To this, and ſuch as cut off ſweet return
When we have all devoutly ſworn,
Let's go Curs'd Town, but let the ſoft and baſe,
Still ſtick to their unhappy place:
You Men of worth unmanly grief give o'er
And nimbly paſs the *Thuſcan* Shore,
The Ocean waits, and in ſmooth calmneſs ſmiles,
Let's go and ſeek the happy Iſles,
Where Fields untill'd a Yearly Harveſt bear
And Vines undreſs'd bloom all the Year:
Where Olives ne'er the Farmers hopes do mock,
And ripe figs grace their proper Stock:
There Honey flows from Oaks, from lofty Hills,
With murmuring pace the Fountain trills:
There Goats uncall'd return from fruitful Vales
And bring ſtretcht Duggs to fill the Pails:
No Bear grins round the Fold, No Lambs He ſhakes;
No Field ſwells there with poys'nous Snakes:
More we ſhall wonder on the happy Plain;
The Watry *Eaſt* deſcends in Rain,
Yet ſo as to refreſh, not drown the Fields,
The temperate *Glebe* full Harveſt yields;
No heat annoys; the Ruler of the Gods
From Plagues ſecures theſe bleſt Abodes:
Here *Jaſon* never fixt ſwift *Argos* Oars;
Nor baſe *Medea* toucht theſe Shores;
Ne'er *Cadmus* came when forc'd by angry Fates,
Nor ſtout *Ulyſſes* weary Mates:
No rot here Reigns, no Star here taints the Meads,
And poys'nous Heat unkindly ſheds;

When *Jove* allay'd the golden Age with Braſs,
For Pious men He kept this place:
Now *Iron* hardens the old *Brazen* Age,
And Fraud grows up, and Wars, and Rage,
And every Ill: I preſs a quick retreat,
And ſhow the good, the happy ſeat.

EPODE XVII.

To CANIDIA.

He confeſſeth Her Magick Power, and begs pardon for abuſing Her.

NOw, now thy Power I conquer'd own,
And humbly beg by *Pluto*'s Throne,
By Powers below, by *Proſerpine*,
By fierce *Diana*'s angry ſhrine,
By all thoſe Charms that can remove
And call down Stars from Seats above,
Recal thy ſtroke, thy Charms forbear,
Spare me at laſt, *Canidia*, ſpare:
Achilles Teleph nobly ſpar'd,
Tho with his *Myſian* Bands He Warr'd:
Tho boldly He oppos'd His Fate,
And buoy'd the ſinking *Trojan* State:
Stout *Hector* doom'd to Beaſts a Prey
The *Trojan* Matrons bore away
When *Priam* midſt the *Grecian* Fleet
Had fall'n at proud *Achilles* Feet:
By *Circe*'s leave *Ulyſſes* Men
Receiv'd their former ſhapes again;

Their Limbs, their Minds, and Voice reſtor'd,
They ſpoke, not grunted to their Lord:
Enough, enough hath vex'd my Soul,
O Tar's and Tinker's lovely Trull;
My Youth, my roſy Cheeks are gone,
And left pale Skin ſtretcht o'er the Bone:
My Head grows white, it feels thy Bane,
No Eaſe doth lay me down from pain,
Days urge the Nights, and Nights the Days,
Yet my ſwoln Heart can find no Eaſe:
Now I'm convinc'd, 'tis now confeſt
Thy force hath reacht my troubled Breaſt:
Now I'm convinc'd by wondrous Harms
My Head is ſplit with Magick Charms:
My ſlow Believe I ſadly Mourn;
What more? O Earth, O Floods, I burn!
Not half the Heat *Alcides* bore
When fir'd by *Neſſus* Poys'nous Gore:
Not half the Heat in *Ætna* Reigns,
That ſcorches o'er my boiling Veins:
Yet ſtill you heat till I'm calcin'd
To Duſt, and ſcatter'd by the Wind:
What end of Pain? What hope for eaſe?
Speak, Speak, I'll ſuffer what you pleaſe,
I'm eager to avoid my Fate
And ſatisfie at any rate;
A Hundred Bulls ſhall pay their blood,
Or Lying Verſe proclaim Thee good;
Chaſt, Modeſt, Juſt, thou ſhalt appear,
And walk midſt Stars a glorious Star:
Great *Caſtor* vex'd at *Helen*'s wrong
With blindneſs pay'd the railing Song;

Yet Prayers prevail'd, He heard his Cries,
And ſoon reſtor'd the Poets Eyes:
And now forget my curſt Offence,
Reſtore (thou canſt) my periſh'd ſence:
O nobly Born and nobly Bred,
Thou ne'er hadſt skill to raiſe the Dead,
Unbind the Poor Mans quiet Urn
Or make his ſhivering Soul return;
Nor ſcatter Aſhes o'er a Tomb;
As chaſt as fruitful is thy Womb,
And e'er thy Child-bed Cloaths are clean,
Strange Breeder, Thou art well again.

CANIDIA's *Anſwer.*

I'M deaf, I'm deaf, thou beg'ſt in vain;
Rocks beaten by the raging Main,
Not half ſo deaf, will ſooner hear
The naked ſinking Mariner:
Could'ſt Thou *Cotytto*'s Rites reprove,
Diſcloſe my Myſteries of Love?
Could Cenſuring you my Tricks proclaim,
And fill the Country with my Fame?
At all my Arts prophanely laugh,
Yet dare to fanſy to be ſafe?
In vain thou ſhalt, in vain enrich
With precious Gifts the famous Witch;
In vain ſtrong Drugs and Charms require;
Fate ſhall be ſlow to thy deſire:
Wretch, hated Life ſhall ſtill remain
That thou might'ſt bear new racks of Pain:
Falſe *Tantalus* doth beg for reſt
Deluded by the hanging Feaſt.

Condemn'd

Condemn'd the griping *Vultur*'s Prey
Prometheus begs a dying Day:
Poor *Siſyphus* would fix his Stone,
But *Jove* forbids it to be done.
Now thou from Towers ſhalt madly fall,
Now run thy Head againſt a Wall;
And tir'd at laſt with ſqueamiſh pain
Shalt tie the nooſe, but tie in vain:
Then on thy neck I'll bravely ride,
And make thee bend beneath my Pride:
Shall I that can when e'er I pleaſe
Waſt men by waxen Images?
Shall I that can, as thou haſt known,
(Curs'd prying Thou!) eclipſe the Moon,
Draw down the Stars from Seats above
And mix a furious Cup of Love,
Shall powerful I now grieve to ſee
My force too weak to baffle Thee?

The End of the Epodes.

Condemn'd the griping *Vulture's* Prey
Prometheus begs a dying Day:
Poor *Sisyphus* would fix his Stone,
But *Jove* forbids it to be done.
Now thou from Towers shalt madly fall,
Now run thy Head against a Wall;
And tir'd at last with squeamish pain
Shalt tie the noose, but tie in vain:
Then on thy neck I'll bravely ride,
And make thee bend beneath my Pride:
Shall I that can when e'er I please
Wast men by waxen Images?
Shall I that can, as thou hast known,
(Curs'd prying Thou?) eclipse the Moon,
Draw down the Stars from Seats above
And mix a furious Cup of Love,
Shall powerful I now grieve to see
My force too weak to baffle Thee?

The End of the Epodes.

MBurghers sculp.

SATYRS.

BOOK I.

The Heads of the first *Satyr*.

(1.) *Against the general Discontent of Mankind, none being content with his own Condition, still thinking his Neighbour happier, and yet would refuse to change with him.* (2.) *Against Covetousness,* (3.) *That the Covetous is the most discontented.*

1. WHence comes, *my Lord*, this general dis-
content?
Why do All loath the *State* that *Chance* hath sent,
Or their own *Choice* procur'd? But fondly bless
Their Neighbours lots, and praise what they possess?
The weary *Souldier* now grown old in Wars,
With bleeding Eyes looks o'er his Wounds and Scars;
Curse that E'er I the trade of War began,
Ah me! The Merchant is a happy Man:

The *Merchant*, when the Waves and Winds are high
Crys, happy, happy *Men at Arms*; for why, (Victory
You fight, and ſtraight comes Death, or joyful
The Lawyer wak'd, and riſing with the Sun
Crys, happy Farmers that can ſleep till Noon.
The weary *Client* thinks the *Lawyer* bleſt,
And craves a *City Life*, for that's the beſt.
So many Inſtances in every ſtate,
That mourn their own, but praiſe their Neighbours
'Twould tire even Bawling *Fabius* to relate. (fate,
But to be ſhort, ſee I'll adjuſt the Thing:
Suppoſe ſome *God* ſhould ſay, I'll pleaſe you now,
You *Lawyer* leave the *Bar*, and take the *Plough*;
You *Souldier* too ſhall be a *Merchant* made,
Go, Go, and follow each his *proper* trade:
How? what refuſe? and diſcontented ſtill?
And yet They may be happy if They will.
Now would not this vex *Jove*, and make him rage?
Hath he not reaſon now to ſcourge the Age?
And puff and ſwear He'd never hear again?
No, They ſhould vow, and pray, but pray in vain:
Yet not to *laugh*, and let my *Muſe* be looſe,
As 'twere my whole deſign to be *jocoſe*,
Altho I may be *grave* when not *moroſe*:
And *mirth* commends, and makes our Precepts take,
Thus Teachers bribe their Boys with Figs and Cake
To mind their books; theſe Things deſerve to have
A *ſerious* handling: Come now let's be grave:
2. The *Souldier* fights, the buſy *Tradeſman* cheats,
And finds a thouſand tricks and choice deceits;

The heavy *Plough* contents the labouring *Hind*,
The *Merchant* ſtrives with every Tide and Wind;
And all this Toil to get vaſt heaps of Gold,
That they might live at *Eaſe* when they are old:
When they have gotten ſtore for numerous years,
They may be free from Want, and from its fears:
As the *Small Ant* (for ſhe inſtructs the Man,
And preaches Labor) gathers all ſhe can,
" And brings it to increaſe her heap at home,
" Againſt the *Winter*, which ſhe knows will come:
And when that comes ſhe creeps *abroad* no more,
But lies at home, and feaſts upon her ſtore.
But neither *Heat*, nor *Cold*, nor *Wars* reſtrain
Nor *Dangers* fright Thee from purſuit of gain;
Only that thou may'ſt be the *richeſt* Man:
Beſide, what pleaſure can at laſt be found,
In gathering Gold to hide it under ground?
Sir, ſhould I take one farthing from my heap,
Thro that ſmall paſſage it would all eſcape;
For Wealth hath Wings impatient of reſtraint;
Why, what is treaſure for but to be ſpent?
In thy vaſt *Barns* great *ſtores* of Corn do lie,
Yet thou canſt *eat* perhaps no more than I:
The *Slaves* that bear the *weighty Flacks* of bread,
With *ſmall* and *barly Loaves* are hardly fed.
They *ſweat* 'tis true, and with the burthen groan,
But *eat* no more than He that carries none:
Beſides, what difference prethee is't to Me
That feed no more than *Natures'* Luxury,
To plough *three thouſand* Acres or but *Three*?
Oh but 'tis ſweet to take from Barns well ſtor'd;
What, if You take no more than *mine* afford?

Mine but *half full*? Why doſt Thou praiſe *thine*
My *ſmall one* is as good as thy *great* ſtore. (More?
If you would fill a *Cup*, come, tell me why,
Why not from this *ſmall Spring* that runs hard by,
As well as from that yonder *rowling* Flood,
Since this will give *enough*, and quite as good?
For Hence whilſt eager on their *uſeleſs* prey
The rapid ſtream whirls them and Banks away:
He that ſeeks but *enough*, is free from fear,
His life is *ſafe*, and all his water clear:
But moſt are loſt in a *Confounded* Cheat, (great,
They would have more, for when their Wealth is
They think their *Worth* as much as their Eſtate:
Well then, what muſt we do to ſuch a one?
Why, let him, 'tis his Will to be undone:
Since He, as the *Athenian* Chuff, will cry
The People hiſs me, True, but what care I?
Let the poor fools hiſs me where e'er I come,
I bleſs my ſelf to ſee my bags at home:
Poor wretched *Tantalus*, as Stories tell,
(And that's the worſt, the Curſed'ſt Plague in Hell)
Stands up chin deep in an o'er flowing Bowl,
But cannot drink one drop to ſave his Soul: (free?
What, doſt Thou laugh? and think that Thou art
Fool change the Name, the Stories told of Thee:
Thou watcheſt o'er thy heaps, yet 'midſt thy ſtore
Thou'rt almoſt ſtarv'd for Want, and ſtill art poor:
You fear to touch as if You robb'd a Saint,
And uſe no more than if 'twere Gold in paint:
You only know how *Wealth* may be abus'd,
Not what 'tis good for, how it can be us'd;

'Twill

'Twill buy Thee Bread, 'twill buy Thee Herbs, and
What ever *Nature*'s Luxury can want:
But now to watch all day, and wake all night,
Fear Thieves and Fire, and be in constant fright,
If These are Goods, if these are a delight:
I am content, Heavens grant me sleep and ease,
If These are Goods, I would be poor of These:
Ay, but suppose I should be sick; what then?
Why then the richest are the happiest men:
Then are the great advantages of Wealth,
'Twill make the Doctor ride, and bring me health:
'Twill get a Friend that may condole My pain,
And tell me that I shall do well again:
'Twill get a Nurse, a Purge, and save my Life,
And keep me well for my dear Friends and Wife:
Prethee fond fool for this ne'er vex thy Head,
For she and all that know Thee wish Thee dead,
And reason good, since you your Gold prefer
To all your Friends, your Children, and to Her:
How then canst Thou expect that They should prove
So kind to Thee, when Thou deserv'st no Love?
Why, to be *Covetous* yet keep thy Friends,
That *Chance* or that indulgent *Nature* sends;
It is a *foolish* hope, absurd and vain
As his, to teach an *Ass* to take the rein
And freely run a race upon the Plain.
Well, fix a *bound* at last to thy Estate;
And then leave off when Thou hast gotten that;
And let not, as Thou dost encrease thy store,
Thy fears rise too that Thou shalt once be poor.

Act not *Ovidius*, (come, the Story's ſhort,
But 'tis inſtructive, and 'tis known at Court)
A Rogue as rich as if He had a Mine,
He did not *tell*, but *meaſure* heaps of Coin:
And yet ſo *cloſe*, he went as meanly clad
As any thread-bare Servant that he had;
His ſhooes ſtill *clouted*, and He always cry'd,
That he ſhou'd *ſtarve* for want before he dy'd:
Him his *Whore* ſnapt, and with a luſty blow
(Well ſtruck I'faith) ſhe cleft the ſlave in Two:
What then muſt I ſpend all? No that's as bad:
There's ſomething betwixt ſtaring and ſtark mad:
Why ſtill to the Extreams You madly run,
For when I chide Thee for a greedy Clown,
I do not bid Thee ſpend, and be undone:
No, there are bounds, when *Nature* did begin,
Then fixt, and all is Good that lies within,
And all without on either ſide is Sin.

3. But to return to that where I began,
Are none ſo pleas'd as the *rich greedy* Man?
Are none like him contented with their ſtate,
But rather praiſe and crave another's Fate?
When others *Cows* do give more milk than his
Is he not vext? doth he not *pine* at this?
Doth he compare himſelf, and doth he ſee
That almoſt all are *poorer* far than He?
Doth he not ſtrive to raiſe his vaſt Eſtate?
Be richer now than this Man, now than that?
Yet *nither* ſtill appear as He goes on,
And *thoſe* He muſt Excel, or Nothing's done.
Juſt as our *Racers* when they run the Courſe,
Still keep their Eye upon the foremoſt Horſe,

And ſtrive to out-ſtrip *him*; but never mind
The *lazy* diſtanc'd Jade that lags behind:
Hence 'tis ſcarce any thinks his ſtate is bleſt,
Nor when Death, calls like a contented Gueſt,
Will riſe from Life, and lay him down to reſt:
But ſtay, enough, and leſt mine ſeems as long
As *Cri pin*'s tedious Books, I'll hold my Tongue.

SATYR II.

The Heads of the ſecond Satyr.

1. *Men keep no mean, as he confirms by Examples.*
2. *He laſhes the Adulterers.*

1. THe *Players*, *Pimps*, and *Hectors* of the Town,
The *Rooks*, the *Gameſters*, all lament and moan
For their *Tigellius* that is dead and gone:
For he was a *free* Soul, a Prodigal,
He had a fair Eſtate, and ſpent it all:
Others t' avoid that Name refuſe to ſpend
One ſingle Croſs upon a needy Friend;
Their heaps are *Sacred*, and they ſpare their Gold,
Altho he dies for Want, and ſtarves with Cold:
Now if you take the firſt to task, and ſay,
Why doſt Thou ſquander thy Eſtate away?
Why waſt thy Ancient Lands on Paltry gueſts,
And borrow Money to maintain thy Feaſts?

He answers streight, *I hate to be confin'd,*
I have no sordid, nor a narrow Mind;
No, I a free and generous humor love;
And this some discommend, and some approve.
Fusidius rich in Money out at Use,
And Lands, yet fears to be esteem'd profuse;
For *five times double* He will Sums ingage,
And sues *Young Heirs* when newly come of Age;
The greatest *Prodigals* He presses most,
And lends them Money till their Lands are lost.
Who when He hears all this would not complain?
Good God! Yet thus He damns himself for gain;
"And one would scarce believe a Man for Pelf
"Should be so great an Enemy to himself:
That He in *Terence* when His Son was gone,
Tho He laments, and cries He is undone,
The most unhappy Man the Sun can see,
Yet liv'd not half so bad a Life as He:
And all this proves whil'st Fools one Vice condemn
They run into the Opposite Extream.
Malthin with Gowns below his heels is grac'd,
Another *Humorist* tucks them to his waist:
Rufillus smells like any Civet Cat,
Gorgonius like a Goat, or worse than that:
Men keep no Mean; One, when his Blood boils o'er,
Will a take *Matron* only for his Whore,
Whilst others all but *common Jades* refuse,
They fly the sober Whores, and rake the Stews:
A certain famous Bully of the Town
When He did leave the *Stews*, was often known
To use old *Cato*'s words, *Go bravely on*:

Here

Here our hot Youths ſhould come to cool their flame,
And never uſe the marry'd City Dame:
But *Cupien* ſays, I'll not be prais'd for this,
That *Cupien* that admires a Matron Miſs.

2. Now you that wiſh theſe baſe *Adulterers* ill,
And puniſhment as bad as is their Will;
Muſt needs be pleas'd to hear my *Muſe* explain
What ſmall delight they with great danger gain,
And how their Pleaſure's ſadly mixt with Pain:
For one found faulty with another's Wife
Muſt from a Window leap to ſave his life:
Another's finely kickt and jilted too,
Or taken, bribes the Slaves to let him go:
Another's thrown into the Common Shore,
There ſtifled, and a thouſand Miſchiefs more:
Another's ſmooth'd, his Dancing days are gone,
And all but *Galba* ſay 'twas juſtly done.

But come let's ſee now how the Matter falls,
Is't ſafer trading with the *Abigals*,
Whom *Saluſt* ſo admires, and ſo adores,
As much as thoſe that uſe the *marry'd* Whores?
Now did not this Man make his gifts too great,
But fit, and equal to his ſmall Eſtate,
He might be counted kind, preſerve his Name,
Not ruine his Eſtate, nor loſe his Fame:
But what cares He for this? He boaſts alone
He knows no Matron, and He tempts not one:
Or as *Marſærus* when a jilting Whore
An *Actreſs* had undone, and made him Poor;
Methinks ſaid He, *I lead a Civil Life,*
I never meddle with another's Wife;

Ay,

Ay, but with *Whores* and *Players*; and by that
Thy Fame is ruin'd more than thy Eſtate:
Is it enough to ſay, when *faults* are done,
I did it not with ſuch or ſuch a one;
And not take Care to ſhun the *Action* ſtill,
The Action that's intrinſecally ill,
And ſcandalous in its ſelf? To waſt thy Time,
Thy Fame, or thy Eſtate is ſuch a Crime,
'Tis bad on whomſoe'er you loſe it all,
Or Matron, Common-Whore, or *Abigal*:
Young *Villius* (He to *Sylla*'s Daughter kind,
Almoſt a Son-in-Law, ſo oft He ſin'd,
This Rule not minding, ſmarted o'er and o'er;
Being Jilted, beaten, ſtabb'd, kickt out of Door,
Whil'ſt poor *Longarenus* claſp'd the jilting Whore:
Suppoſe his *Whore-Pipe* now being vext at this,
Should ask him, *Did I want a Noble Miſs,*
A Whore of Quality to cool my Flame?
No, I had been content with meaner Game:
What anſwer could be given? what be ſaid?
Only, forſooth, She was a Noble *Maid;*
But how much better *Nature*'s Laws provide,
How great the gifts beſtow'd, how ſmall deny'd?
If you diſtinguiſh well, if well deſign,
Nor things *forbidden* with the *granted* join:
Is it all one? can you no difference ſee
Whether the Fault be in the *Things*, or *Thee*?
Then tempt no *Matrons*, for ſuppoſe you gain,
The Sweet is little, but immenſe the Pain:
'Tis true her coſtly *Jewels* court our Eye,
But yet She's not more ſoft, more plump her thigh:

No,

No, tho ſuch Gems as ſoft *Cerinthus* wore,
She does no better than a *trading* Whore:
Beſides, her Trade is fair, I like it well,
She freely ſhows what e'er She has to ſell:
And you may turn her, and view every part,
And ſee that all is Nature, and not Art:
She does not ſhow her beſt to tempt the Eye,
And ſtrive to cover a Deformity,
All's ſeen, and if you like it, you may buy:
Our *Jockys*, when a Horſe is ſet to ſale,
Take off the Covering Cloths, and look on all;
Leſt by a well-ſhapt Neck and cleanly made
The greedy Chapman be at laſt betray'd,
And buys a ſpavin'd or a founder'd Jade;
This care is good, thus when you chooſe a Laſs,
Be not too Eagle-ey'd to view a grace;
And blind us *Hypſea* is to ſpy a fault,
For ſuch as judge by halves are often caught:
How neat her Arm and Leg! 'tis true, but ſtay,
Her Waſt is ſhort, Noſe long, her Feet are ſplay.
Beſides, a *Matron*'s Face is ſeen alone,
But *Kate*'s that Female Bully of the Town,
For all the reſt is cover'd with the Gown:
But if you'ld taſt, for that doth raiſe thy heat,
A Dainty, but forbidden Diſh of Meat:
There are a thouſand ſtops, a thouſand ſpies,
A Chamber-maid, a Foot-boy's curious Eyes,
Theſe muſt be fee'd, and each will claim his ſhare,
Beſides a Gown doth hide the precious Ware:
But now a *trading* Girl is freely ſhow'd,
You ſee her Naked, or almoſt as good;

Her Coats are thin, and you may fairly try
If ſtrait her Waſt, Feet Good, if plump her Thigh,
There's free admiſſion to the Chapman's Eye;
Wou'd you be cheated? the Occaſion's fair,
Since you would buy before you ſee the Ware.

But as a Huntſman *loves to chaſe his prey,*
But would not take it if it lay in's way;
And ſuch when caught enjoys with more delight,
As if the toil encreas'd His Appetite:
Juſt ſo my Love it doth with ſcorn deſpiſe
An eaſy prey, but follows that which Flies. (tame

What can'ſt Thou think that this mean Verſe can
Thy wild Deſires, that this can quench thy Flame?
And doth not Nature ſteddy Rules ordain,
Fixt Laws which ſhould thy wildeſt wiſh contain,
And which divide the ſolid Goods from vain?
Doth She not tell, what ſhe would have ſupply'd,
And what She cannot bear to be deny'd?
When *Thirſt* doth burn thy Throat, and call for eaſe,
Will nothing but a *golden* Goblet pleaſe?
And when thy *Hunger* bites, and fain would eat,
Is all refus'd but rare, and dainty meat?
Or when thy *Luſt* calls for a ſpeedy Joy,
And Thou haſt ready a mean Girl or Boy,
What wilt thou rather burn than thoſe employ?
I'm of another Mind, I'm not ſo nice,
I love a *Miſs* that comes at eaſie Price:
And ſays, *Yes, when my Husband's out of Doors,*
Or, Sir, One Guiney more, and I am yours:
Says *Philodem* let patient Eunuchs Court
Such formal Ladies, I'm for quicker Sport:
I love a Miſs that flies into my Arms,
And ſets at eaſie rate her tempting Charms. Let

Let her be ſtrait and fair, of comely grace,
And let her bring no more than *Nature*'s face:
Whil'ſt we embrace, whil'ſt She my Arms doth fill,
She's my *Egeria*, or what e'er I will:
Then I'll fear nothing, for no harm can come,
No jealous Husband is returning home,
No Doors broke open, nor the Servants rais'd,
Whil'ſt She poor wretch ſtarts from my Arms amaz'd,
And with a guilty ſhriek cries I'm undone,
Ah now I'm caught, and all my Jointure's gone;
(For that's the Puniſhment of marry'd Whores)
Whil'ſt I poor guilty Rogue ſneak out of Doors,
Unbutton'd, and barefoot too ſhun the Shame,
And ſave my Purſe, my Fleſh, or elſe my Fame:
Then leave the marry'd Women, be advis'd,
'Tis ſad, ask *Fabius* elſe, to be ſurpris'd.

SATYR III.

The Heads of the Third Satyr.

(1.) *He laſhes* Tigellius *a Songſter, an enemy of his, and a moſt unſettled Fellow.* (2.) *Thoſe that quickly ſpy others faults, but cannot ſee their own.* (3.) *Faults of Friends ſhould be extenuated.* (4.) *Againſt the Stoicks Opinion, That all Faults are equal.*

1. AMongſt their *Friends*, our *Songſters* all agree,
Of this one fault, not one of them is free;

Ask

Ask them to Sing, you cannot have a Note,
No, they have gotten Cold, or a ſoar Throat:
If unrequeſted, then They ſtrain their Voice,
And trouble all the Company with their Noiſe:
This humor hath *Tigellius* often ſhown;
If by his Father's Friendſhip and his own
Cæſar, that could Command, did beg a Song;
'Twas all in vain, He might have held his Tongue:
Yet take him in the vein, and He would ſing
From Morn till Night, *a Health to* Charles *our King.*
Sometimes to ſqueaking *Treble* his voice would raiſe,
Then ſink again into the deepeſt *Baſe:*
A moſt unſettled fellow, He would run
As if He fled a Robber, or a Dun;
And ſtreight as in Proceſſion gravely go,
Now with two hundred Servants, now but Two:
Sometimes He'd talk of *Heroes*, and of Kings,
In *mighty* ſwelling Numbers, *mighty* Things:
And then again, *let gracious Fortune give*
A little Meat and Drink enough to live:
Let her a Coat to keep out Cold preſent,
Altho 'tis thick and courſe, yet I'm content:
Yet give this ſparing thing, this moderate,
This Man of mean deſires a vaſt Eſtate,
In Nine days time 'tis every Penny gone,
And He's grown Poor again, and is undone:
He wakes all Night to Sing, to Drink, and Play,
Then goes to Bed, and ſnores it all the Day:
No Mans deſigns like his do diſagree,
None lives ſo contrary to himſelf as He.

2. Ay, but ſays One, have you no fault like this?
Yes, Sir, I have, Perhaps as great as his:

When

When *Menius* rail'd at *Novius*, how, ſays One,
Do'ſt know thy ſelf, or think thy faults unknown?
Ay, but ſays, *Menius*, I forgive my Own:
This is a fooliſh, and a wicked Love,
And ſuch as ſharpeſt Satyrs ſhould reprove,
When thou art Blind and Senſeleſs to thine own,
How do'ſt thou ſee thy Friends Diſeaſe ſo ſoon?
That ſcarce a Serpent can ſo quickly ſpy,
Nor any Eagle hath ſo good an Eye.
Well then go on, purſue thy mean deſign,
As Thou do'ſt find their faults, ſo They will thine;
Perhaps He's pettiſh, and He's apt to rage,
He cannot bear the Raillery of the Age,
Perhaps he doth not wear his Cloths gentile,
His Shooe is not well made, nor ſits it well:
He may be flouted, and be jeer'd for this;
Yet He's an *honeſt* Man as any is:
He is thy *Friend*, and tho the *Caſe* be foul,
It holds a Learned, and a Noble Soul.
Laſtly, look o'er thy ſelf with ſtricteſt Care,
And ſee what ſeeds of Vice are rooted there,
What Nature plants, and what ill Cuſtoms bear.
This ſearch is good, for a neglected Field,
Or Thorns, or uſeleſs Fern will quickly yield.

3. Well, let us bring our ſelves at laſt to this,
As ardent *Lovers* when they Court a Miſs;
Or ſpy no faults, or love thoſe faults they ſpy,
Thus *Agne's* Polypus pleas'd *Balbine's* Eye;
I wiſh this Error in our Friendſhip reign'd,
Or had the credit of a Vertue gain'd,
As *Fathers* hide *Sons* faults, or elſe commend,
We ſhould excuſe the failures of our Friend:

A Father that hath got a *Squint-ey'd* Boy,
Cries *what a pretty Caſt adorns my joy!*
And calls his dwarfiſh Son that's often ſick,
As that Abortive *Siſyphus*, his Chick:
Is one *too Cloſe?* be tender of his fame,
And call him *thrifty*, 'tis the ſofter Name:
If He will *brag too much*, if He is vain,
Then ſay he is a *brisk*, and *merry* Man:
If He will *rage*, if He will *rudely* ſtout,
Then ſay he is a *downright* Friend, and ſtout:
If He will *huff*, his Airy Soul commend,
And this I think will get, and keep a Friend:
But We perverſe and venomouſly nice,
Do turn their very Vertues into Vice:
If any lives a ſober honeſt life,
Puts up affronts and ſhuns diſturbing Strife,
A mean, we ſtreight exclaim, and Chicken Soul:
And one that's ſlow, We call a thick-skull'd Fool:
Another in theſe *evidencing* Times
When Envy loads our Honeſt Men with Crimes,
Lives unſuſpected, and with prudent Art
He keeps himſelf ſecure on every part.
Inſtead of Wiſe, of Provident, and Grave,
Oh He's a Cunning and a Crafty Knave:
If any man (as I have often done
To you *Mecænas*, and now freely own)
Impertinent Diſcourſe or Queſtions brings
Or joggs Another whil'ſt He reads or ſings,
Or ſits amuſing upon other things;
We ſtreight grow Mad, we'll hear no juſt defence;
Pox, He's a Dolt, He wants even Common Senſe;

What Cuſtoms, ah! what Rules have Men deſign'd?
And how unjuſt, and to themſelves unkind!
There's none but hath ſome fault, and he's the beſt,
Moſt Vertuous he, that's ſpotted with the leaſt:
A kind good natur'd Friend that ſtrives to prove
And know the Man that he intends to love,
And weighs my Vertues, and my Faults, 'tis juſt
(If happily my Vertues prove the moſt,)
To let that Scale go down; and if on this
He'll be a Friend, I'll bate ſome things amiſs,
And make the ſame allowance in weighing his:
For thoſe that would not have their *Sores* offend,
Muſt not diſguſt the *Pimples* of their Friend:
And 'tis but juſt, that he that hopes to find
A Pardon for his Faults, ſhould be as kind,
And give the like, and with a willing mind.

4. But now ſince *Paſſion*'s rooted in our Souls,
As other faults that ſtick ſo cloſe to Fools;
Why doth not Reaſon poiſe and mend our thoughts?
And ſee our rage proportion'd to the faults?
When Supper's done a Slave removes the Diſh,
And ſpills the Broth, or elſe lets fall the Fiſh;
Now ſhould the *Maſter* ſtab the Slave for this,
Would *Labeo*'s madneſs be as great as his?
But how more mad are we, and more ſevere!
Our Friends but little, and but ſeldom Err,
(And ſuch ſmall Faults good Natures ne'er reſent;
They ſin as Men muſt do, and may repent.)
But yet for this we hate, for this we ſhun,
As Bankrupts *Druſo* the notorious Dun;
Who, when the *Calends* come, ſeverely ſues,
And if the Debtor doth not pay the Uſe,

He's clapt in Jail, and hears a tedious Bill,
A killing Scroll, *Item* and *Item* ſtill:
My Friend got drunk, perhaps hath foul'd my bed,
Or bruis'd a Cup by neat *Evander* made,
Or ſnatcht away a Chicken from my Plate,
And muſt I love my Friend the leſs for that?
What ſhould I do then if he prov'd unjuſt,
Refus'd to bail me, Thiev'd, or broke his Truſt?
Thoſe that hold Vices equal ſeem diſtreſs'd,
When leaving *Sophiſtry* they come to th' Teſt:
This Fancy doth with Law and Cuſtom fight,
And *Intereſt* too, that ſpring of Juſt and Right:
When Man firſt crept from Mother Earth's cold Womb,
He was a miſerable Thing, and dumb;
Then they for Acorns fought, or for a Cave,
With Nails, then Clubs, the Arms that Nature gave:
And next with Swords which ſad convenience found,
And malice taught them they were fit to wound:
Till Words and Names for Things, and Laws began,
And civiliz'd the brutiſh Creature Man:
Then they built Towns, and ſettled *Right* and juſt,
And Laws to curb our Rapine, and our Luſt;
For long ere *Helen's* time the falſe, the Fair,
A Woman was the ſtinking cauſe of War;
They fought, but fell unknown, like Beaſts they ſtray'd
Each caught his willing Female and enjoy'd:
Till one more ſtrong kill'd him, and was preferr'd,
Juſt as the greateſt Bull amongſt the Herd:
Look o'er the World's old Records, there's the Cauſe.
'Twas fear of wrong that made us make our Laws:

By

By *Naked Nature* ne'er was underſtood
What's *Juſt* and *Right*, as what is *Bad* and *Good*,
What *fit* and what *unfit* for Fleſh and Blood:
Nor Reaſon ſhews to break a Garden Hedge,
Should be as great a Crime as Sacrilege:
Let *Rules* be fixt that may our Rage contain,
And puniſh faults with a *Proportion'd* pain:
And do not flea him who deſerves alone
A whipping for the Fault that He hath done:
For I ne'er fear that Thou wilt prove too kind,
To too much Pity *vitiouſly* inclin'd,
That can'ſt hold Vices *Equal*, and believe
To *Rob*'s no greater Crime than 'tis to *Thieve*;
And who would'ſt puniſh all with equal hand
If Thou wert King, and had'ſt the full Command:
If he that's wiſe and skilful in his Trade,
Tho but a Cobler, muſt be neatly made,
Be rich, be fair, be handſome and a King;
Why do'ſt Thou wiſh for't ſince Thou haſt the Thing?
But what Chryſippus *ſaid Thou doſt not know,*
No wiſe Man yet did ever make a ſhooe
And yet the Cobler's a wiſe Man; *how ſo?*
Why as *Hermogenes*, tho He holds his Tongue,
Is skill'd in Muſick and can ſet a Song;
And ſuffling *Alfen* though he loſt his Awl,
And threw away his Laſt, and ſhut his Stall;
And broke his Threads, yet was a Cobler ſtill;
Thus every Tradeſman, if he hath but skill,
Is wiſe, and therefore only King: But ſtay,
Unleſs you uſe your Club, with wanton play;

The waggish Boys will pluck thy formal Beard,
Thou shalt be kickt, derided, scorn'd and jeer'd,
Till thou do'st burst when Rage or Envy Stings,
And snarl thou greatest King of mighty Kings.
In short, whilst Thou a King shalt walk in State,
And only foolish *Crispin* on Thee wait,
To get a farthing Bath, I nobly live,
The Faults I *Fool* commit, my friends forgive,
And I as easily will pardon theirs,
And so I'll live secure, and free from Cares,
A happier Private Man, Than Thou a King.

SATYR IV.

The Heads of the Fourth Satyr.

(1.) Lucilius *was bitter but uncorrect.* (2.) *Few read Satyrs, because they know they deserve the reproof.* (3.) *Whether Satyr be a Species of Poetry.* (4.) *A defence of his own Writings.* (5.) *The manner how his Father bred him to Vertue.*

1. CRatin and *Eupolis* that lash'd the Age,
Those old *Comedian Furies* of the Stage;
If they were to describe a vile, unjust,
And cheating Knave, or scourge a Lawless Lust;
Or other Crimes; regardless of his Fame
They show'd the Man and boldly told his Name;

This

This is *Lucilius*'s way, He follows thoſe,
His Wit the ſame, but other numbers choſe;
I grant he was a ſharp and *ready* Wit,
But *rude* and *uncorrect* in all he writ:
This was his fault, He haſtily would rhyme
(As if 'twere ſuch a wondrous thing in him)
Two hundred tedious lines in one hours time:
Yet when with force his muddy fancy flow'd,
Some few pure Streams appear amongſt the mud:
In *writing much* 'tis true his Parts excel,
Too lazy for the task of *writing well*:
But grant that rare, what then? *Criſpinus* ſays
You talk of writing, Sir, You claim the Bays,
Come on, Sir, Critick, You ſhall have your ſill,
(The wager be as little as you will)
Here's Pen and Ink, and Time and Place, let's try
Which can write moſt and faſteſt, You or I:
Thanks Heaven that made me ſlow, and gave a Pen
That writes but little, and but now and then:
But you, like *Bellows*, till the Gold's refin'd,
Are puffing ſtill, and all but empty wind.

2. *Fannius* was happy, whom the publick praiſe
Preferr'd to *Phœbus* ſhrine, and Crown'd with Bays.
But few read mine, and few my Books delight,
And I ſcarce dare to publiſh what I write:
Few like this way, for moſt know well enough,
That they deſerve, and fear my juſt reproof:
Take any at a venture midſt the Crowd,
And you ſhall find him Covetous or proud,
One *marry'd Whores*, another *Boys* deſires,
One *Silver*'s white, and *Alpius Braſs* admires:

Another runs from *East* to *West* to cheat,
Like Duſt by Whirlwinds toſt thro ſtorms of Fate,
And all to keep or better his Eſtate:
All theſe hate *Poets*, theſe do fear our Rhimes,
Look He's ſtark mad, they cry, *fly, fly betimes*;
He ſpares no Friend, he will abuſe the beſt,
So he may laugh himſelf, and have his Jeſt:
And then what e'er He writes flies o'er the Town,
To Pimps, to Hectors, and to Gameſters ſhown,
To every one He meets He tells the Tale,
Old Senſeleſs Fops, Old Women, Boys and All:
Now hear what may for t'other ſide be ſhown;

3. Firſt, I'm no *Poet*, for to make me one
'Tis not enough to fetter words in Rhime,
And make a tedious and a jingling Chime;
And chiefly ſince my numerous feet encloſe
Such plain familiar Talk, and almoſt Proſe;
No, He alone can claim that name that writes
With Fancy High, and bold and daring flights,
And ſings as nobly as His *Hero* fights.
And therefore ſome do doubt, (though ſome allow)
If *Comedy* be *Poetry* or no,
Becauſe it wants that Spirit, Flame, and Force
And bate the numbers, 'tis but plain diſcourſe:
Yet often there the careful Fathers rage,
They ſtorm, and ſwear, and crack the trembling Stage,
When e'er the Strippling breaks a *Matron*'s Door,
Or beats a *Pimp*, or courts a jilting Whore,
And ſlights a Noble Match; or ſtow'd with Drink
By day light greatly Sails behind his Link.

(And would not *Pompone*, from His Father fear,
Were He alive, a rattle as ſevere?)
Well then 'tis not enough to keep due time,
Obſerve juſt feet, and put plain words in Rhime;
For break the Numbers, and the Verſe affords
But common angry talk, and uſual words:
Thus take what I, or what *Lucilius* writes,
Tho now and then it Storms, and ſometimes bites,
Invert the Order and the Words tranſpoſe,
No ſign, as when you change (*When violent Wars*
Had burſt their Brazen Gates, and broke the Bars:)
Of *Poetry* appears, 'tis naked *Proſe*.

4. But now enough, another Time ſhall ſhow
If 'tis a part of *Poetry* or no:
For now I will enquire how Men ſhould hate
This way of writing *Satyr*, and for what:
Capri and *Sulce*, thoſe Terrors of the Jail,
Both hoarſe with pleading, walk the Common-Hall,
Their green Bags ſtuft with Bills, Indictments, Breves;
A mighty Terror thoſe to Knaves and Thieves;
But yet an *Honeſt* Man that keeps his Oath,
Nor robs nor ſteals, may ſafely ſcorn them both:
If Thou'rt a Thief, as *Cæle* and *Byrrhus* are,
I'm not like *Sulce* or *Capri*, why do'ſt fear,
And why dread me? My Book's not ſet to Sale,
Thumb'd by the Rabble upon every Stall,
The Raſcal ſcum, *Hermogenes* and All:
I ſeldom do rehearſe, and when I do
I'm forc'd, becauſe my Friends will have it ſo:
But then in private, to my Friends alone,
Not every where, nor yet to every one:

Thouſands i'th' publick Market-place recite,
And trouble all they meet with what they write:
Nay whilſt they Bath, They ſtudiouſly rehearſe,
The *Echo's* raiſe the Voice and grace the Verſe:
Thus act our *Fops*, and without fear or wit,
Never conſidering if the Seaſon's fit,
Or time convenient: *Well but what you write*
Doth hurt Men's fame, that's your perverſe delight:
Why this to me? Doth any Friend of mine
Boldly affirm that this is my deſign?
He that himſelf ſhall blame his abſent Friends,
Or hears them ſcandaliz'd, and not defends,
Sports with their Fame, and ſpeaks what e'er He can,
And only to be thought a Witty Man,
Tells Tales, and brings his Friend in diſeſteem,
That Man's a *Knave*, beſure beware of him:
Set Twelve to Supper, one above the reſt
Takes all the talk, and breaks a ſcurvy Jeſt
On all, except the Maſter of the Feaſt:
At laſt on him, when frequent Cups begin,
T'unlock his Soul, and ſhow the ſpight within;
Yet him you count a Wag, a merry Soul,
A pleaſant, innocent, and harmleſs Droll:
But if I ſmile perchance, if I preſume
To laugh becauſe *Ruſillus* doth perfume,
That Female Man; or naſty *Gorgon* note
For ſtudied filthineſs, and ſmell of Goat:
My ſmiles are Satyrs, and what e'er I write,
In me 'tis all detraction, and 'tis ſpight:
In common Talk, as we have often done,
If we diſcourſe how *Petil* ſtole the Crown;

And

And you, as you are wont, his Cauſe defend,
He hath a kindneſs for me, He's my Friend,
My old Acquaintance He, He is indeed,
And faith I'm glad at Heart that He is freed;
And yet I wonder how He 'ſcapt; 'tis right,
This, this is baſe detraction, this is ſpight:
This, If I know my ſelf, ne'er reliſht me,
My *Books* from this, I'm ſure my *Mind* is free,
But if ſome things appear jocoſely writ,
This you muſt pardon, this you muſt permit.
5. For my good Father did inſtruct me ſo,
And by Examples taught me how to know
What was unfit, and what was fit to do:
For when He tutor'd and adviſ'd to thrift,
And live content with that which He had left:
Mark Byrrhus, he would ſay, *and* Alpi's *Son,*
How poor they live, now They are both undone!
Two fit examples, by unhappy Fates,
To fright young Heirs from ſpending their Eſtates:
When He would fright me from a lawleſs Love,
And Whores, He ſaid, *Young* Horace *do not prove*
Like Sectan, *do not lead ſo looſe a Life,*
And ſeek ſtoln joys, and with another's Wife;
Uſe what the Laws permit, and be adviſ'd,
Trebonius *got no credit when ſurpriz'd:*
Philoſophers perhaps may ſhow the Cauſe,
And talk of Reaſon and of Nature's Laws,
Why ſome things ſhould be hated, ſome admir'd,
And why avoided ſome, and ſome deſir'd,
But 'tis enough for me to form thy mind,
And leave it to the Ancients rules inclin'd,

And

And whilſt Thou want'ſt a Tutor, keep thy Name
And manners ſpotleſs, and preſerve thy Fame;
For when a Man, then thou muſt walk alone,
No prudent care to guide Thee but thy own:
Thus he adviſ'd; What e'er He'd have me do,
He ſays, *Look ſuch a one doth ſo and ſo;*
And ſets a *Worthy* Man before my Eyes,
And when he would forbid a Thing, He cries,
Is not this bad, when ſuch and ſuch a One
Is ſcandaliz'd for't over all the Town?
Unruly Patients when They chance to hear
Their Neighbour's lately dead, begin to fear,
Grow orderly and check their Appetite;
So others ill repute do often fright
Young Men from following Vice and falſe delight:
Hence 'tis that ſound from greater faults I live,
But ſmall, and ſuch as Friends may well forgive,
I grant I have; yet even thoſe grow leſs
By my own Care, or by my Friends advice;
For when I lie or when I walk alone,
I uſually revolve what I have done;
This may be better'd ſure, and this commend,
And make me greater, and a pleaſant Friend:
Sure this is bad, and this is not well done;
What ſhall I act like ſuch and ſuch a one?
All this I uſe to think on when alone:
At leaſure times I write my fooliſh thoughts,
And this is one of Thoſe my little faults,
Which if you wont forgive, but prove ſevere,
A Band of Poets to my Aid I'll rear;
(For we can make a Band) and like the *Jews*,
I'll force you take that ſide you now refuſe.

SATYR V.

SATYR V.

The Heads of the Fifth Satyr.

(1.) *A Deſcription of his journey to* Brunduſium, *with all the various occurrences in the way.*

FRom ſtately *Rome* I firſt began my way,
And reach'd *Aricia*'s Town, and there I lay;
My Company as good as Man could ſeek,
The Lawyer *Heliodore*, a Learned Greek:
Then *Forum Apii*, that's a paltry Town,
With Tars and Pedlars throng'd, and thoſe alone;
We made two days on't hither, tho moſt but one;
For to quick Travellers 'tis a tedious road,
But if you walk but ſlow 'tis pretty good:
Here 'cauſe the water did corrode the Taſt,
And hurt the Stomach, I reſolv'd to faſt;
And envy'd thoſe that Supp'd, now Night appears
And o'er the Heaven ſpread ſhades, and twinkling Stars:
And then the Boys and Tars began to roar,
A Boat, a Boat, ſo ho, you Son of a Whore,
Pox, Thou wilt ſink the Boat, enough, no more:
And whilſt They take the Fare we were to pay,
And tie the Mule, a whole hour ſlips away:
The Boat was full of Fleas, and thoſe moleſt,
And croaking Frogs all night diſturb'd our reſt:
The Mule-man and the Boat-man ſate up late,
Both drunk, and ſang a Catch of merry *Kate*:

At

At laſt the weary Mule-man roll'd to Bed,
With fiery Eyes, ſwoln Guts, and aking head:
The Boat-man too reſolv'd to work no more,
But ty'd his Mule to graze along the ſhore,
Then fell a ſleep, and there all night did ſnore:
And now the Sun climb'd o'er the Eaſtern Hill,
And ſhow'd the Day, but yet our Boat ſtood ſtill;
Till one, a ſurly fellow, leapt from far,
And back and ſide He cudgel'd drowzy Tar:
This made him work and follow our Command,
And ſo at ten a Clock we came to Land:
Feronia was the place, and there we Dine;
Thence three miles farther to another Inn;
My kind *Mevænas* was to meet me there,
With good *Cocceius* ſent on great Affair,
On Embaſſies, 'twas their delightful toil
To make new Friends, and Enemies reconcile:
And here, becauſe my travelling did inflame,
I dreſt my Eyes, mean while *Mecænas* came,
Cocceius, *Capito*, and *Fronto*——
That *Fronto* delicate in mind and face,
And great with *Antony* as any was:
At little *Fundi* we refus'd to bait,
But laught at proud *Aufidius*'s Pomp and State;
A Scrivener lately, now with Mace and Gown
He huffs, and proudly Lords it o'er the Town:
To *Formiæ* next; There *Capito* meat affords,
Murena Lodging, ſo we liv'd like Lords:
The next day was a happy joyful day,
For then at *Sinueſſa* on our way,
Plotinus, *Virgil*, *Varius* too attends,
All worthy Men, and my obliging Friends:

Oh

Oh how did we embrace! What ſhouts we gave!
A Friends the deareſt thing a Man can have:
Next night near *Campan*'s Bridge our Stage was good,
And there we Lodg'd, and as the Cuſtom ſtood
The Villagers preſented Salt and Wood:
Next Stage was *Capua*, there we made a ſtay,
We came betimes, *Mecænas* went to play,
Virgil and I to Bed, my Eyes were ſore,
His ſtomach ſick, and ſo we both forbore:
And next we reach'd *Cocceius* Farm at night;
A pleaſant Seat, and ſtor'd with all delight:
But now aſſiſt my Muſe, and now relate
How two baſe fellows quarrell'd, and for what:
But firſt their Pedigree; the generous, brave,
And valiant *Meſſius* was a Noble Knave,
An *Oſcian* born; *Sarmentus* was a Slave:
Thus nobly born theſe Two, and nobly bred
Began the Brawl, *And firſt* Sarmentus *ſaid*,
Faith Meſſius *Thou art like an untam'd Horſe*;
We laugh; *Well, well*, ſays *Meſſius*, *take your Courſe*,
And ſhakes his head; *Oh were thy horns not gone*,
How thou wouldſt puſh, ſince now when thou haſt none
Thou threatneſt ſo? But that's a ſcurvy place,
Thoſe plaguy Scars thy briſly front diſgrace.
And then breaks many a jeſt upon his face:
On every Pimple, and on every Wart,
And bids him Mimick *Polyphem*; *No Art*,
No Vizor thou doſt need, for thou art rough,
And Nature's given Thee uglineſs enough.
This *Meſſius* ſtomachs, and replies again,
Well, Sir, when will you Conſecrate the Chain

You

You vow'd the Lares *? now your're mighty proud,*
A Scribe, yet ſtill your Ladies claim is good :
But why, I wonder, ſhould'ſt Thou run away ?
A poor thin-gutted Rogue ; ſure he might ſtay
That feaſted on a half-penny Loaf a day.
This made our Supper pleaſant, thence we rod
To *Beneventum*, there our Inn was good :
But whilſt our ſedulous Hoſt makes too much haſt
To roaſt our Meat, and lights too ſtrong a blaſt,
He had almoſt been burnt, the Chimney fir'd,
And flames, as hungry, to the Roofs aſpir'd :
Then hungry We, and all our Servants came
To ſave the Meat, and Houſe, and quench the flame:
Next day the known *Appulian* Mountains riſe,
Which hot *Atabulus* ſcorches as He flies :
To paſs theſe Hills had prov'd too great a toil,
But ſmall *Trevicum* gave us reſt a while,
We ſtaid, quite blinded in a ſmoaky houſe,
For all they had to burn was leaves and boughs :
Here I poor Noddy half the Night or more
Expected a forſworn, a jilting Whore,
At laſt dull ſleep did blunt my keen deſire,
His lazy hand ſpread o'er, and check'd my fire :
But then ſome wanton Dreams, too looſe to tell,
Supply'd her place, and did the feat as well :
Thence four and Twenty Miles in four hours time,
To a ſmall place whoſe name won't ſtand in Rhime :
But yet by Signs 'tis very eaſly known :
Firſt then, the Water's ſcarce o'er all the Town ;
The cheapeſt Thing that Nature hath beſtow'd
Here's dearly ſold ; the Bread is very good :

This

This oft the wary Traveller approves,
And when He parts, He fills his Bag with Loaves:
For none *Canuſium* yields but griſty Bread,
This Town was built by Valiant *Diomed*:
The Nymphs averſe, 'tis like the former, poor,
Nor can it boaſt one Quart of Water more:
Here *Varius* left us, but appear'd to be
Concern'd to part, and all as much as He:
Next night we reach'd to *Rubi*, there we lay,
All very weary, for the tedious way
Was dirty, and beſides it rain'd all day:
Next Morn the Sky was fair, the Wheather good
As far as *Bari*'s Town, but worſe the Road:
Here we had ſport enough, and cauſe to ſmile,
For ſome that would our eaſie Faith beguile,
Would needs perſwade that in their Sacred Quire
Sweet Incenſe burns with out the help of fire:
Ay, let the *Jews* believe it if they pleaſe,
Not I, I know the Gods muſt live at eaſe:
Nor when ſtrong Nature doth ſome wonders ſhow,
Can I believe They meddle here below:
Hence to *Brunduſium*, there I left my Friends,
And ſo my Story and my Journey Ends.

SATYR VI.

SATYR VI.

To MECÆNAS.

(1.) *He commends him for looking on the Excellencies, not the Families, of Men.* (2.) *Against Pride.* (3.) *His acquaintance with* Mecænas. (4.) *How his Father bred him.* (5.) *That he is very well contented with his small Estate.*

1. BEcause thy Veins are fill'd with *Royal* Blood,
Thy Birth is Noble, Family as good
As all *Hetruria* boasts, you are not proud:
Because thy *Ancestors* did Armies guide,
Kings by thy Fathers and thy Mothers side,
Thou dost not slight a Man of *mean* Degree,
As most men use to do, for instance, Me,
Whose Father was a Slave, and lately Free:
For you believe, and you are right in This,
No matter *whence He comes*, but *what He is*:
No matter if his *Race* be low, his blood
Be mean, if but his *Mind* be great and good:
Before King *Tully*'s time, by Birth a Slave,
A thousand Men of mean descent were brave,
And fill'd the Honors that the People gave:
But Noble *Lævin* though *Valerius* Son
(By whose wise Conduct this great State begun,
When *Tarquin* They, the Lustful, and the Proud
Expell'd) was never valu'd by the Crowd:

The

The Crowd, thoſe *Common Slaves* to empty Fame,
That more than the Deſerts regard the Name,
Dazled with *Family* and gawdy ſhows:
Then what ſhould We, what We the Wiſe propoſe,
We that are thought a *different Kind* from Thoſe?
But at Elections grant the Crowd refuſe
Ignoble *Decius*, and *Levinus* chuſe;
And grant the ſurly Cenſor *Appius* ſcorn,
And ſhove me off, becauſe but meanly born,
Or elſe deſerv'dly 'cauſe I would be brave
And ſeek a finer skin than Nature gave:
Yet Glories ſhining Chariot ſwiftly draws
With equal Whirl the Noble and the Baſe.

2. What profit was it, *Tully*, to reſume
Thy once loſt Honors, ſpread thy gawdy Plume
And be a *Tribune*? Thence more hate began,
More envy roſe than when a *Private* Man:
For when a Fool ſhall make a mighty ſtir,
Swagger and huff in Golden Chain and Fur;
All Eyes ſtrait turn to the unuſual State,
And ſtudiouſly enquire, what Fellow's that?
What Family? As one that ſhows a face
Pox'd, Meagre, Pale, and ſuch as *Barrus* has,
Yet would be handſome thought. Where e'er He goes
The Ladies cry, look how the fellow ſhows,
And ſtreight examine his Leg, his Calf, and Noſe.
Thus when one thruſts himſelf upon the State,
And cries, *Come, I'll ſuſtain the Nation's weight,*
The Empire and Religion be my Care,
I'll manage all: This makes the People ſtare,

This makes them ask what is He, whence came
He?
What was his Mother? Of what Family?
Or is He base, his Sire of mean Degree?
And what shall base-born you, Sir, rule the Law,
Lord it o'er Citizens, and hang and draw?
My Collegue Novius, *Sir, is mean to me,*
He's what my Father was, a Slave made free.
What then, doth that ennoble thy base Blood,
Make Thee *Messala, Paulus*, or as good?
Yet did two hundred Drays, and all the Crowd
Of two great Funerals meet, He bawls so loud
That He would drown the Horns and Trumpets
Noise;
This pleases, we are taken with his Voice.
3. But to my self the Son of a Free'd-Man,——
Whom Envious Eyes and Envious Tongues pursue,
Because, *My Lord*, I am belov'd by you:
But once because I had a good Command,
And as a *Tribune* led a *Roman* Band:
The cause unlike, for those that may pretend
To envy me, for Honours Chance can send,
Yet may not be displeas'd that you're my friend:
Since neither Fancy nor the Pop'lar Voice,
But prudent Care, and Worth doth guide your choice:
And, Sir, this happiness I dare not own
Was Chance, for 'twas not Chance that made me
known:
For *Virgil* did commend me to your Grace,
And *Varius* often told you what I was:
When sent for, Sir, in few and broken words,
In such as *Infant Modesty* affords,

I did not tell you my Deſcent was great,
I did not ſay I had a vaſt Eſtate,
But what I was; and your Reply was ſhort,
As 'tis your Cuſtom; ſo I left the Court,
And to my fields retir'd; at nine months end
You ſent for me, and bad me be your Friend:
And this I think is great, this makes me proud,
That I pleas'd you, who know what's bad from good,
By *Vertue*, not by *Nobleneſs* of Blood:
4. If only *little* ſtains do ſpot my Soul,
(As perfect Beauties often have a Mole)
Tho I'm *Secure* and free from all the foul;
If none on me can *truly* fix diſgrace,
If I am neither Covetous, nor baſe;
If innocent my life, if (to commend
My ſelf) I live belov'd by every Friend:
I thank my Father for't, for He being poor,
His Farm but ſmall, the uſual ways forbore;
He did not ſend me to Sir *Fabius* School
To teach me arts, and make me great by rule:
Such as our Great-mens Sons and Nobles ſeek,
With Book in hand, and Satchel round their Neck
And meanly pay their Maſter by the Week.
But firſt He boldly brought me up to Town,
To ſee thoſe ways, and make thoſe Arts my own,
Which every *Knight* and *Noble* taught his Son:
So well attended, and ſo richly dreſt
I walkt thro *Rome*, that thoſe that view'd me, gueſt
I was a Man of Wealth, a *Knight* at leaſt.
Himſelf my carefull'ſt Guardian watcht me ſtill:
In ſhort, He ſo ſuppreſt the growth of ill,

That (Vertue's hight) not only kept me pure
From vicious Deeds, but ill repute ſecure:
Nor did He fear the Cenſuring World ſhould blame
His high deſigns, or I be damn'd with ſhame,
If after all his *Coſt* I ſhould be made
A Common *Cryer*, or a meaner Trade;
Or elſe, as He himſelf, have poorly liv'd
A mean *Exciſe-man*, nor ſhould I have griev'd:
I owe more thanks, and more reſpect for this,
Nor ſhall I e'er, whatever *Fops* adviſe,
Repent of ſuch a *Father*, if I'm wiſe.
Therefore as Others when the haughty ſcorn,
'Twas not our fault we were not nobly born,
I do not ſay, nor mind thoſe meaner cares;
My words and thoughts are different far from theirs.

5. For ſhould kind *Nature* bid my Soul retire,
Go back to Birth, and chuſe a Noble Sire,
As great as Thought could frame, or Pride deſire;
Content with thoſe I have, let others chooſe,
I would the *Noble* and the *Great* refuſe:
And this is fooliſh, this a wild deſign
I'th' Crowd's Opinion, Wiſe perhaps in thine,
Becauſe I love my eaſe, and greatneſs fear,
And ſhun a weight who am not us'd to bear:
For ſtreight my ſmall Eſtate I muſt enlarge,
Salute more Men, and live at greater charge,
Companions get, leſt I, in Field or Town,
The noble I, be ſeen to walk alone:
More Grooms and Horſes keep, a Coach beſide,
And all the coſtly Vanities of Pride:
Now on my bob-tail'd Mule all gall'd and ſore,
My Wallet galls behind, my Spurs before;

I ride when e'er I will, I ride at eaſe
As far as ſoft *Terentum* if I pleaſe;
None, as of *Tully*'s baſeneſs, ſhall of mine complain,
On whom, when *Prætor*, as a noble Train,
In the *Tiburtine* way five Boys did wait,
And bore a ſtool and flask of Wine in State:
I live, *Sir Noble*, I can juſtly boaſt
Better than you, and happier far than moſt:
I walk alone where e'er my fancies lead,
And buſie ask the price of Herbs and Bread:
Thro cheating *Rome* about the cloſe of day
I freely walk, I go to Church and pray,
Then home, where I ſhall find a ſparing Treat,
And three ſmall pretty Boys bring up the Meat:
Juſt by a White-ſtone-Table ſtands to bear
Two Pots, one Cup, and equal to my fare
A Cruiſe and Platter, all poor Earthen Ware.
And then I go to bed, and take my reſt,
No guilty Conſcience frets, no Cares moleſt;
No ſad remembrance of my former Crimes;
No Suits to bid me be at Court betimes:
Where *Marſya*'s Statue ſtands, and fears to brook
The fury of the younger *Novius* look:
"I ſleep till Ten, then walk, or read a while,
"Or write for pleaſure, 'noint my ſelf with Oil,
Not ſuch as *Natta* pours, the rich, the baſe,
Who robs the dying Lamps to greaſe his face.
But when that heat invites to cooler ſtreams,
I bath, and fly the fury of the beams;
I eat not greedily, but juſt enough
To ſtay my ſtomach, and keep hunger off;

This is their life who are unloos'd from fears,
Weighty Ambition, and its vexing Cares:
This comforts me, this more contentment brings,
Than if my Birth were high, my Race were Kings.

SATYR VII.

A Scolding Law-ſuit between Perſius *and* Rupilius, *ſur-nam'd* The King.

HOw mungrel *Perſius* paid *Rupilius* off,
Sur-nam'd the *King* that baniſh'd railing Huff,
And gave him *Quid* for *Quo*, I think is known
To all the Blind and Barbers ſhops in Town:
This *Perſius* rich half *Aſia* did moleſt
With Law-ſuits, and the *King* amongſt the reſt;
Bold, Impudent He was, and ſtill at ſtrife,
And as malicious as the *King* for's Life.
Haughty, and ſuch a bitter Rogue to rail,
That *Piſo* hardly could blow wind in's Tail:
But to return, when nought could calm their rage,
(For ſo 'tis ſtill when *Two great Souls engage*:)
Thus in *Achilles* and in *Hector*'s ſtrife,
Their Emulation was as long as life;
Becauſe they both were brave, their minds were great,
Their courage equal, and alike their heat;
But when two Cowards, or unequal Foes,
As when ſoft *Glaucus Diomed* did oppoſe,

The weaker yields unable to defend,
And gives the other bribes to be his Friend.
When *Brutus Aſia* rul'd, this railing Pair,
Not *Byth* and *Bacchus* were a Match ſo fair,
Began their Sute; away to Court they run,
Both hot, and gaz'd at both by every one.
Perſius begins and doth the Cauſe explain,
(We laugh, and as He ſpeaks we laugh again)
And praiſeth *Brutus* much, and all his Train:
He calls him *Aſia's* Sun, a glorious thing,
And all were Stars benign, except the *King;*
The Dog-Star He, that Star that poiſon yields,
And ſheds malicious Influence o'er our fields.
Thus heedleſly he ſtill purſu'd his Theme,
As fierce and muddy as a Winters Stream.
The *King* enrag'd at this, and ſwoln with hate,
Empties his Stomach ſtraight in *Billingsgate*;
The fineſt *Rhetorick* the World hath known,
The very *inſide* of a Bawling Clown.
But *Perſius* nettled with his ſharp replies,
At laſt, *Brutus, ſince Thou art wont*, He Cries,
To murther Kings; for Heavens ſake why not this?
For this would prove a good and great deſign,
Brutus, *this ought to be an act of thine.*

SATYR VIII.

The Heads of the Eighth Satyr.

(1.) Priapus *tells how He came to be a God.* (2.) *Diſcourſes how the Witches come at Night and trouble him.* (3.) *Diſcovers their Ceremonies.*

1. LOng time I lay an *uſeleſs* Piece of Wood,
Till Artiſts doubtful for what the *Log* was good,
A *Stool*, or *God*; reſolved to make a God;
So I was made, and hence I grew ador'd
The fear of every Thief, and every Bird.
My Hook and my yaſt Pole the Thieves affright,
And keep the Garden ſafe from Rogues by night:
My gaſtly Head is Crown'd with ſtaring Reed,
To fright the Sparrows from the new-ſown Seed.

2. This Plat where now I ſtand was heretofore
A Common Place of Burial for the Poor,
Here by the Common Beadle of the Town
The Poorer ſort, and Spendthrifts Corps were thrown,
They got this Plat when they had ſpent their own.
A thouſand Foot in length, three hundred broad
As the Inſcription ſhows, by Will beſtow'd
For publick Uſe, and for the Common Good.

But

But now where only frightful Bones were ſeen,
That Checkred with a gaſtly White the Green,
Mecænas built a Summers ſoft retreat:
The Air is Good, and 'tis a pretty Seat.
And now I take but very little Care,
For Thieves and Birds that come and rifle here;
The troubleſome *Witches* vex me more than They,
Thoſe Wretches I can never drive away:
For when the Moon is up, each comes and pulls
Her pois'nous Herbs, or gathers Bones and Skulls.
3. I oft have ſeen the Hag *Canidia* there,
Bare-foot, Her Coat tuck'd ſhort, and looſe her Hair:
With elder *Sagana*, I ſaw them run,
(They both were gaſtly, pale to look upon.)
I heard them howl, and ſaw the furious Witch,
Whilſt with her Nails ſhe ſcrap'd a little Ditch,
Then tear black Lambs, and pour in all the Blood,
And call the hungry *Ghoſts* to take their Food,
The *Ghoſts* that were to tell her what ſhe wou'd.
Of *Wool* and *Wax* they made two Images,
Which the bewitch'd and Witches Forms expreſs,
The *Wool* the greater, to torment the leſs:
The *Wax* was to be whipt, and ſeem'd to bow,
And there ſtood cringing as it fear'd the blow.
One *Hecate* invokes with dreadful Pray'r,
And one *Tiſiphone*, and ſtreight They hear
Black Serpents hiſs and Hell-hounds barking there.
The Moon skulk'd low, and as afraid to view
This gaſtly ſight, behind the Tombs withdrew.
Now if I lye let Birds diſdain my Reed,
And come and Perch, and dung upon my Head:

Let

Let me be ſpit, let me be piſs'd upon
By all the Rogues and Raſcals of the Town:
Why ſhould I mention all I ſaw or heard?
How in their Ditch They hid a Tyger's Beard;
And Serpent's Tooth: How with a ſqueaking Voice
The Witch and Ghoſt diſcours'd? How harſh the Noiſe?
How by ſlow Fires the Waxen Form did waſt:
And frighted I reveng'd my ſelf at laſt.
For loud, as a blown Bladder when 'tis broke,
I ſtoutly farted from my Arſe of Oak;
The frighted Witches ſtart and drop for fear
Canidia Teeth, and *Sagana* falſe Hair;
Away their Charms and pois'nous Herbs were thrown,
Each takes her ambling Switch, and haſts to Town,
It would have made you ſplit to ſee Them run.

SATYR IX.

The Deſcription of an Impertinent Fop that plagued Horace *in his walk.*

AS I was walking through the ſtreets of *Rome*,
And muſing on I know not what nor whom,
A Fop came up, by name ſcarce known to me,
He ſeiz'd my hand, and cry'd, *Dear Sir, how d'ye*:
I thank you, pretty well as times go now;
All happineſs: I wiſh the ſame to you:

But

But when He follow'd me, I turn'd and cry'd,
What farther buſineſs, Sir? And He reply'd,
What don't you know me, Sir? No faith: *What no?*
Come Horace, *now you jeſt, I'm ſure you do;*
Why I'm a Scholar: Sir, I'm glad of that,
'Twill make me prize you at a higher rate:
Uneaſie thus, and eager to be gone,
Sometimes I walkt but ſlow, now faſter on,
My Foot-boy whiſper'd now, and now I ſtopt,
Now turn'd about, ſtill Sweating till I dropt:
Ten thouſand times I ſoftly curſt my Fate,
And envy'd deaf *Bolanus* happy State:
Whilſt He, Eternal Clack, of all we meet
Said ſomething, praiſing Houſes, Town, and Street:
But when He ſaw me ſo uneaſie grown,
And anſwer nothing; *Sir, you would be gone,*
But faith, Dear Sir, We muſt not part ſo ſoon;
I love your Company, I'll follow ſtill,
I muſt make one, Dear Sir, go where you will:
'Tis too much trouble for you, I deſign
Beyond the Bridge, to ſee a friend of mine
Unknown to you, your kind attendance ſpare,
It will be rude to trouble you ſo far:
Sir I'm at leaſure, I have time to ſpend,
And I can walk I'm ſure to ſerve a friend:
I'll go: And thus when no releaſe appears,
Like an o'erladen Aſs I hung my Ears.
Then He, *Sir, if I dont miſtake my Parts,*
Not Varius *Wit, nor* Viſcus *great Deſerts*
Can claim your friendſhip half ſo much as mine;
Which of the Wits can write ſo ſmooth a line,

Which

Which more than I, or which with greater eaſe?
'Tis almoſt natural in me to pleaſe:
Who can his limbs to ſofter motions bring
Hermogenes *might envy when I ſing*:
And then he ſtopt a while, and I put in:
Have you a Mother Sir, or any Kin
That would be glad to ſee you? *I have none,*
For thanks kind Stars they all are dead and gone:
Oh Happy They, and I the laſt remain,
Come, pray Sir, quickly rid me of my pain;
For now the fatal hour, the time is come,
The Midwife told me when ſhe read my doom.
She turn'd the Sieve, and ſaid, Nor Sword, nor Cough,
Nor Poiſon, Plague, nor Charms ſhall take him off:
Nor the Catarrh, nor Flux, nor Pox deſtroy,
But an Eternal Tongue ſhall kill the Boy,
And therefore would He have his life be long,
When grown a Man, avoid a talking Tongue:
By this 'twas nine a Clock or ſomewhat paſt,
And we to *Veſta*'s Temple came at laſt,
And there that day He had a Cauſe to hear,
And was to loſe his Sute or elſe appear.
Come pray, Sir, as you love me ſtop a while,
Faith Sir I cannot ſtand, nor have I skill
In any Point, and I'm oblig'd to go:
Well then, What muſt I leave my Cauſe, or You?
Me by all means: *No, hang me if I do*:
And ſo march'd on; and I (with one too ſtrong
What Man can ſtrive?) look'd blank, and ſneak'd along.
How doth Mecœnas (*thence his Chat began*)
Affect you now? You are the ſubt'leſt Man:

You

You make Hay whilſt it ſhines, but take my word,
To have another always near my Lord,
And next to You in favour, would ſecure
My Lord's good Will, and make your Fortune ſure:
Fix me the Man, and let them do their beſt,
I'll lay my life on't you ſhall rout the reſt:
Sir, you miſtake, that's not our Courſe of Life,
We know no Jealouſies, no Brawls, no Strife;
From all thoſe ills our Patrons Houſe is free,
None 'cauſe more Learn'd or Wealthy troubles Me,
We have our Stations, all their own purſue:
'Tis ſtrange, ſcarce credible: and yet 'tis true:
This whets my wiſh, I'm eager for a place:
I ſhall not reſt till I am near his Grace:
Pray ſtand my Friend, I'm ſure of good ſucceſs,
He may be wrought on if you pleaſe to preſs:
But, Sir, at firſt he is of hard acceſs:
Well, when Occaſion ſerves, I'll play my part,
I'll ſpare no coſt and charge, try every Art,
Hang on his Coach, wait on him, all I can,
Bribe, Flatter, Cringe, but I'm reſolv'd to gain,
'Tis only Labour, Sir, can raiſe a Man.
As thus He talk'd, a Friend of mine came by,
Who knew the fel'ow's humor more than I.
We ſtopp'd and talk'd a while, as *How do'ſt do?*
Whence came you, Sir, I pray? and whither now?
Mean while I ſhrug'd, a thouſand ſigns I ſhow'd,
I ſqueez'd his hand, and did what e'er I cou'd,
I nodded, cought'd, and wink'd to let him ſee
I ſtood in need of's his help to ſet me free;
He cruel Wag, tho knowing my intent,
Pretended ignorance of all I meant:

I rag'd; at laſt, *A little while ago*
You had ſome buſineſs, pray let's have it now:
I mind it well, but, Sir, another day,
My buſineſs calls me now a different way;
'Tis Holiday, I viſit yonder ſhrine,
And muſt not mix Prophane with things Divine:
I don't mind Holidays; but Sir I do,
A little tender Conſcienc'd, Sir, I vow,
One of the Crowd, I go to Church and pray,
Your pardon, Sir, we'll talk another day:
Did ever ſuch unlucky Beams ariſe!
Ever ſo black a day! Unkind He flies,
And leaves me gaſping for a little life,
Juſt at the mercy of the Butcher's knife:
When lo his Adverſary cry'd, *Oh, Oh!*
Sir Raſchal, have I caught you, whither now?
Pray Sir bear witneſs, gladly I conſent,
He's forc'd to Court, and I as freely went:
The People Crowd and Shout; but mid'ſt the ſtrife
I ſcap'd, and ſo *Apollo* ſav'd my Life.

SATYR X.

SATYR X.

The Heads of the Tenth Satyr:

(1.) *He maintains the cenſure he had given of* Lucilius. (2.) *Diſcourſes of Poetry.* (3.) *Satyr is his proper Talent.* (4.) *He is content with the praiſe of the beſt Judges.*

1. WEll, Sir, I grant I ſaid *Lucilius* Muſe
Is uncorrect, his way of Writing looſe,
"And who admires him ſo, what Friend of his
"So blindly doats as to deny me This?
"And yet in the ſame Page I freely own,
"His Wit as ſharp as ever laſh'd the Town;
But This one ſort of Excellence allow'd,
Doth not infer that all the reſt is good:
"For on the ſame account I might admit
"*Labenius* Farce for Poems and for Wit.

2. Well then 'tis not enough to pleaſe the Crowd
And make them laugh to prove the Poem good:
Yet this I grant a ſort of Excellence:
He muſt be ſhort, nor muſt He clog his ſenſe
With uſeleſs words, or make his Periods long,
They muſt be ſmooth, and ſo glide o'er the Tongue:
And ſometimes He muſt uſe a graver ſtile,
And then jocoſe, and He muſt laugh a while.
Now like an *Orator*, a *Poet* now;
Their different Vertues, and their Graces ſhow,

Now

Now like a *Gentleman* whose fine discourse
Design'dly easie is, and free from force,
Instructive Mirth, and where a waggish sneer
Doth nick the great Ones more than a severe:
"This was the drift of all our Ancient Plays,
"In this They may be follow'd, and with Praise.
But these *Hermogenes* (those blundring heads)
Scarce knows; and t'other Ape-face never reads:
Poor thick-skull'd Sots that sing a Catch or two
From *Calvus*, and that's all that they can do.
Ay but He's excellent; for many times
He mixes Greek *with* Latin *in his Rhimes.*
Dull Sots to think that Poetry and Wit,
Which e'en the *Rhodian* poor *Pitholeon* writ.
Ay but the Speech thus mixt is neat and fine,
'Tis sweet like Latin *mixt with* Greekish *Wine.*
But you, Sir, that can't think this Censure true,
But doat on *Lucill*, I appeal to you,
Only in Verse, or when you treat of Laws,
Or plead, suppose, *Petillus* desprate Cause;
Whilst *Pode* and *Corvin* eagerly accuse,
Would you this mixt, this Mungrel Language use:
As 'twere forget your own, and *Greek* confound
With *Latin*, like the *Apulians* double sound?
When I, a *Latin*, once design'd to write
Greek Verses, *Romulus* appear'd at night;
'Twas after Twelve, the time when dreams are true,
And said; *Why* Horace, *what do'st mean to do?*
'Tis full as mad the Greeks *vast heaps t'encrease,*
As 'tis to carry Water to the Seas.
Whilst swelling *Alpin* in his lofty way,
Murders poor *Memnon* in his Barbarous Play;

Or

Or awkerdly deſcribes the head of *Rhine*;
This pleaſant way of writing Satyr's mine.
'Tis not for glory, nor to pleaſe the Age,
Nor get the Bays, nor often tread the Stage.
True Comedy *Fontlanus* only writes,
Pollio the Acts of Kings, and Noble Fights,
Strong Epic-Poems *Varius* beſt can raiſe,
And *Virgil*'s happy Muſe in Eclogues plays,
Facetious, ſoft, and juſtly wins the Bays.
In Satyrs I, which *Varro* try'd in vain,
And others too, may have a happy ſtrain:
Yet than *Lucilius* leſs I freely own,
I would not ſtrive to blaſt his juſt renown,
He wears and beſt deſerves to wear the Crown.
Ay, but I ſaid his fancy muddy flow'd,
And faulty Lines did oft exceed the good.
Well Sir, and is e'en *Homer* all correct?
Is He, Sir Critick, free from all defect?
Doth not *Lucilius Accius* Rhimes accuſe?
And blame our *Ennius*'s correcter Muſe?
For too much lightneſs oft his Rhimes deride,
And when He talks of his own Verſe, for Pride,
Then what's the Reaſon that his friend Repiues,
That when I read *Lucilius* looſer lines,
I try if 'tis his Subject wont permit
More even Verſe, or if 'tis want of Wit?
But now if any is content to chime,
And juſt put naked Words in Feet and Rhime,
And write two hundred Lines in two hours time,
As *Caſſius* did, that full o'er-flowing Tide
Of Wit, and who was burnt, (or fame hath ly'd)
With Piles of his own Papers when he dy'd.

Well then ſuppoſe *Lucilius* was a Wit,
His Vertue's more than Faults in what He writ.
Correcter than the *Older* Writers own,
And that we *Satyr* owe to him alone,
Satyr a Poem to the *Greeks* unknown;
Yet did He now again new life commence,
He would correct, He would retrench his Sence,
And pare off all that was not Excellence;
Take pains, and often when He Verſes made,
Would bite his Nails toth' quick, and ſcratch his Head.
When you deſign a laſting Piece, be wiſe,
Amend, Correct again, again Reviſe:
Ne'er ſeek the Crowd's unthinking praiſe; delight
4. That few, and Judges, read the Verſe you write,
Is't thy Ambition, mean unthinking Fool,
To be a Claſſick thumb'd in every School?
That's not my wiſh, for 'tis enough for me,
As hiſt *Arbuſcula* was wont to ſay,
Well, well, hiſs on, for ſince I pleaſe the beſt,
And thoſe approve me well, I ſcorn the reſt.
Why ſhould I vex to hear *Pontitius* blame
My Poems, or *Demetrius* carp my Fame?
Or hungry *Fannius* at *Tigellius* Treat,
Diſgrace my Verſe to get a little Meat?
Let *Plotius*, *Varius*, and *Mecænas* love,
Let *Cæſar*, *Virgil*, *Valgius* all approve
What I compoſe; (to theſe would I could join
The *Viſci*, and *Meſſala's* Learned Line,
And *Pollio*, and ſome other Friends of mine,
Whom I for modeſty forbear to name,
My good acquaintance all, and Men of Fame.)

And

And praiſe my Lines, and I ſhould grieve to know
They do not pleaſe Them, as I hope they do.
I ſcorn *Tigellius*, and *Demetrius* noiſe,
Dull Block-heads, let them Pipe among their Boys,
And mind their Schools: Go *Roger*, quickly run,
Put this into my Book, and I have done.

The End of the firſt Book of Satyrs.

SATYRS.

BOOK II.

The Heads of the firſt Satyr.

(1.) *He adviſeth with his Friend what He ſhall write.* (2.) *He concludes that his humour is for Satyr.* (3.) *Will hurt none unprovok'd.* (4.) *No good Men have reaſon to be angry at Satyriſts.*

1. SOme Fancy I am bitter when I jeer
Beyond the Rules of Satyr too ſevere;
Some, that my Verſe is dull and flat, and ſay,
A Man may write a Thouſand ſuch a day.
What ſhall I do, *Trebatius?* *Why give o'er,*
Thy ſcribling humor check, and write no more:
The Counſels good, and oh that I could chooſe,
But I can't ſleep for my unruly Muſe:
Why then (*for that will lay a rambling Head*)
Go always tir'd, or elſe go drunk to Bed.
Or if you needs muſt write, go raiſe thy Fame,
By Cæſar's *Wars, for that's a noble Theme,*
And that will get Thee Wealth and an Eſteem.

I have the Will, but when I ſtrive to fly,
My Wing's too weak, nor can I riſe ſo high.
For 'tis not every one can paint a War,
How Iron Armies dreadful gay appear;
The *Galli* falling by a braver force,
Or wounded *Parthians* tumbling from their Horſe.
Tet Thou, for ſuch the wiſe Lucilius *ſhow'd*
Great Scipio, *may'ſt deſcribe him juſt and good*:
Well, when Occaſion ſerves my Muſe deſigns
To try that way, but my unpoliſh'd lines,
Unleſs by chance a happy Time appears,
Will never paſs the judging *Cæſar*'s Ears,
Whom if you try to ſtroak, He's free from Pride,
And kicks you off, ſecure on every ſide:
And this is better than with railing Rhimes,
To laſh the faults and follies of the Times,
Since all think they are hit, and all reſent,
And hate Thee, tho perhaps They are not meant.

2. What ſhall I do?
As moſt Men have their humors I have mine,
Milonius Dances when He's full of Wine:
Pollux on Foot, on Horſe-back *Caſtor* fights;
As many Men, ſo many their delights:
I love to Rhime, and have a railing Wit,
And chooſe the way that wiſe *Lucilius* writ:
He did to's Book, as to a Truſty Friend,
His ſecret Vertues, and his faults commend.
And when a good or faulty deed was done,
He truſted them with that, and them alone.
And hence his Books do all his Life explain,
As if we ſaw him live it o'er again.

This Man I imitate; but what I am
Faith I can't tell, nor know from whence I came;
For whether I my Birth t'*Appulia* owe,
Or to *Lucania*, faith 'tis hard to know,
Since we *Venuſians* live between theſe two;
Plac'd here, as Tales of Ancient Fame relate,
When the *Sabelli* bow'd to ſtronger Fate,
On this ſide to ſecure the *Roman* State:
Leſt fierce *Appulian* or *Lucanian* Arms,
Should take them unprovided for Alarms.

3. But yet this Pen of mine ſhall never wound
If unprovok'd, yet ſtill I'll keep my ground,
Ready for all aſſaults, make this my guard,
And ſtand on my defence, and be prepar'd,
As with a Sword yet ſheath'd, but never draw
Unleſs aſſaulted, to keep Rogues in Awe. (Peace,
Grant bounteous Heaven, Oh grant me welcome
Oh grant this Sword of mine might ruſt in eaſe!
Let none hurt Peaceful Me with envious Tongue,
For if he does, He ſhall repent the wrong:
The warning's fair, his Vices ſhall be ſhown,
And Life expos'd to all the Cens'ring Town;
Affronted *Cervius* threatens Suits of Law,
Canidia Charms to keep her Foes in Awe,
And Prætor *Turius* when he bears a grudge,
If Thou ſhalt plead a Cauſe when He is Judge:
Each fights with that with which he can prevail,
And powerful Nature thus inſtructs us all.
The Wolves with Teeth; with Horns the Bulls begin:
And whence but from a ſecret guide within?
Let *Scæva* have (for this he counts a wrong)
A Mother, that He thinks will live too long;

His

His pious Hand ſhall never wound her Heart,
No wonder this, 'tis not his proper Art.
A Woolf ne'er kicks, with Teeth a Bull ne'er kills,
But ſhe ſhall take a Doſe of poiſon'd Pills.
In ſhort then, whether I live long or no,
Or Rich, or Poor, howe'er my Fortunes go;
Live here at *Rome*, or baniſh'd take my flight,
Whatever is my ſtate of Life, I'll write:
Well, Sir, I ſee your Life then can't be long,
Some great Ones, faith, will ſtop your railing Tongue.

4. How, Sir, *Lucilius* that did firſt ingage
In writing Satyrs, and that laſh'd the Age,
And ſtript our Foplings of their Lyons skin,
In which they look'd ſo gay, all foul within.
Did *Lælius*, or did *Scipio* hate his Muſe?
Or ſtorm, when He *Metellus* did abuſe?
The Great-ones, and the Crowd did diſcommend,
And valued Vertue only, and her Friend?
No, no, They treated him, and thought him good,
And when remov'd from buſineſs, and the Crowd,
Would keep him Company, would laugh and jeſt,
And ſport until their little Meat was dreſs'd.
Whate'er I am, altho I muſt ſubmit
To wiſe *Lucilius*, in Eſtate and Wit,
Yet I with Great ones live, this all confeſs,
And envy, tho unwilling, grants no leſs.
And tho ſhe thinks me ſoft, will find me tough,
And break her Teeth, for I have ſtrength enough;
I hope, *Trebatius*, this you grant is true,
Yes, Sir, but 'tis my pious Care for You,
My Love that makes me give you this advice,
Take heed of Scandal, Horace, *and be wiſe.*

Well, Sir, if any ſcand'louſly derides,
Then let him ſuffer as the Law provides.
If juſtly, mighty *Cæſar* is his Friend,
He loves ſuch Poems, and he will defend;
And thus if You, a Man of ſpotleſs Fame,
Shall laſh another, that deſerves the ſhame:
And He grows mad, Indicts or Sues Thee for't,
The fooliſh Action ſhall be turn'd to ſport;
He laugh'd and jeer'd at, You diſcharg'd the Court.

SATYR II.

The Heads of the Second Satyr.

(1.) *The profit of a ſpare Diet.* (2.) *The Difference between that and a ſordid Table.* (3.) *The advantages of it, in reſpect of Mind and Body.* (4.) *Againſt Luxury.* (5.) *Thrift, the beſt ſecurity againſt Fortune.*

1. HOw great a Vertue 'tis, how great a good,
To live content, and with a little Food,
(Theſe are not mine, but wiſe *Ofellus* Rules,
An honeſt Man, but yet unlearn'd in Schools)
Learn not when full, or when a ſumptuous Feaſt,
With ſhow and ſight diſturbs the eager Gueſt:
Or elſe oppreſs and leave the eaſie mind
Averſe to Good, and to ill Rules inclin'd,
But ſeek with me, before that Thou haſt din'd.
And why this Caution? Sir, I'll freely tell,
Brib'd Judges ne'er Examine Cauſes well;

Go

Go take ſome Exerciſe, purſue the Chace,
Or Hunt, ride the great Horſe, or run a Race,
Handle the *Roman* Arms, thoſe heavier far
Than *Græcian* Toys, or elſe go throw the Bar;
Or play at Ball, be eager at the ſport,
And make thy Game ſeem pleaſant, and but ſhort.
Now when this Exerciſe hath made Thee ſweat,
And rais'd thy Stomach, and thou fain would'ſt eat,
Then ſcorn to taſt unleſs 'tis dainty Meat:
When thirſty, then at common drink repine,
Nor taſt a drop but of the Nobleſt Wine:
Beſides the Butler's gone abroad to play,
No coſtly Fiſhes can be caught to day;
The Winds defend them, and the Seas are rough,
Then Bread and Salt will pleaſe thee well enough.
How ſo? And prithee how can this be done?
Why, Sir, the pleaſure that's in eating known,
Is not i'th' Meat, but in thy ſelf alone.
Make Exerciſe thy Sawce, let that excite,
For flegmy and a ſqueaſy Appetite
Nor Trout, nor Tench, nor Oiſters can delight.
Yet I ſhall ſcarce perſwade our curious Men,
Let me adviſe, and talk, and talk agen,
Not to eat Peacock, rather than a Hen.
For they are prejudic'd becauſe the price
Is great, and his gay Fathers pleaſe the Eyes:
As if thoſe made it better; do'ſt Thou Feaſt
On thoſe prais'd Plumes? And do thoſe fill thy gueſt,
Or doth it look as gawdy when 'tis dreſt?
Then ſince Hens fleſh is quite as good, 'tis plain
The Peacock is preferr'd for's gawdy Train.

But

But grant some difference here, yet how do'st know
If this same Pike be River Fish or no?
Caught here in *Tibur*, or in open Seas,
For Thou do'st make a difference too in these;
Mad Fool, thou praisest Mullets vastly great,
Which thou must mash, e'er thou canst dress or eat:
The greatness pleases then, yet all dislike
Some bigger Fish, and scorn the larger Pike:
Pray what's the Cause of this? Oh! let me see,
Perhaps because, as Natures Laws Decree,
One usually is small, the other great;
Men seldom hungry scorn the common Meat:
But says the Glutton, I love a larger Fish,
It looks so Noble in a Lordly Dish.
But you moist Winds now hear, be kind and good,
Corrupt their Meat, and taint their costly Food:
Tho 'tis but newly taken taint their Boar,
And let their *Rhombus* stink e'er brought to shore:
When plenty too profuse in vain invites,
And strives to raise the squeasy Appetites.
When the full Glutton strives in vain to eat,
And takes sharp Herbs before his dainty Meat;
We do not always feed on Soal and Boar,
But use cheap Eggs, and Olives 'midst our store,
So greatest Feasts have something that is poor.
First *Gallio's* Kitchin infamous did grow
For dressing Sturgeon, 'twas not long ago,
What had the Sea then fewer Soals than now?
No, but the Soals did then securely rest,
Then nothing did but Winds and Waves molest,
And the poor Stork liv'd safely in his Nest:

Until

Until a *Prætor* taught us how to uſe
Theſe Things, and made us fooliſhly profuſe:
And ſo if one would bring new ſorts of Food,
And ſtoutly ſay, a roaſted *Moor-hen's* good:
Our Fops would imitate, and praiſe his skill,
Our Fops that are ſo eaſie bent to ill.

2. A ſordid Table, and a thrifty one,
Oſellus thinks diſtinct, in vain they ſhun
One Vice, that to the other madly run:
Old *Aviden*, Sur-nam'd *The Dog*, eats Sloes,
And Olives five years old, as bad as thoſe.
Theſe are his Meat, and all the Wine He drinks
Is Prick'd and foul; his Oil corrupt, and ſtinks:
And that (when very fine, when neatly dreſt,
And at a Birth-day, or a Marriage Feaſt,
When He would be Profuſe, and Prodigal)
He pours himſelf upon his little Cale:
Well then, what would you have a Wiſe Man do?
What Table keep? you have propos'd me Two;
And which, Sir, muſt I imitate of theſe?
The choice is hard, and it is hard to pleaſe.
Sir, He lives well that keeps the middle State,
And neither leans too much to this, nor that:
Such when he bids his Slaves do this and this,
And task them too, as every Maſter his,
Will not be cruel as old *Albutius* is:
Nor yet like *Nævius* when he makes a Feaſt,
With coſtly Ointment will He waſh his gueſt,
For that too is a fault, a vice at leaſt:

3. Now learn what good attends a ſparing Meal,
What pleaſure, and what profit: Firſt thou'rt well,

Thy

Thy Health improv'd, thy Body free from pain;
But now that meat confus'd doth hurt a Man,
Thou haſt Experience, and ſufficient proof;
One ſingle Diſh did feed Thee well enough,
Thy Stomach took it, but when boil'd with ſtew'd
Fleſh mix'd with Fiſh, the indigeſted load
Is turn'd to Gall or Flegm, and ſpoils the Blood:
Obſerve how ſickly and how pale the Gueſts,
How diſcompos'd they riſe from ſumptuous Feaſts?
Beſides, the Body by the wild exceſs,
Enfeebled, doth the nobler Mind oppreſs,
It clogs it, and it makes its motions dull,
And fixes here the breath of Heaven, the Soul:
The others go to Bed, juſt cloſe their Eyes,
Such little ſlumber Nature's wants ſupplies,
Then vig'rous to their proper buſineſs riſe.
Yet Thoſe can have their ſparing Meals increaſs'd
On Holidays, or when they treat a Gueſt,
Or would indulge, and when they pleaſe to Feaſt.
Beſides, old Age will come, and that muſt crave,
A ſofter treatment far than Youth ſhould have:
But Thou, when ſickneſs comes, or feeble Age,
In vain do'ſt hope, *fond Youth*, to calm their rage,
By ſofter uſage, ſince thou do'ſt enjoy
The ſofteſt, whilſt a young and vig'rous Boy:
The Ancients did commend their ſtinking Boar,
Yet not but that their ſmell was good as Ours,
But 'cauſe they thought it better far to ſtay,
(That was the thriftier, and the nobler way)
And keep it till their tardy Gueſt was come,
Then eat it ſweet, and by themſelves at home:

These, these were Heroes, these were generous Men,
And Oh that Nature had produc'd me then:
4. Dost Thou regard thy Fame which charms our Ears,
With softer Musick than the sweetest Airs?
Take heed, Luxurious Living ruins that,
And wasts thy Name as much as thy Estate:
It makes thy Neighbours angry, Friends distrust,
And Thee thy self unto thy self unjust,
When Thou shalt wish for Death, of all bereft;
And not enough to buy a Halter's left:
'Tis true, to some this is a just reproof,
This may be said to Tarsius *well enough;*
But not to Me; I am secure from fate,
For my Revenue's large, my Wealth is great,
Enough to keep three Kings, a vast Estate.
Then is there no way else to spend thy Store?
Why since thou'rt Rich, is any good Man Poor?
Why are not ruin'd shrines rebuilt? And why
Doth not thy Wealth thy Neighbours wants supply?
Or hath thy Country this superfluous Coin?
What measure hath it from this heap of Thine?
Kind fortune still, forsooth, shall smile on Thee,
O future sport unto thine Enemy!
And which is better able to endure
Uncertain Chance? And which lives most secure?
He that doth never Fortune's smiles distrust,
But Pampers up himself, and feeds his Lust?
Or He that lives on little now, and spares,
And wisely when 'tis Peace, provides for Wars?

But by one inſtance to confirm this Truth,
I knew *Ofellus* when I was a youth;
Then He was Rich, yet 'midſt his greateſt Store
He liv'd as now, ſince Rapine made him Poor:
Now you may ſee him with his Wife and Son,
Till that Eſtate for hire which was his own:
He Plows, he Sweats, and ſtoutly digs for Bread;
Contented ſtill, and as he wrought, He ſaid,
On working Days I never us'd to eat
But Cale and Bacon, that was all my Meat:
But when an old and honeſt Friend of mine,
Or elſe my welcome Neighbours came to dine;
When it was rainy, or my work was done,
We feaſted not on coſtly Fiſh from Town;
But took what I could eaſily provide
From my own Field, a Pullet or a Kid:
And then for ſecond courſe ſome Grapes were preſs'd,
Or Nuts, or Figs, and that was all my Feaſt:
And after this we drank a Health or two,
As far as harmleſs ſober mirth would go;
And then thank'd *Ceres* for our preſent cheer,
And beg'd a plenteous Crop the following year:
And now let Fortune frown, I ſcorn her force,
How can ſhe make our way of living worſe?
Have we not had enough ſince we grew poor,
Have we liv'd worſe, *My Sons*, than heretofore,
Before a Stranger came, and ſeiz'd my ſtore?
For Nature doth not Me or Him create
The proper Lord of ſuch and ſuch Eſtate;
He forc'd us out, and doth poſſeſs my Plain;
Another cheat ſhall force him out again,

Or

Or quirck's in Law, or when thoſe fears are paſt,
His long-liv'd Heir ſhall force him out at laſt:
That which was once *Oſellus* Farm is gone,
Now call'd *Umbrena's*, but 'tis no Mans own:
None hath the Property, it comes and goes,
As merry Chance, or ſtubborn Fates diſpoſe,
As God thinks fit, and his firm Nods Decree,
Now to be us'd by Others, now by Me:
Then live reſolv'd, my Sons, refuſe to yield,
And when Fates preſs make Conſtancy your ſhield.

SATYR III.

The Heads of the Third Satyr.

(1.) *The Stoicks chide him for his Lazineſs.* (2.) *According to the Stoicks Opinion all are mad.* (3.) *The Covetous are mad.* (4.) *The Ambitious.* (5.) *The Spend-thrifts.* (6.) *Lovers.* (7.) *The Superſtitious.* (8.) *Concerning his own humor.*

1. YOU write ſo ſeldom, ſcarce four ſheets a year,
A lazy Writer, but a Judge ſevere!
Still mending, and reviſing every Line,
Still vex'd that after all thy Sleep and Wine,
Yet nothing comes that doth appear to be
Worth publick view: What will become of Thee?

You

You here at Winters firſt approach did come,
And left the Mirth, and drunken Feaſts of *Rome*:
Then ſober now write ſomething as you vow'd,
Write ſomething that may make thy promiſe good,
Begin, nought comes, thou doſt in vain accuſe
Thy Paper, Pen, and Ink, and angry Muſe:
And yet you ſeem'd to promiſe ſomething great
If e'er you came to your warm Country Seat.
Why comes *Menander*, *Plato*, *Sophocles*?
And why ſuch Learned Company as Theſe?
If Thou deſign'ſt to ſpend thy time in Eaſe?
What, wilt Thou write no more to live exempt
From Envy? Blockhead, Thou ſhalt meet Contempt:
The *Siren* ſloth thou muſt reſolve to ſhun,
Or loſe that Fame thy better life has won.
Thanks, Damaſippus, *thou art grave, and wiſe,*
And let the Gods beſtow ('tis a ſmall price)
A Barber on thee for thy good advice:
But how came you to know my mind ſo well?
Why once I Traded till my Stock was gone,
And now I mind, as here I live in Town,
Others concerns ſince I have loſt my own.
For heretofore I drove a mighty Trade
In Ancient Pieces, knew what Piece was made
By ſuch an Artiſt, and could tell what part
Was rudely drawn, and what agreed with Art.
Then ſold them dear, I had the only skill
To purchaſe Lands, and with Advantage ſtill.
And hence among the Crowd my Name was known,
The Mercury, *the Trader* of the Town:
All this I know, and wonder now to view
The Change: Why, Sir, a fancy ſtrangely New

Hath

Hath cur'd the Old: Thus from another part,
As Head or Side, pain falls into the Heart.
2. Thus this Lethargick ſometimes leaves his Bed,
In frantick fits, and breaks the Doctor's Head.
Well, Sir, ſuppoſe You ben't as mad as He,
And beat me too, be what you pleaſe to be.
Good Sir, do not deceive your ſelf, for You,
And all, if what *Stertinius* ſays be true,
Are mad: He taught me This when firſt He cheer'd
My drooping Mind, and bad me wear this Beard.
For when by Trading I was quite undone,
This bridge I mounted and reſolv'd to drown:
But He, (thus Chance would have it for my good)
And in a lucky time cry'd, Youth, forbear; (ſtood near
'Tis fooliſh modeſty that makes Thee dread,
Amongſt Mad-men to be accounted Mad:
For firſt inquire what madneſs is, and ſee
If every Man be not as mad as Thee,
Altho they look ſo grave, and ſeem ſo Wiſe,
Then go and hang thy ſelf, that's my advice.
He who's to Folly or to Vice inclin'd,
Or whom dark Ignorance of Truth doth blind,
The *Stoicks* call him mad; thus every one,
Whether he holds the Plough, or fills the Throne,
Is counted mad, but their *Wiſe-men* alone.
Some call Thee mad, but thoſe that call Thee ſo,
Obſerve, I'll prove them quite as mad as You:
As Men that loſe their ways in Woods, divide;
Some go on this, and ſome on t'other ſide,
The Error is the ſame, all miſs the Road,
Altho in different Quarters of the Wood.

Thus as they call thee, think that thou art mad;
But thoſe that call thee ſo are quite as bad.
For firſt, one ſort of madneſs is to fear
When nothing frights, and when no danger's near;
As if when on an even Field he goes,
He ſhould complain that Flames and Rocks oppoſe.
Others, altho through different ways They run,
Are quite as Mad, for they ruſh boldly on,
Thro Flames, and boiſterous Seas to be undone.
And tho his Miſtreſs, Siſter, Father, Wife
Should cry, *Ah Dear, be cautious of thy Life*;
Look, there's a Ditch, take heed: He hears no more
Than drunken *Furius* did, when heretofore
He acted *Hecuba*, a lazy drone,
He fell aſleep, and ſlept ſecurely on,
Nor could be wak'd, tho *Catien*'s voice did rage,
And *Mother, hear, I call thee*, crack'd the Stage:
Now grant this Madneſs I deſign to ſhow,
If this Man's mad, then all the World is ſo.
Firſt *Damaſippus*'s mad, becauſe he buys
Old Statues; true, for what's more plain than This?
Is he that truſts him ſober? grant he is:
Suppoſe here take this Sum of Gold, I ſaid,
I never do expect to be repaid,
Are you mad if you take it? No, but more
If you neglect this eaſie offer'd ſtore.
For twenty Bonds on cheating *Nereus* draw,
'Tis not enough, add all the chains of Law
Cicuta can invent to hold him faſt,
This *Proteus* will avoid theſe Bands at laſt;

This

This *Proteus Debtor*, for when e'er you bring
Your Action, he's a Stone, or any thing,
A Bore, a Bird, a Tree; He will eſcape
And ſtill deride Thee in a borrow'd ſhape.
Now if He's mad that waſts, and ſober He
That gets, *Petillus* is more mad than Thee,
Who truſts thee ſo, and lets his Stock decay,
By lending more than you deſign to pay.
Sit ſtill and hear, thoſe whom proud thoughts do ſwell,
Thoſe that look pale by loving Coin too well;
Whom Luxury Corrupts, or fancy'd fears
Oppreſs, and empty ſuperſtitious Cares;
Or any other Vice diſturbs, draw near,
I'll prove that all are mad; ſit ſtill, and hear.
3. Firſt give the Covetous, the largeſt Doſe
Of *Hellebore*, or rather let's ſuppoſe
That whole *Anticyra* is deſign'd for thoſe.
Saberius Heirs did write upon his Grave,
How much He left, what Legacies he gave,
Or They muſt give, as He by Will allow'd,
Two hundred Fencers to delight the Crowd,
And coſtly Treats as great as *Arrus* wou'd,
And Corn as much as *Africk* yields a year:
Now whether this be well, or ill, forbear
To cenſure me, and be not too ſevere:
For *Saberus*, I think, was wiſe enough
To know that he deſerv'd and fear'd reproof;
What did He mean when He his Heir injoin'd,
To write on's Tomb how much He left behind?
Why whilſt he liv'd he thought the being Poor
Was heinous, and avoided nothing more;

And ſhould be guilty of a damn'd exceſs,
If he had left behind one farthing leſs.
For Honor, Vertue, Fame, and all Divine
And Humane Things muſt follow lovely Coin;
And he that gets but that is any thing,
What e'er he pleaſe, Juſt, Valiant, Wiſe, a King.
And this He thought, like Vertuous Acts, would raiſe
His Fame, and get him an Immortal praiſe.
This was his thought of Wealth; *How far from this*
Did Ariſtippus *think and do with his?*
Who had his Slaves, as He o'er Lybia *paſt,*
Leave all his Wealth, becauſe it ſtopp'd his haſt.
Which was moſt mad? Sir, that Example's vain,
That ſolves old doubts by raiſing more again.
He that buys Harps, and throws his Wealth away
On Pipes, yet never does deſign to play:
He that buys Awls, and Laſts, yet doth not know,
And ne'er deſigns to try to make a Shooe.
Or Ships, and Oars, yet is averſe to Trade,
All, and there's Reaſon for't, would count him Mad.
And what's He better, that ſtill ſtrives for more,
Still heaps up Wealth, yet cannot uſe the Store,
But fears to touch, as if 'twere Sacred Ore.
He that all Night lies ſtretch'd on heaps of Wheat,
And watches what he does not dare to eat,
With Bill in hand; yet after all this pain,
Tho 'tis is own, he cannot touch a Grain.
But ſtill on Haws, and bitter Herbs doth Dine;
And tho his Cellar's ſtor'd with racy Wine,
Drinks Vinegar; and tho extreamly old,
Yet lies on Straw, or Flocks, and lies a-cold;

Whilſt

Whilſt his embroider'd Silks, and coſtly Cloths,
Lie rotting in his Cheſts, and feed the Moths.
Yet few do think theſe mad, for moſt like Theſe,
Are ſick and troubled with the ſame Diſeaſe:
What, doſt thou keep it for thy ſquandring Boy,
Or for thy Slave, old Chuff, and ne'er enjoy?
He'll drink it out, and prove a mad Gallant:
Or do'ſt thou keep't leſt thou thy ſelf ſhould'ſt want?
Oh Fool! how little would thy Money waſt,
If thou on better Cale and Oil did'ſt feaſt?
Wore better Cloths, and wert more neatly dreſt?
If thou canſt live upon this little Store,
Why doſt thou ſwear, and lye, and cheat for more?
And are you Sober? If you walk'd the Street,
Throw Stones, and fight, and juſtle all you meet,
Or ſtab your Slaves, you would be quickly known,
Call'd Mad by every Boy and Girl i'th' Town.
Now thou doſt hang thy Wife, and give a Pill
To thy own Mother, art thou Sober ſtill?
For why? Thou doſt not do this impious deed,
At *Argos* Town, nor doſt thou make her bleed
With a ſharp Sword, as mad *Oreſtes* did.
And doſt thou think *Oreſtes*, heretofore,
After He ſtain'd his Sword in's Mother's gore,
Grew mad alone, and was not mad before?
Yet after that, when you ſuppoſe him Mad,
What did he do? And were his Actions bad?
What did He do, that you dare diſcommend?
He neither ſtabb'd his Siſter, nor his Friend,
But only as his Frenzy forc'd, did call
One Rogue, the other Witch, and that was all.

Opimius that old Chuff, and richly poor,
Who wanted e'en the Wealth he had in ſtore:
That on Feaſt-days did meaneſt Wine provide
In Earthen Jugs, and Lees on all beſide;
Lay in a Lethargy, all hope was gone,
And now his joyful Heir ran up and down,
And ſiez'd the Keys and Cheſts as all his own.
This the kind Doctor ſaw, and this deſign
He us'd for Cure, he brought a Table in,
And order'd ſome to tumble o'er his Coin:
This rous'd him, Then he crys, Sir you'r undone,
Wake Sir, and Watch, or elſe your Money's gone:
Your Heirs will ſieze it: *What whilſt I'm alive?*
Then wake and ſhow it, Sir, come, come revive.
What muſt I do? Eat, Sir, What are you loath?
Pray take this little Diſh of Barley Broth.
What doth it coſt? Not much upon my word,
How much pray? Why Two Groats: *Two Groats!*
Oh Lord!
'Tis the ſame thing to me to be undone
By Thieves or Phyſick, Doctor I'll have none.
Who's Sober? He that's not fooliſh, that's my Rule.
What is the Covetous? Both Mad and Fool.
Suppoſe I am not Covetous, am I
Streight Sober? No; *Why Sir?* I'll tell thee why:
Suppoſe the Doctor ſays, this Patient's Thighs
Are free from pain, What may he therefore riſe?
No, tho his Thighs are free, yet violent pains
May vex his Side, his Kidneys, or his Brains.
So this Man neither Covets, nor Forſwears,
He is not Perjur'd, let him thank his Stars;

But He is Laviſh, he is Bold and Proud,
Then to *Anticyra* let him croſs the Flood:
For 'tis as great a fault to be profuſe,
As 'tis to get, and keep, and never uſe.
Opidius did, as Story goes, divide
His Farms between his Sons before he dy'd;
And ſaid, and as he ſaid he gravely ſmil'd,
My *Aulus* I obſerv'd thee from a Child;
And when I ſaw thee Careleſs of thy Toys,
And free to give thy Nuts to other Boys:
And you *Tiberius* tell them o'er and o'er,
And hoard them up, and ſtill encreaſe thy Store:
I fear'd both mad, would different Vices chuſe,
And one be Covetous, and one Profuſe.
Therefore I charge you both by all that's dear,
As You my Bleſſing love, and Curſes fear,
That neither You encreaſe your ſmall Eſtate,
Nor You conſume, but live content on that;
For that will all your proper wants ſupply,
And Nature thinks enough as well as I.
And leſt You be Ambitious, hear my Oath,
Obſerve, I leave this Curſe upon you Both:
He that of You ſhall be *Ædilis* firſt,
Or elſe a *Prætor*, let him be accurſt;
What would'ſt thou waſt thy Wealth? ſpend every Groat
To Bribe the heedleſs Crowd, and get their Vote?
That when thy Fathers Lands, his Ancient Rent,
And all the Money he hath left, is ſpent,
Poor naked Mad-man, thou may'ſt only gain
A Brazen Statue, or a gawdy Train:

Or be as fam'd (thus once the fooliſh Aſs
Would be a Lyon) as great *Agrippa* was?

4. Great *Agamemnon*, why did you forbid
A Tomb for *Ajax*? *Why*? *Becauſe I did*:
I am a King, what I command is right,
And juſt: Well, I a private Man Submit:
Tet if I ſeem unjuſt, and too ſevere,
Let any ſpeak, and I will fairly hear.
Great King, may'ſt thou a happy Reign enjoy,
And have a ſafe return from Conquer'd *Troy*.
And may I freely ask, and anſwer Thee?
Thou ſhalt, ſpeak what Thou wilt, Thou may'ſt be free.
Then why doth *Ajax*, He the Stout, the Brave,
And who ſo oft the *Grecian* Ships did ſave,
Achilles Second, rot without a Grave?
That joyful *Troy*, and *Priam* laugh to ſee,
That He, by whom their Youth, that mighty He
Is now deny'd himſelf a Grave by Thee?
Why? *He ſlew Flocks of Sheep o'er all the Field,*
And when in's Frantick fits, he thought He kill'd,
My Brother, Me, Ulyſſes; *and He ſmil'd*;
And You, when You your lovely Daughter led
To Sacrifice, and o'er her weeping head
You pour'd the Salt and Meal, was ſober ſtill?
Why not? When Frantick *Ajax* ſtrove to kill
The Innocent Flocks, how was the Action ill?
He curs'd the both *Atrides* much 'tis true,
But never e'en upon *Ulyſſes* drew,
Nor Wife, nor Innocent Son, nor Brother ſlew:
But I to get a Wind appeas'd the God,
To have my Navy Sail I offer'd blood.

Thy

Thy own Blood Frantick, 'twas that did Atone:
My own, but yet not Frantick, tho my own:
He that ſhall take apparent Good with Bad,
Confus'dly mix'd, muſt be accounted Mad,
And 'tis all one, whate'er theſe Crimes begin,
Whether 'tis rage or folly makes him ſin:
Whilſt *Ajax* kills the harmleſs flocks you blame,
He's mad; whilſt Thou deſign'dly ſin'ſt for fame,
And empty Titles, art thou not a Fool?
Art Sober, whilſt Ambition ſwells thy Soul?
If one ſhould bear a Lamb about the Town,
Allow her a Sedan, and gawdy Gown,
Call her his Daughter, Slaves and Gold provide,
And a ſtout Husband for the Youthful Bride,
The Law would ſieze that wealth he wildly ſpends,
And give it to the care of Sober Friends.
And He that kills his Daughter for a Lamb,
Canſt thou pretend him Sober? Oh for ſhame!
Then where there's folly, greateſt madneſs rules,
And wicked Men muſt needs be frantick Fools;
He muſt be mad that Courts an empty Name,
A very Bedlam He, that's Slave to Fame.

5. Now next the Fooliſh *Spend-thrift*'s caſe propoſe,
That he is mad e'en common Reaſon ſhows;
The *Squire* when come of Age, He takes his Land,
Amaz'd with Wealth, he ſends his ſtrict Command,
Be't known to All that I have an Eſtate,
And therefore let the Pimps and Tradeſmen wait
To morrow Morning early at my Gate:
What then? A Thouſand come at his deſire,
And thus the crafty *Pimp* beſpeaks the Squire;

We're

We're proud to ſerve you, Sir, and all that's Ours,
Thrice Noble Squire, ſend when you pleaſe 'tis Yours.
And thus the eaſie *Squire* replies again,
Good honeſt Men, you take a World of Pain:
You watch in Snow to catch a Boar for Me,
And You fiſh for Me in the boiſterous Sea:
Whilſt I'm a Drone unworthy this Eſtate,
Therefore do You take this, and You take that;
And You theſe Farms, I freely give You Theſe,
That I may uſe thy Wife, when e'er I pleaſe:
A coſtly Gem from his *Metella*'s Ear,
Æſop's looſe Son diſſolv'd in Vinegar,
And drank it down, and then profuſely laugh'd,
To think he drank a Province at a draught.
Was't not as mad as to have thrown the Gem
Into a Common-ſhore, or muddy Stream?
The Sons of *Arrus*, thoſe of high renown,
Thoſe famous Bully-Brothers, of the Town:
The moſt agreeing Pair in every Vice,
Still fed on Nightingales of coſtly Price,
And were thoſe Mad or Sober, Fools or Wiſe?

6. If any grown a Man delights to raiſe
Dirt Pies, and like a Child, at Puſh-pin plays.
Yokes Rats and Mice unto a little Plough,
And rides upon an Hobby-Horſe, or ſo,
Sure he is mad: Now I can prove with eaſe,
That *Love* is a more childiſh Thing than Theſe:
And 'tis all one whether you Sport or Toy.
Play wanton Tricks, as when a little Boy,
Or court and labour for a jilting Miſs,
Grow Pale and Whine: For let me ask thee this,

Canſt

Canſt thou, like *Polemon* reclaim'd, remove
Thy ſoppiſh dreſs, thoſe Symptoms of thy Love;
As He when drunk, and Garlands round his head,
Chanc'd once to hear the Sober *Stoick* read,
Aſham'd he took his Garlands off, began
Another Courſe, and grew a ſober Man?
Offer an Apple to a peeviſh Boy,
He will refuſe it; here my pretty Joy,
Come prethee take it: *No Sir, I'll have none*:
Yet, if unoffer'd, he will beg for One.
Like him's the Lover, who hath ask'd in vain,
Doubting if e'er he ſhould return again:
Altho deſir'd, when he would gladly wait,
Unask'd, and linger at the hated Gate:
Now ſhe invites, and Swears ſhe will be kind:
What ſhall I go, or rather cure my Mind?
She ſhuts me out, then asks me to return.
What ſhall I go? No though ſhe begs, I'll ſcorn.
But lo, his wiſer Slave did thus reprove,
Sir, Reaſon muſt be never us'd in Love:
Its Laws unequal, and its Rules unfit
For Love's a thing by Nature oppoſite
To Common Reaſon, Common Sence, and Wit,
All that's in Love's unſteddy empty, vain,
There's War and Peace, and Peace and War again.
Now He that ſtrives to ſettle ſuch as Theſe,
Meer things of Chance, and faithleſs as the Seas:
He were as good deſign to be a Fool
By Art and Wiſdom, and be mad by Rule.
And 'cauſe thy Nut (a ſign that thou ſhalt prove
A happy Man, and Conqueror in thy Love)
Preſt thro thy fingers, ſtrikes the Roof above;

You

You leap for joy, unable to contain,
Is that the Action of a ſober Man?
And when tho old, and ſo the wiſer grown,
You prattle with her in a Childiſh Tone:
Art thou not mad as He, that loves his Toys,
And plays at Puſh-pin with the little Boys?
To this add all the rage of wild deſire,
The Murders that attend this frantick fire;
Obſerve, poor *Nerus* lately ſtruck his Miſs,
Then kill'd himſelf, what do'ſt thou think of This?
Was this Man Frantick? Or will you allow
That He was ſober? in his Wits like you?
Yet freely grant him guilty of a Sin?
To the ſame thing adapting words akin?

7. A *Libertine*, and old, ran every day
To all the Temples in the Town to pray:
Faſting he went, and he was neatly dreſt,
His hands were clean, and he had one requeſt:
Grant ye kind Gods, grant I may always live,
It is an eaſie thing for You to give.
Now he that ſold him, might have ſafely ſworn,
He's ſound both Wind and Limb as e'er was born.
But cheated, if He ſwore him ſound in Soul,
And This Man too the *Stoicks* count a Fool.

The Mother whoſe dear Son had lain oppreſs'd,
With violent Quartan half a year at leaſt;
Gets up betimes, and prays, Thou mighty *Jove*,
That doſt Diſeaſes bring, and doſt remove,
If thou wilt ſtop the Fits, reſtore my Joy,
And ſpare the Body of my lovely Boy,

At

At thy next Solemn Faſt, kind mighty God,
I vow, and I will make my promiſe good,
I'll ſet him naked in cold *Tiber*'s Flood.
And now let Chance or Phyſick's ſtrength releaſe,
Or Doctor's care ſuppreſs the ſtrong Diſeaſe,
The Frantick Mother will perform her vow,
And her weak Son into cold *Tiber* throw;
And this brings a Relapſe and kills the Lad,
And hath not Superſtition made her mad?

All this *Stertinius* taught me as a Friend,
That Eighth Wiſe-man; and I my ſelf defend
By his learn'd Rules; none vexes me in vain,
Who calls me mad, I call him mad again:
And He ſhall learn what He doth ſeldom mind,
To ſee what a Fools Coat he wears behind.

8. *Well* Stoick, *may you ſell at dearer rate*
Your Merchandiſe, and get your loſt Eſtate;
So You (for there are many ſorts) explain
What kind of madneſs 'tis that heats my Brain,
For ſure methinks I am a ſober Man.
Doſt think *Agave* when ſhe graſp'd the head
Of her own Son, thought ſhe her ſelf was mad?
Well then I'm mad, 'tis true, but fain would know,
Oblige me Stoick once, and freely ſhow
What kind of madneſs I'm addicted to.
Then learn, tho you are dwarfiſh, thin, and ſmall,
You raiſe your ſelf to be accounted tall:
Yet laugh when *Turbo* in his Arms appears,
Look how he ſtruts, and what a Port he bears!
Tho He hath far a greater bulk than Thee,
And therefore art thou not as vain as He?

What

What e'er *Mecænas* does, and is it true,
That He is Rivall'd by Pedantick you?
When the old Frog was gone by chance abroad,
An Ox came by and on her young ones trod:
One ſcap'd, and told her that a mighty Beaſt,
Had trod upon her young, and kill'd the reſt:
How big ſaid ſhe? *As big as I am now*:
And ſwells, *Yes, yes, as big again as You*:
What bigger ſtill? And then ſhe ſwells again,
Yes, bigger, bigger, and you ſtrive in vain;
You'll never be as big, altho you ſwell
Until you burſt; This Image fits thee well;
And thus to prove thee Frantick all conſpire;
Now add thy Poems, that is Oil, to Fire,
Thoſe prove thee mad, if nothing elſe were ſhown;
If any Poet's ſober, thou art One,
Thy malice I conceal, but why do'ſt wear
A finer Suit than thy Eſtate will bear;
Hold Damaſippus; I forbear to ſhew
Thy burning Luſt, *The greater Mad-man You,*
Spare me at laſt the Leſſer of the Two.

SATYR IV.

SATYR IV.

The Argument of the Fourth Satyr.

He makes Catius *tell him the ſeveral Precepts that are to be obſerv'd in making a Feaſt, by this means ſhowing thoſe, that pride themſelves in this Art, to be very ridiculous.*

*W*Hence Catius *pray? and whither?* Sir I vow
I wiſh I had, but I ha'n't leiſure now
To tell my rules, the beſt that e'er were known,
Better than what *Pythagoras* has ſhown,
Or *Plato* taught; but Sir I muſt be gone:
I muſt confeſs 'twas rude Impertinence
To interrupt a buſy Man of Senſe
At ſuch a time, but pardon the offence:
For, Sir, what ever 'tis you have forgot,
You'll mind again, and ſoon recal the thought;
Whether 'twas fixt on Nature, or on Art;
For you are deeply skill'd in either part:
I was conſidering how I ſhould retain
What I have learn'd, it asks a ſubtle brain,
A Man of deep contrivance, Senſe and thought,
So *fine* the Precepts, and ſo *finely* wrought,
His name, a Stranger, or a Roman tell,
I'll ſing the *Precept*, but the *Man* conceal. (ſound,
Chooſe *Long* Eggs ſtill, for thoſe are hard and
Cock-Eggs, more white and ſweeter than the *round*:

The

The *Cale* that grows on Hills, or barren Fields,
Is better far than what the *Garden* yields:
Moiſt ground e'en *Odcomb* Plants will quickly ſpoil,
They taſtleſs grow and watriſh as the ſoil.
Suppoſe a Friend an unexpected Gueſt
Comes late, and You have nothing ready dreſt,
Drown *Hens* in Wine, I learn'd this Art at Court,
'Twill make the fleſh eat *wonderfully* ſhort.
The *Meadow* Muſhrooms are the ſafer food,
Poys'nous the *reſt*, at leaſt not half ſo good.
I'll give him health, that when his *Meals* are done
Eats juicy *Mulberries* pluck'd before the Sun
Doth riſe too high, and ſcorch with heat of Noon.
Auſidius, thus ſays Story, us'd to take
His Mornings draught of Honey mix'd with Sack,
This was ill done, with Liquors only *mild*,
E'er breakfaſt *Empty* Veins are ſafely fill'd:
What e'er ſome fancy, I have Cauſe to think
Smooth *Mead* in Morning is the better drink:
When bound too much, ſweet *Mallows* quickly clear
Thy *Gutts* from ſtoppage, and thy *Mind* from fear;
Or *Cockle* Fiſh, or *Sorrel* newly ripe,
With *Coan white-wine ſawce* will eaſe the gripe,
Better than the *Old Midwife* Gliſter-pipe:
The *Shell fiſh* with the growing Moons encreaſe,
Yet different ſorts are found in different Seas;
All have not good: the *Lucrine* Shells exceed
Thoſe various *Purples* that ſoft *Baja* breed,
Oyſters low *Crice*, ſome *Miſenian* Coaſts
And *Scollops* large ſoft *Tarent* loudly boaſts:
Let none pretend to have an Art in Feaſts
Till He's exact, and *Critical* in Taſts:

'Tis

'Tis vain for him to buy the deareſt Fiſh,
That after knows not how to cook the Diſh,
What muſt be *ſtew'd*, what *boil'd* will grace a Feaſt,
And whet the Stomach of the *glutted* Gueſt;
Make him forget his Belly's full, reſtore
Loſt *Appetite*, and tempt him on to more.
Boars fed on Acorns caught in *Umbria's* Wood,
Bend down his diſhes with their *weighty* load,
That would avoid dull, mean, or *taſtleſs* food:
For no wiſe Palates the *Laurentans* chooſe
Vile meat and fat with plaſhy reeds and Ouze:
Goats bred on *Vines*, not always dainty fare,
Wiſe Palates chooſe the Wings of breeding Hare.
What *Fiſh* of all the ſorts, what *Birds* are beſt,
And at what Age, and how they ſhould be dreſt,
Before the World ſaw me were hardly known,
All thoſe are pure inventions of my own.
Some ſpend their *time*, and hope to gain applauſe
For minding nothing but *new Cates, and Sawſe*,
But men of *Art* muſt ſtill their Cares *divide*,
Not mind *one* thing, and neglect *all* beſide,
Nor whilſt they're *curious* in their *Wine* and *Ale*,
Ne'er heed what *Oil* they pour upon their Cale:
If full of *Lees*, if *thick* your *Maſſick* Wine,
Set it abroad by *Night* 'twill make it *fine*;
Take off thoſe Smells that hurt the Nerves, and waſt
The Spirits; Hemp-ſeed ſpoils its proper taſt:
Some *cheating* Rogues, that when the Wine decays,
With their *Surrentine* mix *Falernian* Lees,
This daſht Wine quickly cleanſe with *Pidgeons* Eggs,
Thoſe falling down *Precipitate* the Dregs:

You have *drunk briskly*, and your friend decays;
Then give him *pickled* Herrings, thoſe will raiſe
And whet his *Stomach* for another glaſs:
For *Lettuce* after Wine's not half ſo good,
It ſwims on drink, and makes the Stomach crude:
When He's *too full*, then *Gammon*'s only fit,
Sawſage provokes him to another bit;
If theſe won't do, of it He ſcorns them both,
He may be whetted with a diſh of *Broth*,
To know both ſorts of *Broth*, 'tis worth your while,
The *Simple* is compos'd of ſweeteſt Oil,
This Oily Wine, and *Caviare* only asks
Such as grows mellow in *Byzantian* Casks:
To this ſhred *Herbs*, with *Saffron* mixt, and boil,
And when 'tis *cool* then add *Venafrian* Oil:
Some Grapes are beſt in *Pots*, all ways are try'd,
In ſmoak the *Aban* Grape is better dry'd:
This Grape with ſome ſharp Sawſe, round Plates to ſtrew,
With Salt and Pepper, I'm the firſt that knew,
And told it others, as I tell it you.
'Tis a grand fault to buy the deareſt fiſh,
And after crowd them in too ſtraight a diſh:
The Gueſts won't like to ſee one take the Cup,
Who ſtole a Pidgeon, as He brought it up,
With the ſame hand, for that will ſtain the place;
Nor yet to ſee old duſt ſtick round the Glaſs:
How little Beſoms coſt? How quickly bought?
Yet if not gotten, 'tis a grievous Fault.

Doſt

Doſt think it decent to neglect thy Houſe,
Or ſweep the marble Floor with dirty boughs?
Doſt think 'tis handſom, for the Page to ſpread
A *dirty* covering o'er a *Gawdy* Bed,
Forgetful ſtill that ſince theſe things are mean,
And ſuch as all muſt have that would be clean,
'Tis worſe to want theſe, than ſuch dainty meat
Which only *Luxury* or *Wealth* can get.

Learn'd Catius *by the Gods I ask this boon,*
Where e'er you go, Sir I muſt have it done,
Pray bring me to this copious Spring of Truth,
That I may hear it drop from his own mouth;
For though you talk, as if you underſtood
His Precepts well, and knew the rules for Food,
Yet from your Lips, I'm ſure they can't be known
As well, as if I heard them from his own,
Beſides to ſee the Figure of the Man
Would pleaſe me much, pray ſhow me if you can,
A ſweet with which, bleſt you are almoſt cloy'd,
And do not value, 'cauſe ſo oft enjoy'd;
But eager I to unknown Fountains preſs,
To draw from thence the Rules of Happineſs.

SATYR V.

The Heads of the Fifth Satyr.

A Dialogue between Tireſias *and* Ulyſſes, *where He inſtructs him, how to get an Eſtate.*

Tireſias *now indulge one favour more,*
And teach beſide what thou haſt taught before,
How to regain my Wealth, now I am poor:
Why do You ſmile? Let me not beg in vain,
Is't not enough that you have ſcap'd the Main,
And ſafely come to *Ithaca* again?
Unerring Prophet, ſee as you fore-told,
I am come home again, Grey, Wrinkled, Old,
And Poor: My Wives Gallants have ſiez'd my Gold:
My Wealth is theirs, and what is Vertue worth
Without a good Eſtate to ſet it forth?
Well, well my Friend, ſince Poverty you hate,
In ſhort learn how to get a good Eſtate.
If thou doſt light on any thing that's rare,
Send it thy old rich Neighbour, never ſpare,
If He be rich and old, without an Heir:
The firſt ripe Apples of thy choiceſt Tree
Offer to him before thy *Deity*.
The rich Man muſt be reverenc'd more than He.

What

What tho He be a Villain, basely bred,
Hath kill'd his Brother, or his Country fled:
Yet wait upon him when he please to call,
And when you meet him, cringe, and give the Wall.
What would you have me cringe to every Slave?
At Troy *I did not so my self behave:*
Contending always with the Great, the Brave:
Then thou'lt be poor. *Well Sir, my mind I'll force*
To suffer this, for I have suffer'd worse.
But prithee, tell me, for I wish to know
Which way I may be rich, and quickly too:
Then as I told, I'll tell thee o'er agen,
Still strive to please the old and wealthy Men.
Try still to get into their Wills, secure
Their Love, their Humors patiently endure;
Tho two or three discerning Eyes perceive
The Hook, and fly the Bait, yet never leave:
Others will bite when those fly Fops are gone,
Still bait thy hook, and urge thy purpose on.
If any Cause, or great or small be try'd,
I'll teach thee how to choose the better side.
Be sure to plead for him that's childless, old,
And rich, tho He is impudently bold,
And sues his better, still pervert the Laws,
And start new Quirks, oppose the juster Cause
And better Man, if He hath hopeful Boys
To be his Heirs, or teeming Wife enjoys.
Then *Sir* or *Squire* (for Title hugely takes
Grave softheads) *Me your Friend your Vertue makes,*
I know the Law, and have a ready Tongue,
And rather, Sir, than you shall suffer wrong

I'll looſe theſe Eyes; My utmoſt ſhall be us'd
That you be neither *cheated nor abus'd,*
And you may take your pleaſure, ſit at eaſe,
Ne'er fear, I'll pawn my Life for your ſucceſs.
Do you ſtill mind this Cauſe, and this alone
What ever weather 'tis, or if, the Sun
With Dog days beams cleaves e'en the marble Stone;
Or (as fat *Furius* hath it) all below
Is Ice, and *Jove* o'erſpews the *Alps* with ſnow.
Whilſt one ſtands by, and jogs his Neighbour, ſee,
How fine a Lawyer's that, That, that is He,
How uſeful to his Friends, and how He ſweats,
And Pleads! This brings more Gudgeons to thy Ners.
Beſides, if any hath a ſickly Heir
And good Eſtate, then make thy Intereſt there,
Leſt courting childleſs Perſons ſtill, thy Arts appear
Creep gently in, until your hopes you ſieze,
Be ſecond Heir, and riſe by juſt degrees,
And ſo if your young Boys diſeaſe prevails:
Thou ſhalt have all: This method ſeldom fails.
If any bids thee read his Will, deny;
Yet ſlyly with the corner of thy Eye
Run quickly o'er, the two or three firſt lines,
(There's Reaſon for't,) and ſee if He deſigns
Thee the ſole Heir, or elſe with many joins.
(For time ſhall come, as years in order flow,
When one a Scribe ſhall bob the gaping Crow:
What art thou mad, or doſt deſign to ſee,
If ſuch abſtruſe diſourſe can puzzle me?

Ulyſſes

Ulysses, what I sing shall be the state
Of Things to come, I read the leaves of Fate,
And distant Objects see in the event,
Then prethee tell me, what that Riddle meant.
When one, a Youth of Great *Æneas* Race,
The *Parthian's* terror rules the Earth and Seas;
Coranus weary of a single Life,
Takes chuff *Nasica's* stately maid to Wife;
Coranus then shall beg him to peruse
The Will He makes, *Nasica* long refuse,
At last consents, but what he reads, appears
No Legacy to Him, and His, but Tears:)
Now if his Servants manage him; commend,
And make his greatest Favourite thy Friend,
Besure be lavish in his praise, and then,
When thou art gone, He'll praise Thee o'er again.
This Method's good, but 'tis the best design
To storm the Man himself, and take him in.
If He makes Verses tho extreamly lewd,
Admire, and swear his Fustian Rhimes are good,
Or if He whores, besure his wish prevent,
Let thy *Penelope* be freely sent:
And dost thou think, that she the Wise, the Chast,
Who all the numerous Wooers Arts surpast,
Will yield to him, and be a Whore at last?
Ay, those were artless Youths, they knew not how
To treat, and rather came to eat than Wooe;
So she was chast: But when she shall perceive,
And share with Thee, the Presents He can give,
Like Dogs once blooded, she will never leave.
I'll tell Thee true, and what I chanc'd to know,
A woman dy'd at *Thebes* not long ago;

And thus by Will She did injoin her Heir,
Firſt oil my Corps, and to the Sepulchre
Upon thy naked back my Body bear.
This ſpake the Will, and this, as moſt believ'd,
That ſhe might then ſlip from him ſhe contriv'd,
For He was too obſervant whilſt ſhe liv'd.
Do you be cautious ſtill in your Addreſs;
Too often, or too ſeldom will diſpleaſe:
The grave Moroſe do hate a pratling Tongue,
That ſpeaks unask'd, yet be not dumb too long:
But, like arch *Davus* in the Play attend,
Your neck awry, as fearful to offend:
Still ſhow the greateſt Care that can be ſhown,
More careful of his Life than of your own:
When e'er the Air is ſharp beſure to mind,
And eagerly requeſt him, *pray be kind*
To your dear health, and me, nor truſt the Wind.
If throng'd, thruſt Thou, and free him from the Throng,
If talkative, endure his tedious Tongue:
If he be vain, and loves his own dear praiſe,
Beſure commend, and high Encomiums raiſe,
Still blow the Bladder, never leave him off,
Till He ſhall bleſs himſelf, and cry, enough:
Now when he dies, and frees thee from thy Care,
Thy dreaming Hopes, and melancholy Fear,
And broad awak'd, you find that you are Heir:
Then ſigh, *and is my dear Companion gone!*
Where ſhall I have ſo kind, ſo good a One!
If poſſible, your greateſt Art imploy
To ſhed ſome tears, 'tis good to mask your joy:

And

And if you are to make the Funeral,
Be ſure be noble, that will take with All:
Or if thy fellow-Heir's a ſickly Man,
Then wheedle thus, and chouſe him if you can:
I want that ready Money you can ſpare,
And if you pleaſe, Sir, you ſhall buy my ſhare;
But hold fierce *Pluto* calls me back to Hell,
And I can talk no more, good ſpeed, farewel.

SATYR VI.

The Heads of the Sixth Satyr.

(1.) *His moderate wiſhes.* (2.) *The troubles of a City Life.* (3.) *The Pleaſures of the Country.* (4.) *Little without fear, is beſt.*

1. THeſe were my Prayers, and theſe my conſtant Vows,
A pretty Seat, a Fountain near my Houſe,
A Garden, and a little Grove of Trees,
'Tis well, the Gods have given more than theſe;
Enough kind *Mercury*, no more I crave,
Only continue ſtill, what now I have,
If I am not profuſe, and waſt, or raiſe
My moderate Fortune by unlawful ways;
If I ne'er wiſh, Oh that the Gods would yield,
That Nook that ſpoils the Figure of my Field:

Or

Or, oh that I a pot of Gold had found,
As he who hir'd to Till anothers Ground,
By the assistance of a lucky God
Grew rich, and bought the very Land he plow'd,
But if I live content, preserve my store,
And be my Guard, as thou hast been before;
Defend my Cattle, and my Flocks, be kind,
And fatten all I have, except my Mind:
Then when I from the noisy Town retreat,
And free from Bus'ness take my Country Seat,
What shall I do but write, what shall I choose,
But easy Satyr, and improve my Muse.
Here no Ambition kills, no heavy Wind,
Affects my Body and corrupts my Mind.
To Fields the Gods long Life, and plenty gave,
No sickly *Autumns* here inrich the Grave.

2. Old Father *Janus* (thus the Gods decree)
We Men begin our Years and Toil with Thee.
With Thee my Verse, you hurry me to Town,
To be a Witness, and I must be gone,
Tho't Snows, and Winter whirls the freezing day
In shortest Circles, yet I must away.
And then when my ungrateful task is done,
Press thro the Crowd, and justle every One
That doth not make me room, and thro 'em down,
Whilst He that's kickt crys *Plague! and why so fast?*
Pox drear at d'ye mean, and why in so much Hast?
When you run to my Lord, you scour the Street?
Press on, and kick and justle all you meet,
And this I swear is pleasant, this is sweet!

But

But when I come a busy Crowd appears
Of loud impertinent Petitioners,
And their requests dance thick about my Ears.
One begs that you would be at Court betime
To morrow morning, and appear for him.
The Scribes requeſt, that I would get your Ear,
About a publick, new, and great Affair:
Another crys, good Horace, *get this Bill*
Sign'd by Mecænas. If I can I will.
But he ſeems diſcontent, and urges on,
Nay, if you will, I'm ſure it may be done.
'Tis eight Years ſince almoſt *Mecænas* choſe,
And made me a Retainer to his Houſe:
Yet only ſuch a One, as free from Care,
He'd ſometimes take in's Coach to take the Air,
Talk common talk, as *how d'ye like the play,*
The Fencers were well matcht, what news to day,
The Morning's cold, and we muſt have a Care,
And ſuch like common Things, as theſe appear,
That may be truſted in a leaky Ear.
Hence every day Men envy more my State,
He at the Play with great Mecænas *ſate,*
Or Bowl'd, cry all, He's Fortunes darling Son,
And thus the ſilly Chat runs o'er the Town.
Then all that meet me, come and ask the News,
My Patience and my precious Time abuſe:
Pray Sir (For you ſo much at Court muſt know,)
D'ye hear what News from warlike Dacia? No.
Come, You're a Wag. Pox take me if I do.
Pray Sir, the Lands that Cæſar *vow'd to ſhare,*
Amongſt the Souldiers to reward the War,
What muſt they be in Sicily *or here?*

When

When I profeſs my Ignorance, Moroſe
They all imagine me, and plaguy cloſe;
And thus I loſe my days, but wiſh repeat,
3. Oh! When ſhall I enjoy my Country Seat?
Oh! When remov'd from noiſe to quiet Peace,
Amidſt my learned Books, my ſleep and eaſe;
Whilſt hours do ſmoothly flow, and free from ſtrife,
Forget the Troubles of a buſy Life?
Oh Beans *Pythagoras* his neareſt kin,
You lovely Herbs, and moſt delicious Chine,
When ſhall I ſee, when feed on you agen?
Oh ſweet, Oh heavenly Feaſts, where I and mine,
Before my houſhold Gods ſecurely dine;
When I my ſelf ſhall taſt a diſh of meat,
Then give't my wanton Slaves, and bid 'em eat:
When all my Gueſts drink freely what they pleaſe,
No Glaſs is mark'd or fill'd, but more or leſs,
As mirth invites; No drunken Laws to force,
And all the time is full of good diſcourſe.
We talk of no Mans Farms, or Wealth, or Skill,
Or whether *Cæſar's* Fool danc'd well or ill.
But we diſcourſe, of what we ought to do,
And what 'tis fault and folly not to know;
As whether Wealth or Vertue brings a Man
To happineſs, or whether Leagues began
From Intereſt or Right, what cheats the Crowd,
And what is good, and what the greateſt Good.
4. My Neighbour *Gerrius*, as the Matter falls,
Mixes his merry, pat, inſtructive Tales:
And thus for Inſtance, when by chance he hears
Old *Alpius* wealth admir'd, tho full of Cares,

He tells this Story. Once upon a Time:
(As Tales begin) and in a moderate clime,
A Country Mouſe a City entertain'd,
His old Acquaintance, and his ſpecial Friend:
This Mouſe was thrifty, yet would kindly Feaſt
When time requir'd, and nobly treat his Gueſt:
In ſhort, now ſtriving every way to pleaſe,
He freely brought his hoarded Oats and Peaſe,
His nibbled Bacon and his mellow Pears,
And all the Fields produce or Country bears:
His Nuts, his Grapes well-dry'd, and try'd his beſt,
By choice variety to pleaſe his Gueſt.
Who ſate, and as affraid to hurt his mouth,
Did nibble here and there with dainty Tooth:
Whilſt he lies by in ſtraw, and Barley eats,
Or Chaff; and leaves his Gueſt the better Meats.
At laſt the City Mouſe, begins; *My Friend*
Pray how can You delight, how love to ſpend
A Life in Woods, and this unwholeſom Cave?
'Tis Melancholy, 'tis ſo like a Grave.
Now would you rather live in Town than here,
And Mens converſe, before the Woods prefer;
Come, go with me, I'll get thee better Chear.
Since all muſt die, and muſt reſign their Breath
Nor great, nor little is ſecure from Death;
Then ſpend thy days in Pleaſure, Mirth and Sport,
And live like One that Minds his Life is ſhort.
Theſe Words prevail'd upon the Country Mouſe,
So ſhe grows jocund ſtrait, and leaves the Houſe,
Longing for thoſe fine things; ſo both go on,
Eager whilſt now 'twas Night to reach the Town.

'Twas

'Twas Midnight full; when now the Mice are come
They take a Rich Mans house, a stately Room,
Where Purple Covering shone on Ivory Seats,
And in the Pantry lay whole heaps of Meats,
The sumptuous Relicks of his noble treats.
The City Mouse strait seats his Country Guest
On Cloath of State, and waits, and carves the Feast;
Course after Course, a thousand dainty Things,
And like a Servant, tasts what e'er he brings.
The Country Mouse pleas'd with his Bed of State,
And various dainties, blest his change of Fate;
Feeds heartily: When lo the Servants come,
And Dogs rush in and bark about the Room;
Both start, both leave their Beds with eager haste,
Both fly for Life, and hardly 'scape at last.
Then says the Country Mouse, *false Joys farewel,*
I do not like this Life, my quiet Cell
Is better, I can feast and wanton there,
On Chaff or Acorns, free from Noise and Fear.

SATYR VII.

The Heads of the Seventh Satyr.

(1.) *A Servant instructs his Master, about his unsettledness in humour.* (2.) *His Lust.* (3.) *The vicious Man, the greatest Slave.*

1. WEll Sir, I hear and have some News to tell,
But I'm affraid, you will not like it well
From me your Slave: *Who,* Davus, *is it you?*
Davus *the faithful Servant and the true,*
Davus *that fancies that sufficient store,* Which

Which Nature wants ſupplies, and asks no more;
Go to, and as our Ancient Laws decree,
Uſe boldly thy December's *Liberty,*
Speak fairly what thou wilt, thou may'ſt be free.
Some Men are conſtant in their Vice, and run
The ſame Courſe ſtill, and urge their purpoſe on:
Some are unſteddy, various in a Trice,
Now all for Vertue, and now all for Vice.
Fop *Priſcus* with himſelf doth diſagree,
Sometimes he wears no Rings, and ſometimes three.
He changes every hour his Cloths and Gown,
Now takes the beſt Houſe, now the worſt in Town,
And there he goes as naſty as a Clown.
Now ſtudies hard at *Athens*, now does come,
And turns a great Gallant, and whores at *Rome*,
The moſt unſteddy, fickle Man on Earth,
As if *Vertumnus* ſelf had rul'd his Birth.
Juſt oppoſite to him *Vulturius* ſtands,
For he when the Juſt Gout had lam'd his hands,
Did hire a Boy, ſo much he lov'd the Vice,
To take up for him, and to throw the Dice.
He that is conſtant in his vicious race,
Runs the ſame Courſe, and keeps an equal pace;
Is certainly not half ſo great a wretch,
As He that now rides looſe, and now on ſtretch.
Well now you Rogue, ſuppoſe this railing true,
What doth it mean? Sir it reflects on you.
How ſo you Raſcal? Sir you uſe to praiſe
The Ancients living, and commend their ways,
Yet if ſome God would give you leave to chooſe,
Or force you to the like, you would refuſe.
'Cauſe you don't think that right you now commend,

Or

Or elſe are too unſteddy to defend
What once you thought; you ſtick and ſtrive in vain
From this deep mire to free your foot again:
At *Rome*, Oh how you praiſe the country Air!
And fickle *Rome* commend, when you are here:
If uninvited, Oh what dainty fare
Your little Sallet yields, and free from Care;
Theſe troubleſome Lords at *Rome* invite me ſtill,
I go 'tis true, but 'tis againſt my Will.
And, happy, happy me, you uſe to ſay,
That I have leave to Sup at home to day;
But if my Lord *Mecænas* doth invite,
Tho you are not to go before 'tis Night;
Yet eager you by peep of day prepare,
The houſe ſtraight rings, So ho, Jack, Tom, who's there?
Who brings me Oil, you Dogs, does no one hear?
My Lord waits for me; then in haſt you run,
Whilſt thy Retainers curſe, when thou art gone:
Well then, I grant a Feaſt's a powerful Charm,
Oh the reſiſtleſs force of Meat that's warm!
It leads me captive, and my Senſe does ſieze,
I'm Glutton, Toſs-pot, and what e'er you pleaſe:
So you but freely grant your Vice at leaſt
As bad, altho in ſofter Terms 'tis dreſt;
Suppoſe I'm not ſo wiſe, as thee my Slave,
Then ceaſe to look ſo haughty and ſo brave,
And do not rage, and do not break my head,
Whilſt I diſcourſe what *Criſpin*'s Porter ſaid.

2. You love Mens Wives, and I my little Whores,
Which is the greateſt Fault now, mine or yours?
When Nature Fires, and they have quencht my flame,
I'm ſatisfi'd, nor do I loſe my Fame, Nor

Nor fear that they will jilt, and entertain
A wittier, richer, and a finer Man.
But when you ſlily ſneak abroad by night,
Your Rings and all the Habit of a Knight,
Thy *Roman* Garb thrown off; from nobly brave
You ſink into the Figure of a Slave:
A naſty Veil thrown o'er thy fragrant Head,
And ſoftly brought to the Adulterous Bed,
Are you not ſuch a One as you appear?
When introduc'd you ſhake and tremble there,
Thy raging Luſt diſputing with thy Fear:
What difference is it whether you engage
To fight for hire, and bear the Victor's rage,
Be cut and ſlaſh'd and kill'd upon the Stage?
Or by the Conſcious Chamber-Maid be preſt
Quite double, neck and heels into a Cheſt?
Hath not the injur'd Husband of the Whore
To puniſh both a right and Lawful Power?
And will not all his fierceſt rage be juſt
On thee, that didſt debauch her to thy Luſt?
Yet ſhe ne'er changes Garb, nor ſhifts her place,
Nor takes ſuch pains to get the foul embrace;
Nor injures Heaven, nor ſwears ſuch Oaths as you,
Whilſt the fond Creature doubts you'll prove untrue.
But wiſe you venture Slaves ſevereſt Fate,
And to a Man enrag'd, and mad with hate,
Commit thy Fame, thy Life, and thy Eſtate.
Haſt Thou eſcap'd? I hope the warning's fair,
And you'll prevent the like with greateſt care,
What nothing do? What doſt Thou ſtrive to run,
The ſame mad Courſe, and be once more undone?

3. Oh! Slave ſo oft! What Beaſt that breaks the Chain,
Once free, will come and take the Clog again?
You ſay you're no Adulterer, nor I
A Thief, becauſe when ſome Obſerver's nigh,
I leave your Plate, though with a longing Eye.
Remove the danger and reſtraining force,
And Nature looſe will run an evil Courſe.
Are you my Maſter? you that do appear
A worſe and greater Slave than me by far,
Whom nothing can redeem from wretched fear?
Three ſtrokes of th' Prætor's Rod can make me free,
Whilſt Tyrant Paſſion ſtill will Maſter Thee.
Beſides,
If He's a *Vicar*, as you pleaſe to phraſe,
(This Reaſon's good) that other Slaves obeys,
Or fellow Slave; Sir, I would gladly know
What 'tis that I am in reſpect of you?
For you, my Maſter, others baſely ſerve,
Like Puppets moving by anothers Nerve.
Who then is free? The Wiſe, that can controul,
And Govern all the Paſſions of the Soul:
Whom Poverty, nor Chains, no Death affright,
Who's proof againſt the Charms of vain delight.
Whom feeble Fortune ſtrives in vain to wound,
So cloſely gather'd in a Perfect Round,
And ſo exactly ſmooth'd by honeſt Arts,
That nought without can ſtick upon the even Parts.
Obſerve this *Free-man*'s Character, and ſee
If any part of it belongs to Thee:
A Thouſand Pounds begg'd by thy coſtly Whore,
And if deny'd, ſhe'll turn thee out of Door,

Throw

Throw Water in thy Face, then change her mind,
And call thee back, and vow ſhe will be kind.
Now looſe thy Neck from this Ignoble Chain,
And boldly ſay that you are free; in vain,
You can't, for Tyrant Lords thy Will controul,
They prick thee on, and ſcourge thy wav'ring Soul.
You, when you ſpend whole hours and trifle days,
Whilſt You upon a piece of Painting gaze:
Why do not you commit as great a fault,
As I that ſtare upon a meaner draught?
Admire how *Janus* and how *Fulvius* ſtand,
In Fencing Poſtures, drawn by a rude hand,
In Chalk or Char-coal Paint and think they look
As if they fought, and mov'd to ſhun the ſtroke:
But I'm call'd lazy Rogue, and beaten ſtill,
A Judge in Painting You, and Man of skill.
If I but trivial Cakes delight to Eat,
'Tis Gluttony, whilſt your Luxurious Treat
Is Vertue, for it ſhows your Mind is great.
Why, now to ſerve my Palate ſhould it be,
(For I am whipt) a greater Crime in Me,
Than You? Since thine's more coſtly Luxury,
Why then are You not ſcourg'd as well as I?
Becauſe, perhaps, thy Feaſts corrupt thy Blood,
Diſeaſes ſpring from thy Luxurious Food,
And weakned Legs refuſe the ſickly Load.
Doth that Boy ſin that ſteals a Comb by night,
To buy ſome Grapes to pleaſe his Appetite?
And is He faultleſs that when Luſt Commands,
To pleaſe his laviſh Belly, ſells his Lands?
Beſides all this, You with your ſelf can't ſtay
One Hour, nor rightly ſpend a leaſure day,

You like a Vagrant ſhun your ſelf, deſign,
Now by forgetful ſleep, and now by Wine,
To ſteal from Cares: Poor Slave! In vain you try,
Black Care purſues as faſt as you can fly.
Death! Where's my Stick? Why ſo? *Death! Where's my Sword?*
He's mad, or elſe makes Verſes: *Dog, one word,*
One tittle more! You cenſure my Deſigns?
Fly Raſcal, fly, or thou ſhalt to the Mines.

SATYR VIII.

The Argument of the Eighth Satyr.

A Deſcription of a ſordid Feaſt, with which one Fuſcus Naſidenus *Entertain'd them.*

How do you like rich Naſidenus *chear?*
For when I thought laſt night to have you here,
'Twas ſaid, that e'er ſince Noon you had been there.
Troth never merrier; *Pray Sir, grant my Wiſh,*
For I would know, what was the firſt Diſh?
"The firſt Diſh, Sir, was a *Lucanian* Boar,
"Caught whilſt the Wind was South, the Maſter ſwore,
And round the brim lay Lettuce to excite,
And Betes to raiſe the lazy Appetite;
Anchove, Pickled-Herrings, mixt with theſe
Lay Raddiſh, bitter Herbs, and *Coan* Lees.

This

This Diſh remov'd, two ready Servants come,
One clean'd the Table, t'other ſwept the Room,
And gather'd up the Relicts of the Feaſt,
The Bones, and all that might offend the Gueſt:
Juſt as at *Ceres* Feaſt th' *Athenian* Maid,
Comes black *Hydaſpes* bearing on his Head
Large Flasks of White, and *Alcon* Flasks of Red.
Then ſays mine Hoſt; *My Lord*, if more than theſe
You like another, call for what you pleaſe,
My Cellar's ſtor'd; *Poor Wealth, diſhoneſt Pride,*
But prethee tell me who was there beſide?
Sir, I ſate firſt, and, ſtay, I think 'twas ſo,
Turinus next, *Vibidius* ſate below,
Next *Balatro*; below him *Porcius* lies,
Porcius the merrieſt archeſt Wag that is,
To ſwoop whole Cuſtards, and to ſwallow Pies.
All uninvited, but as Lords are wont,
Mecænas brought them all on his account.
Next above theſe *Nomentan* takes his place,
He that could point at every hidden Sawſe;
For we, the reſt, on Fiſh and Fowl did feaſt,
Concealing different from their proper taſt.
This ſtreight appear'd, when by his luſcious rules
He carv'd for me th' untaſted guts of *Soles*.
And after to inſtruct me, gravely ſaid,
Figs pluck'd before the Moon is full, look red;
But thro this difference would you nicely pry
He'll tell you more, He's more expert than I.
Mean while *Vibidius* in a jeering tone
Crys; *Balatro, come prethee nothings done,*
Unleſs we drink him dry; a Bigger Glaſs;
At that Death-pale ſpread o'er our *Fuſcus* face,

For good ſtout drinkers He did chiefly fear,
'Cauſe ſuch, when full, with greater freedom jeer;
Or 'cauſe hot Liquors pall the ſubtle taſt,
And ſo would ſpoil the goodneſs of his feaſt:
Yet on it goes, the Bowls are freely crown'd,
And *ſupernaculum* the health goes round:
The cheifeſt Gueſts the while few bumpers toſt,
They ſpar'd the Bottles, and the bleeding Hoſt.
Now comes midſt ſwimming Shrimps a Lamprey ſpread
In a large Diſh, and thus the Maſter ſaid;
This Fiſh was caught when full of Spawn, (that Courſe
Is good) for after Spawning's done, 'tis worſe:
The Broth is made of Oil, the beſt that flow'd
From the Venafrian *Preſs; to make it good,*
Wine five years old, and Caviare I join;
In boiling, Sirs, I uſe Italian *wine,*
But when 'tis boil'd, with Pepper ſpic'd and dreſt
With Vinegar, the Chian *Pickle's beſt:*
To boil green Rockets with't was never known
Before my time, I'm ſure that Art's my own.
Salt water Crawfiſh firſt Cotillus *ſtew'd,*
And kept them whole, for they are better food
Than when ith' Shell, the Pickle makes them good.
But whilſt he talk'd and whilſt He prais'd the Fiſh,
The Hangings tumbling down fell o'er the Diſh:
Bringing black duſt, as much, as Whirlwinds raiſe
When nimble Storms ſweep o'er the duſty ways:
We ſtarted all, and thought it worſe than 'twas,
But when no harm appear'd, each kept his place:
Our Hoſt ſtreight hung his head, He wept and ſigh'd
As if his darling Son had lately dy'd;

He

He had wept on, his Grief have known no end,
But wiſe *Nomentan* thus reliev'd his Friend;
Unlucky Chance, what God is ſo unkind?
Thou lov'ſt to break the meaſures Man deſign'd;
Some bit their Napkins, yet could ſcarce forbear
To laugh aloud, whilſt with a bitter Sneer
Crys jeering *Balatro, Well, we ſtrive in vain,*
'Tis the ſad fate of Life, and none can gain,
By Labour, Fame that anſwers to their Pain.
That ever I ſhould prove ſo troubleſome
For one fine Treat, when I could dine at home?
That I ſhould vex you to provide a Feaſt,
To ſee your Broth well boil'd, your Servants dreſt,
Beſides th' unlucky chance that waits on all,
As if, as but juſt now, the Hangings fall;
The Foot-boy ſtumbling ſpoil a coſtly fiſh,
Or Plowman Servant trip and break the diſh.
But as in Captains oft ill chance reveals
The Entertainers Wit, which good conceals;
Then ſays mine Hoſt, *Ah, may'ſt Thou ſtill be bleſt,*
Thou art ſo good a Man, ſo kind a Gueſt:
And calls for's Shooes; then you may quickly hear
Divided whiſpers ſpread thro every Ear.
No Play could ever pleaſe me half ſo well,
But what you laught at after prethee tell:
Whilſt hot *Vibidius* with a waggiſh look
Cries to the Servants, *is the Bottle broke*
That I can get no Wine to this dry Feaſt?
And merry *Balatro* promotes the jeſt;
Mine Hoſt comes in, and with a ſmiling face,
(About to mend by Art his late diſgrace,)

His Servants following brought a Charger fill'd
With one poor little Crane cut up and grill'd,
Cover'd with Salt and Meal; another bring
Pluck'd off and by themſelves a Rabbeit's wings,
For thoſe, forſooth, when by themſelves are beſt,
And ſweeter far than eaten with the reſt:
Then roaſted Black-birds, Doves their rumps cut off,
All pretty ſorts of Meat, and ſweet enough;
But he with long harangues to every gueſt
Explain'd their Natures, how and why 'twas dreſt;
Whom thus we puniſh'd, each Man left his ſeat,
We fled the Banquet, and refus'd to eat;
As if the Witch *Canidia*'s poys'nous breath
Had blown upon't, and fill'd the Feaſt with Death.

The End of the Second Book of Satyrs.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

The Heads of the first Epistle.

(1.) *He shews his desire for Philosophy.* (2.) *'Tis to be preferr'd before all.* (3.) *The People prefer Gold before Vertue.* (4.) *Why He cannot agree with the Crowd.*

MY Lord *Mecænas* whom I gladly choose,
The first, and the last Subject of my Muse;
Tho I have fought enough, and well before,
And now dismist, have leave to fight no more;
You strive to bring me on the Stage again;
My Age is not alike, unlike my Brain,
Unlike my Mind, and now I write in Pain:
The Fencer *Vejan* now grown weak with Age,
Lives quietly at home, and leaves the Stage;
His Arms in great *Alcides* Temple plac'd,
Lest after all his former Glories past,
He worsted, meanly beg his Life at last:

And

And ſtill methinks ſounds thro my well purg'd Ear'
A little voice, Fond *Horace* have a Care,
And whilſt 'tis well releaſe thy aged Horſe,
Leſt when He runs but with unequal force,
And ſtretches hard to win, He breaks his Wind,
Derided, diſtanc'd, baſely lags behind.

1. And therefore all my trifling Songs adieu,
I now deſign to ſeek what's good and true,
And that alone; I leave my wanton Muſe,
And lay up Precepts, ſuch as I may uſe:
But if you ask me now what *Sect* I own,
I ſwear a blind obedience unto none:
But as the Tempeſt drives me ſo I ſteer,
This way or that, not ſetled any where:
Sometimes an Active Life my Fancy draws,
A ſtrict obſerver of true Vertue's Laws:
Then gently ſlide to *Ariſtippus* School,
And ſtrive not to be rul d by Things, but Rule:
As Night to thoſe their Miſtreſs fails appears,
As Days to Labourers, and as long the Years,
When Jealous Mothers curb, to eager Heirs:
So dull, and ſo ingrate my time doth flow,
Which hinders what I hope and wiſh to do:
What done will profit Rich and Poor, what long
Forborn, prove equal harm to Old and Young:
Well, then I muſt content my ſelf with this,
Yours cannot be as good as *Lynceus* Eyes,
What then, when Sore muſt I fit Cures deſpiſe?
You cannot Hope to have your Limbs as great
As *Glyco*'s, nor ſo ſtrong and firmly ſet,

Yet

Yet to prevent the Gout haſt Thou no care?
What, if of farther progreſs you deſpair,
'Tis ſomewhat ſurely to have gone thus far:
Doth creeping Avarice thy mind engage?
Or doth it boil with fiery Luſt, and rage?
Why, there are Rules and Precepts that can Eaſe
Thy Pain, and Cure great part of thy Diſeaſe:
Or art Thou Vain? Books yield a certain Spell,
To ſtop thy Tumor; You ſhall ceaſe to ſwell,
When you have read them thrice, and ſtudied well,
The Raſh, the Lazy, Lover, none's ſo wild,
But may be tame, and may be wiſely mild,
If they conſult true Vertue's Rules with care,
And lend to good advice a patient ear.

2. 'Tis Vertue, Sir, to be but free from Vice,
And the firſt ſtep tow'rds being truly Wiſe
Is to want folly; You uſe all your skill,
To ſhun what you ſuppoſe the greateſt ill,
A ſmall Eſtate, or whilſt you ſeek to gain
An Office, a Repulſe; You ſpare no pain,
You try your utmoſt Wit, and rack your Brain:
You Sail to *India*, You forſake your eaſe,
Thro raging Storms, thro Rocks and boiſterous Seas,
Thro Heat and Cold, and gather every Wind,
To get more Wealth, and leave pale Want behind;
And yet thou wilt not take the pains to hear
A wiſer Man adviſe Thee how to ſteer:
Who kindly bids Thee check thy wild deſire,
And leave what Thou doſt fooliſhly admire:
What Wreſtler that ſhall ſtrive in every Town,
At every Wake, will ſcorn th' *Olympian* Crown?

Who

Who doth not cheap and eaſie wreaths diſdain?
And who would have a Crown without the Pain?
3. The ſaying's true, and hath been often told,
Silver's more baſe than Gold, than Vertue Gold:
O *Romans*, *Romans*, Gold muſt firſt be ſought,
Then Vertue, that's worth but a ſecond thought:
This is the Tune of every Trading Fool,
Old Men, and every Boy repeats this Rule,
That with his Books and Satchel goes to School.
If you have not Ten Thouſand Pound in ſtore,
But want a Thouſand or a little more,
Tho you have Vertue, Conſtancy, and Skill
In Arts, thou ſhalt be thought a *Common* ſtill:
And yet our Boys another Tale will tell,
And ſay, You ſhall be *King* if you do well;
Be this thy Guard, and this thy ſtrong defence,
A vertuous Heart, and unſtain'd Innocence;
Not to be conſcious of a ſhameful ſin:
Nor yet look pale for Scarlet Crimes within.
Now prethee tell me which you think is beſt,
Or *Otho*'s Law, or this by Boys expreſt,
This Song which makes the Vertuous Man a King,
And which the Noble Ancients us'd to ſing?
Which beſt adviſeth, He that bids thee hate
Thy Common rank, and get a vaſt Eſtate,
Juſtly, if canſt; if not, at any rate;
Only that at a Play or Puppet Show,
You may ſit nearer by a Seat or two?
Or He that bids Thee Steer a Vertuous Courſe,
And nobly Scorn, proud feeble Fortune's force?
4. Should the Crowd ask, why ſince I live in Town,
Walk the ſame Streets with them, I do not own

The

The ſame Opinion? Why I don't approve,
And hate the Things that they do hate and love?
My Anſwer muſt be what ſly *Reynard* ſaid
To the old ſickly *Lion*, *I'm afraid*,
Great King of Beaſts; for all the treads I ſee
Are to thy Den, none back, that frightens me:
Thou art a Many-headed Monſter, *Rome*,
I know not what to imitate, or whom:
Some love to farm Revenues, others Bait
With Gifts to catch a Widows great Eſtate:
Whilſt others ſpread their Nets for wealthy Fools,
And catch them, and ſecure the doating Shoals:
Some by baſe Uſury their Wealth increaſe:
But grant that various Humors various pleaſe:
Yet are They conſtant ſtill, do they approve
For one hours time together what They love?
For inſtance, If the wealthy Wanton ſays,
This little Baiæ *is the pleaſant'ſt place*;
His haſty wiſhes no delays afford,
And the Sea quickly ſees her loving Lord:
There if is fancy leads another way,
As if a Sign from Heaven, He muſt obey;
Come Work-men gather up your Tools, and drive
To morrow to Theanum, *there I'll live*:
Doth He deſign to day to take a Wife?
No life, He cries, is like a ſingle life:
If not, He Swears the marry'd only bleſt;
What Chain can hold this varying *Proteus* faſt?
What doth the Poor Man? Laugh, he ſhifts his home,
His Baths, His Barbers, and his eating Room,

Or

Or hires a paltry sculler for a Groat,
And spews like Nobles in their Pleasure-Boat.
Suppose some blundering Barber notch my hair,
And then I meet you, streight you smile and stare;
Or if my Gown is botch'd, my Vest unfit,
My Cloths ill made, You laugh at such a sight:
What when my Mind is with it self at strife,
And disagrees in all the Course of Life;
When what it hated now, it now desires,
What now it threw away, it now admires,
Unsettled as the Sea, or flitting Air,
It rases, builds, and changes round to square;
You count me mad in Fashion, you forbear
To laugh, nor think I need a *Doctor*'s care;
Or Guardian from the *Prætor*, tho my Friend,
On whom my Fortunes, and my Life depend,
My chief Support, in short my only Guard,
And who art vext to see my Nails ill par'd.
In short, the Wise Man's less than *Jove* alone,
For all is His, and He himself's his own;
Rich, King of Kings, and of a Noble Stem.
But chiefly well, unless when vex'd with Flegm.

EPISTLE II.

The Heads of the Second Epiſtle.

(1.) *He commends* Homer *to his Friend* Lollius.
(2.) *Delivers ſeveral Precepts for a good Life.*

1. WHilſt you to plead at *Rome*, my Friend remain,
I here have read my *Homer* o'er again:
Who hath what's baſe, what decent, juſt and good,
Clearer than *Crantor* or *Cryſippus* ſhow'd:
My reaſons for't, if you have leiſure, hear;
That Part that tells us how in tedious War,
For *Paris* Luſt, *Greece* ſtrove with *Phrygia*, ſings
The Paſſions of the Crowd, and fooliſh Kings:
Antenor thinks it beſt to end the Wars,
And give back *Helen*; wanton *Paris* Swears,
He can't be happy if He lives alone,
His Kingdom can't content when ſhe is gone:
Atrides and *Achilles* chide, and hate,
And *Neſtor* ſtrives to cool the hot debate:
One robb'd of what He eagerly deſir'd,
Was rais'd by Love; but both by fury fir'd:
He counſels both, and ſtrives to make them Friends,
The People ſuffer when the Prince offends:
By Luſt and Rage were thouſand miſchiefs done,
By Pride and Treachery, in Camp and Town:

And

And then what Courage, and what Wit can do,
He uſefully doth in *Ulyſſes* ſhow;
Who, *Troy* o'erthrown, to many Countrys went,
And ſtrictly view'd their Towns and Government.
And whilſt thro' raging Seas He ventur'd home,
Met Thouſand dangers, and did overcome:
Still careful of his Men He did advance,
And ſafely ſtem'd the Waves of dang'rous Chance:
The *Sirens* Songs, and *Circe*'s Bowl you know,
Which like his Mates had He but taſted too,
Baſe and unthinking He had ſerv'd the Whore,
In ſhape of naſty Dog, or miry Bore:
We are the Number, born to drink and eat,
The Wooers of *Penelope*, the ſpruce, the neat,
The lazy Raſcals; and whoſe whole deſign,
Was to get vicious pleaſure, and be fine:
Who thought it vertuous to ſleep half the Day,
And lull their Cares with Dances, Songs, and Play.

2. Rogues riſe before 'tis light to kill and thieve,
Wilt Thou not wake to ſave thy ſelf alive?
If now, when well, you will not leave your Eaſe,
In vain you'll try when preſt with a Diſeaſe:
And when you cannot ſleep, except you read,
And in good things employ your watchful head,
Pale Treacherous Sins will ſwift approaches make,
And Luſt or Envy vex Thee whilſt awake:
For why, when any thing offends thy Eyes,
Doſt thou ſtreight ſeek for eaſe, and ſtreight adviſe;
Yet if it ſhall oppreſs thy Mind, endure
The ills with Patience, and defer the Cure?
He that hath once begun a good deſign,
Hath finiſh'd half; dare to be wiſe, begin:

He

He that deferrs to live is like the Clown,
Who waits, expecting till the River's gone:
But that ſtill rowls its Streams, and will rowl on.
We ſeek for Wealth, a good and fruitful Wife,
The pleaſures, comforts, and ſupports of Life:
Our Woods are tam'd, and plow'd encreaſe our ſtore;
He that hath got enough deſires no more:
Did ever Lands, or heaps of Silver eaſe
The fev'riſh Lord? Or cool the hot Diſeaſe?
Or free his mind from Cares, He muſt have health;
He muſt be well, that would enjoy his wealth.
He that deſires or fears, diſeas'd in mind,
Wealth profits him as Pictures do the blind;
Plaſters the Gouty Feet; and charming Airs
And ſweeteſt ſounds the ſtuft and troubled Ears:
The muſty Veſſels ſour what they contain;
Scorn Pleaſure, Pleaſure hurts that's bought with pain.
The Greedy want, to Wiſhes fix an End;
The Envious pine at th' fatneſs of their Friend.
The fierceſt Tyrants never yet could find
A greater rack than Envy to the mind:
The Man that doth too haſtily engage,
That is all fire, and cannot curb his rage,
Baffles his own deſign, whilſt weaker grown
With malice unreveng'd He ſtrikes too ſoon:
Anger's a ſhort frenzy, curb thy Soul,
And check thy rage, which muſt be rul'd or rule:
Uſe all thy Art, withall thy force reſtrain,
And take the ſtrongeſt Bitt, and firmeſt Rein;

The Jocky trains the young and tender Horſe,
Whilſt yet ſoft mouth'd He breeds him to the Courſe:
The whelp ſince when i'th' Hall He learn'd to bark
At Bucks-skins ſtuff'd, now ranges o'er the Park:
Now, now, whilſt young, with vertuous Rules begin;
Suck Holy Precepts now, and free from ſin.
What ſeaſon'd firſt the Veſſel keeps the Taſt;
Now if you lag behind, or run too faſt,
I ſtay not for the ſlow, I mind my Race,
Nor preſs on thoſe that run a ſwifter pace.

EPISTLE III.

To his Friend *Julius Florus.*

A familiar Epiſtle enquiring about ſeveral matters.

MY *Julius Florus*, I would gladly hear,
Where *Claudius Cæſar*'s kinſman kindles war;
Doth *Thrace* or *Hebrus* bound in Chains of Snow,
Or doth the *Helleſpont*, I wiſh to know,
Or *Aſia*'s fruitful Fields detain you now?
What do the Wits deſign? Who nobly dares,
(This I would know) to write great *Cæſar*'s Wars?
And who inſpir'd with an unuſual rage,
Shall ſpread his Fights and Leagues thro Future Age?
And what doth *Tirius*, He of growing Fame,
Who doth not fear to drink of *Pindar*'s Stream?

Who

Who ſcorns known Springs and Lakes, that glorious He,
And is He well, and doth He think of Me?
Doth He, the Muſe propitious, nobly ſing,
And fit to *Roman* Harps the *Theban* ſtring?
Or is He writing Plays, and treads the Stage,
In murd'ring Verſe, and ſwells with Tragick rage?
And how doth *Celſus* do?
Whom I ſtill warn, as I have often done,
To get ſome Stock, ſome riches of his own:
And not from others labours kept for fame
In wiſe *Apollo*'s Temple, ſteal a name:
Leſt all the Birds ſhould come, and claim their own,
And th' Cough be hiſt when her ſtoln Plumes are gone.
What do you do? What will your Mind produce?
From what ſweet Beds of Thyme ſuck precious juice?
For you have Wit enough, your ſence is great,
Your Words well choſen, your expreſſion neat,
Whether with poynant Tongue you plead a Cauſe,
Defend the Innocent, and teach the Laws:
Or chooſe ſoft Numbers and ſmooth Poetry,
The chiefeſt Crown ſtill juſtly waits on Thee.
If You could leave thoſe Cares that num thy Mind,
Shake off thy fears, and leave the Clog behind,
Then you would live as Wiſdom's rules adviſe:
This is the Work, the noble Study this,
This rich and poor, ſhould make their greateſt care,
If we would live ſecure, and free from fear,
To honeſt Men, and to our Country dear.

Pray write me whether, for I wiſh to know,
You love *Numenius*, as you ought to do.
Or if the former difference clos'd in vain,
Was never fully cur'd, but breaks again.
But you in whatſoever part you live,
Whether 'tis heat or raſhneſs makes you ſtrive,
Both brave and hot, and, Oh! Too dear, to prove
How frail are all the bands of Brothers love:
Where e'er you now reſide, return to *Rome*,
I feed a Steer to offer when you come.

EPISTLE IV.

A Familiar Complement to his Friend Albus Tibullus.

ALbus, the faireſt Critick that I know,
What ſhall I ſay that you are doing now?
In *Pedan* fields do you deſign to write,
More great than *Caſſius*, and with higher flight?
Or doſt thou gravely walk the healthy Wood,
Conſidering what befits the Wiſe and Good?
For You are not all Body, void of Mind,
The Gods have given a Soul of Noble kind;
And Wealth, and Skill enough to uſe thy Store:
What could a Nurſe for her dear Child wiſh more?
Than that He might be Sober whilſt He lives,
And able to expreſs what He conceives.

Enjoy

Enjoy the Love of all, and Fame and Health,
And cleanly Diet, with ſufficient Wealth?
Whilſt mid'ſt ſtrong hopes and fears thy time doth waſt,
Think every riſing Sun will be thy laſt;
And ſo the grateful unexpected Hour
Of Life prolong'd, when come, will pleaſe the more:
Then come and ſee me, now grown plump and fine,
When you would laugh at one of *Epicurus* Swine.

EPISTLE V.

To his Friend *Torquatus*.

He invites his Friend to a ſmall Collation.

IF you can ſit upon a paultry Seat,
My Friend *Torquatus*, and endure to Eat
A homely Diſh, a Sallad all the Treat:
I make a feaſt, my chiefeſt Friends invite
And beg that you would Sup with me to Night.
My Liquor flow'd from the *Minturnian* Vine,
In *Taurus Conſulſhip*, 'tis Common Wine;
If you have better, let the Flasks be ſent;
Or let what I the Lord, provide content:
My Servants ſweep and furniſh every Room,
My Diſhes all are cleans'd againſt you come:

Forbear thy wanton hopes, and Toil for gain,
And *Moschus* Cause; 'tis all but idle Pain:
To morrow *Cæsar*'s Birth-day comes, to give
Releaſe to Cares, and a ſmall time to live.
Then we may ſleep till Noon, and gay delight,
And merry talk prolong the Summer's Night.
What is my Wealth, if I muſt always ſpare?
He that lives Poor, to leave a Wealthy Heir,
Is near a-kin to mad. I'll drink and play,
Enjoy my ſelf, and fling my Gold away.
I'll frolick (let the ſparing be thought wiſe)
Content to be eſteem'd a fool for this:
What cannot drunkenneſs effect, 'tis free
Of Secrets, and turns hope to certainty;
It puſhes on the unarm'd Man to Wars,
It frees the troubled mind from weighty Cares:
It teaches Arts, it teaches how to think,
And what Man is not Eloquent in's Drink?
And who tho cramp'd in narrow want's not free?
Now I'll provide (pray leave that task to me)
I'm willing, and I'm fit for ſuch a Care)
Your Seats ſhall be as clean as any are;
Your Napkins good, no ſpot ſhall foul the Cloth,
Whoſe ſight might make you ſnuff your Noſe, and loath.
The Cups well ſcour'd the modeſt Table grace,
The diſhes ſhine, that you may ſee your face.
None ſhall be there that ſhall have treacherous Ears,
And carry o'er our Threſhold what he hears:
And that thy Boon Companions may be fit,
Septimius too, and *Brutus* I'll invite:

And

And if no dearer Miſs, or better Feaſt,
Holds *Sabin*, He ſhall make another Gueſt:
I've Room enough, and each may bring his Friends,
But ſweat at Tables too much throng'd offends:
Pray ſend me word what time you will be here,
How many Friends you'll bring; forget thy Care,
And whilſt thy Clients throng about thy Hall,
Creep forth thro the Back-door, and bob 'em All.

EPISTLE VI.

To his Friend Numicus, *where he ſhows the method to gain true happineſs.*

NOt to admire, as moſt are wont to do,
It is the only method that I know,
To make Men happy, and to keep 'em ſo.
Some view this glittering Sun, and glorious Stars,
And all the various Seaſons free from fears;
Well then, thoſe Gifts of Earth the Gums and Gold,
Which ſweet *Arabia*, and the *Indies* hold,
Applauſe and Office, that miſtaken good,
That great Preferment of the *Roman* Crowd;
When theſe are view'd with all their gawdy ſhow,
How calm ſhould be our Thoughts, how ſmooth our Brow!
Now thoſe that fear their Oppoſites, admire
Theſe Toys, as much as He that doth deſire;

For both ſides fear leſt Things their Hopes deceive,
And both at ſudden diſappointments grieve.
Whether one joy or grieve, or hate or love,
Or ſtrive to ſhun, or eagerly approve,
'Tis all alike if the Event appears,
Or worſe or better than He hopes or fears,
He ſtands amaz'd with fix'd and ſtaring Eyes,
His Limbs and Soul grow ſtiff at the ſurpriſe:
The juſt will be unjuſt, wiſe void of Wit,
That ſeek e'en Vertue more than what is fit:
Now go, let Gold and Statues charm thine Eyes,
Go, and admire thy Gems and *Tyrian* Dyes:
Rejoice that when you ſpeak Men gape and wait;
Go to the Court betimes, and come home late;
Leſt *Mutius* reap a greater Crop of Corn,
For 'tis unfit, ſince not ſo nobly born.
Rather let him be wonder'd at by you,
Than you by him, 'tis better of the Two:
Whatever's under Ground Age brings to light,
And that will bury too, and hide the bright?
When *Appius* way, and *Grippa's* Porch ſhall know,
And ſee thee famous, thou muſt walk below,
As *Numa*, and as *Ancus* long ago.
If vexing pains thy Sides, or Kidneys ſieze,
Then ſeek ſome preſent Cure for thy Diſeaſe.
Would'ſt thou live well? Who not? Then quickly ſtrive,
And now ſince Vertue only this can give,
Then leave thy falſe delights, and that purſue:
But if you think their wild Opinion true,
(As heedleſs Minds the vaineſt things approve)
That Words make Vertue juſt as Trees a Grove,

Then

Then follow Wealth, make that thy chiefeſt Care,
See none foreſtal, and none ingroſs the Fair,
Or bate the prizes of thy precious Ware.
Then get one Thouſand Talents, then one more,
And then Another, and then ſquare the Store;
For by this Empreſs Wealth is all beſtow'd,
A rich and honeſt Wife, and every Good,
As Beauty, Friends, and nobleneſs of Blood:
The Rich and Moneyed Man hath every grace,
Perſwaſion in his Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face.
The *Cappadocian* King is poor in Coin,
Tho rich in Slaves, let not his way be Thine:
Lucullus once deſir'd to lend the Stage
A Thouſand Suits, ſays, *How can I engage,*
So many Suits? And yet I'll quickly ſend,
I'll ſearch my ſtore, and ſee what I can lend:
And ſtreight writes Word, *I have five thouſand good,*
And they might take as many as They wou'd.
That's an unfurniſh'd Houſe, that Maſter poor,
Which hath Things neceſſary, and no more,
And whoſe Superfluous plenty not deceives,
And ſcapes the Maſter's Eye, and profits Thieves.
If Wealth can make Thee bleſt, and keep Thee ſo,
Mind it the firſt, and the laſt Thing you do.
If Offices, and all their gawdy Pride,
Then buy a witty Slave to guard thy ſide;
To tell Thee great Mens Names, and Nobles ſhow,
And warn Thee to bow Popularly low;
Sir, that's a Lord, and this, Sir's ſuch a One,
He bears the greateſt ſway in all the Town;
Unleſs you cringe and get his Voice, deſpair,
His Vote diſpoſes of the Conſul's *Chair:*

Sir,

Sir, as their Tears require some Fathers call,
Some Sons, and pleasantly adopt them all;
If He lives well that eats well, come 'tis light,
Let's go, led by our ruling Appetite.
Let's Fish and Hunt as *Gargil* us'd to do,
Who every morning bad his Servants go,
With Poles, and Nets, and Spears, and march along
The well fill'd Market place, and busie throng,
That One of many Mules might carry home,
A Boar, that he had bought, thro gazing *Rome*.
Let's Bath e'en whilst the undigested load,
Lies crude, forgetting what is just and good:
Fit to be wax'd, *Ulysses* Mates outright,
Who lov'd their Country less than base delight.
If nothing, as *Mimernus* strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without wanton Love;
Then live in wanton Love, thy Sport pursue,
Let that employ thy precious Time; Adieu.
If you know better Rules than these, be free,
Impart them, but if not, use these with Me.

EPIST. VII.

EPISTLE VII.

(1.) *He excuſeth himſelf for not waiting on* Mecænas. (2.) *Commends his generoſity.* (3.) *His moderate deſires.*

1. IN five days time I promis'd You, *My Lord*,
To be in Town———
And yet all *Auguſt* paſt have broke my word;
But, Sir, if you deſign that I ſhould live,
Whilſt now I fear I ſhall be ſickly, give
That pardon to me which you would allow,
Suppoſe, *My Lord*, I were already ſo:
Whilſt *Autumn* burns, and Dog-ſtars beams do rage,
Whilſt all Diſeaſes that attend on Age
Are waiting now upon the Aged year,
Whilſt frequent Mourners in ſad Pomp appear,
And careful Parents for their Children fear.
When each Officious Viſit ſurely kills,
Brings dangerous Fevers, and unſeals our Wills;
If Winter's ſharp, and ſpreads the fields with Snows
Down to the warm Sea ſide thy Poet goes,
There ſtudies little, and takes ſoft repoſe.
And then when ſpring returns, and Swallows come,
I'll ſee you, if you pleaſe, *My Lord*, at *Rome*.

2. Your kindneſs makes me rich, unlike to theirs
Who thus invite their Gueſts to Eat their Pears.
Come, pray, Sir, eat: *Sir I'm content with theſe*;
Then pray, Sir, take as many as you pleaſe:

Your

Your little Boys will eat them, tho but ſmall,
Thanks, Sir, as much as if I took them All:
Then pray, Sir, take them, yet as you think fit,
But all the Pears you leave my Hogs muſt eat:
Fools only give what they do ſcorn and hate:
This Seed ſtill hath, and ſtill will bear ingrate:
But when the Wiſe Men and the good beſtow,
Tho They true worth, from bare pretences know,
They tell you, you deſerv'd it long ago.
If you would have me ſtill attend your train,
Reſtore my Vigour and my Youth again:
My curl'd black Locks ſpread o'er my narrow face,
Reſtore my merry talk, and ſmiling grace;
And make me fit again for Loves deſign,
And t'mourn coy *Cynera* o'er a glaſs of Wine.
A hungry Fox when pincht for want of Meat
Crept thro a little hole to heaps of Wheat,
And there well fill'd he would return again
Thro the ſame chink; He ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain.
3. When lo the Weeſel cry'd, *abſurd deſign,*
Fox, you were thin and lean when you got in,
And if you would get out be quite as thin.
Is this apply'd to me? I now reſtore
The Gifts that came from You, and ask no more.
The common People's ſleep I do not praiſe,
Cauſe full my ſelf and ſure of happy Days.
Nor would I ſell my freedom and my Eaſe,
For rich *Arabia*, or the richer Seas.
My Lord *Mecænas*, you do oft admire
And praiſe the Modeſty of my deſire,
Your King and Father I do oft confeſs,
When preſent, and when abſent ſpeak no leſs:

Now

Now try if I can quietly reſign
What e'er I have, be poor, and not repine:
Telemachus ſaid well, a barren place
I rule, unfit for Horſe, it yields no graſs;
Nor is it ſpread into a ſpacious Plain.
Atrides take your preſents back again:
Mean Things do ſuit mean Men. Unmov'd I ſee
Rome's Pomp and State, they are no Charms to Me.
But unfrequented *Tibur*'s quiet eaſe,
The ſhady Plains, and ſoft *Tarentum* pleaſe.
Philip the famous Lawyer coming home,
(And as He walk'd the tedious ſtreets of *Rome*;
Now old, complaining from his Houſe to Court
Did ſeem a tedious way, tho once but ſhort)
He ſaw a ſpruce neat fellow of the Town
Paring his Nails hard by, and all alone.
Demetrius (he then waited on his Lord)
Go quickly, run, enquire and bring me word.
Who that Man is, what Trade, and what Eſtate,
Who is his Patron, go, and tell me ſtraight.
He runs, comes back, and ſays; the Man by Name,
Vulteius Menas, ſpotleſs in his Fame,
By Trade a Cryer, his Eſtate but ſmall,
Enough for Nature's Wants, and that's his All.
Now takes his Eaſe, and now his Game purſues,
Knows how to get him Wealth, and how to uſe
His Friends, his Equals, and his Houſe his own;
And when his Buſineſs and his Cares are done,
He freely takes the pleaſures of the Town.
Well, I muſt talk with him, Go, ſtreight invite,
Go tell him He muſt Sup with me to Night.

He went, but *Mena* ſcarce believes the Boy,
Silently wondering betwixt fear and Joy:
At laſt pleads buſineſs: *What am I deny'd?*
Yes he denies you out of Fear, or Pride:
Next Morning early *Philip* chanc'd to meet
Ulteius ſelling Toys about the Street.
He comes up to him there, and kindly ſaid,
Good-morrow, firſt. *Mena* excus'd his Trade,
The Clog that hindred that he did not wait
This Morning early at his Worſhip's Gate;
And laſtly that He had not ſeen him firſt.
Says *Philip*, If you'll Sup with me to night,
I will forgive you: *Sir, what you think fit*:
I'll wait on you; Then come at Three, he ſaid;
Beſure you come, now go, and mind your Trade.
He came and Sup'd, and talk'd, and well content,
He thank'd his Worſhip, and away he went.
When after this he was obſerv'd to wait,
And often come to taſt the Treacherous Bait.
Each Morn a Client, and a Gueſt at Noon;
One Feaſt, when no Court buſineſs could be done;
His Patron ask'd him to ride out a Town.
He yields, and mounted on a ſtately Horſe,
He entertains him with a long diſcourſe;
The *Sabine* healthy Air, and fruitful Field
He praiſeth; *Philip* ſaw his drift and ſmil'd,
And ſo to end the talk, and make more ſport,
He gives him, (and to cut the Story ſhort)
Lends him two hundred pounds; and then perſwades
To buy a Farm, and leave his former Trades;
He takes the Counſel, buys, and leaves the Town,
Puts off the modiſh *Spark*, and turns a *Clown*:

Talks nothing but of Furrows and of Vines,
Improvement of his Land, and such designs:
He minds his Trees, and takes a World of Pain,
Grows Grey upon his Cares, and thoughts of Gain;
But when his Sheep were lost he knew not how,
His Goats Diseas'd, his Corn refus'd to grow,
And labouring Oxen dy'd beneath the Plough:
Vex'd at the various loss, away He goes,
At midnight in a rage to *Philip*'s House;
When *Philip* saw him hastily appear,
Deform'd and rough his Face, untrim'd his Hair,
Mena, *says he, You spend Your self with Care.*
Good Patron, He cry'd out in wild affright,
Pray call me *Wretch*, if you would call me right;
By Thee, by all that's good, and all that's dear,
By all you Love, *My Lord*, and all you fear,
I beg your pity; ease my vexing Pain,
And turn me to my former Life again:
He that hath once perceiv'd the treacherous Bait,
And how his first excels his present State,
Let him return unto his former Care,
And follow what He left; 'tis just and fair,
By our own foot to measure what we are.

EPIST. VIII.

EPISTLE. VIII.

To his Friend *Celsus*.

He complains of the sickness of his Mind, and gives his Friend advice.

GO prithee, Muse, my loving thoughts express,
And wish my *Celsus* Health and good success:
And if by chance He asks Thee how I do,
Tell him I make a noise, a gawdy show;
I promise mighty Things, I nobly strive;
Yet say what ill, unpleasant Life I live:
Not 'cause the Hail doth break my Vines, or beat
My Corn, nor cause my Olives shrink with heat;
Or Herds grow sickly in my Foreign Plain;
No, but because my Soul is vex'd with Pain,
(The Body sound) it is a sharp Disease,
And yet I can't endure to hear of ease:
I storm at my Physician, hate my Friend,
Because they strive to wake my drowsie Mind:
What's good I hate, and what will hurt approve,
Unsettled still, and as wild fancies rove,
At *Tibur*, *Rome*, at *Rome* I *Tibur* love.
Then ask him how He doth with his Command,
And how he pleaseth *Claudius* and his Band;
If He says well, then first be sure rejoice,
And after with a small instructive voice
Infuse this Precept at his list'ning Ear,
We will bear You, as You Your Fortune bear.

EPIST. IX.

EPISTLE XI.

He Commends his Friend Septimius *to* Claudius Nero.

I Think my Friend, my Dear *Septimius* knew,
How great an Intereſt, Sir, I have in You;
For He ſtill asks and begs me as a Friend,
He importunes me that I would Commend,
And bring him to your Service; He is fit
For *Nero*'s Train and Love, who does admit
None but good Men, and Men of Sence and Wit.
He thinks me Intimate, my Intereſt good,
And more than I my ſelf e'er underſtood:
I long deny'd, a thouſand tricks I us'd,
And urg'd a thouſand things to be excus'd;
But fearing I ſhould ſeem too ſhy, to own
My Power with you, kind to my ſelf alone,
And ſcandals of a worſer fault prevent,
I'm turn'd, *My Lord*, a modeſt Impudent,
I boldly ask; now if you can Commend
My boldneſs in the Service of my Friend,
Accept *Septimius*, let him fill your Train,
I promiſe him a ſtout and honeſt Man.

EPISTLE IX.

To his Friend *Fuscus Aristius.*

(1.) *Prefers the Country before the City.* (2.) *The Covetous must be Slaves.*

ALL Health I lover of the Country send
To *Fuscus* the gay Cities greatest Friend;
Brothers in all things else, what one approves,
Or flies, the other likewise hates or loves;
We nod together like old acquainted Doves.
And now we disagree in this alone,
Our humors differ here; you love the Town,
And I the pleasant Plains, and purling Flood,
The Groves, and mossy Banks, and shady Wood.
In short, I Live, I Reign, since I'm retir'd,
From that which you as much as Heaven admir'd.
"Like one at last from the Priests service fled,
"Loathing the honey'd Cakes, I long for Bread:
Do You a Life to Natures Rules design,
And seek some fit Foundation to begin,
Some *Basis* where this happy Frame to raise?
The quiet Country is the fittest place.
Where is the Winter's Cold more mild than here?
And when the Sun ascends, and burns the year,
Where does a more delightful Wind assuage
The Dog-star's fury, or the Lions rage?

Or

Or where do envious Cares break fewer dreams?
Do Flowers ſhine leſs, or ſmell leſs ſweet than Gems?
Are Streams more pure that Leaden Pipes convey,
Than thoſe fair Springs that with their wanton play,
And gentle murmurs eat their eaſie Way?
E'en midſt our Palaces we plant a Grove,
And Gardens dreſs; our Care ſhows what we love:
That Houſe is moſt eſteem'd, He wiſely builds
That hath a Proſpect to the open fields.
Strive to expel ſtrong Nature, 'tis in vain,
With doubled force ſhe will return again,
And conquering riſe above the proud diſdain.
Not thoſe that drive a Trade in *Tyrian* dyes,
Yet know not Counterfeits, nor how to prize;
More vexing and more certain Cheats purſue,
Than Thoſe that can't diſtinguiſh falſe from true.
Thoſe whom the ſmiles of Fates too much delight,
Their ſudden Frowns more ſhake and more affright.
What you admire, You will be loath to loſe;
Greatneſs and Fortune's gilded ſnares refuſe:
" *An humble Roof, plain Bed, and humble Board,*
" More clear and more untainted ſweets afford,
" Than all the Tumult of vain greatneſs brings
" To Kings, or the ſwoln Favourites of Kings.

2. Both fed together, till with injur'ous force,
The ſtouter Deer expell'd the weaker Horſe:
He beaten, flies to Man to right his Cauſe,
Begs help, and takes the Bridle in his Jaws.
Yet tho He Conquer'd, tho He rul'd the Plain,
He bore the Rider ſtill, and felt the Rein.

Thus the mean Wretch, that fearing to be poor,
Doth ſell his Liberty for meaner Ore:
Muſt bear a Lord, He muſt be ſtill a Slave,
That cannot uſe the little Nature gave.
Him whom his Wealth doth not exactly fit,
Whoſe ſtores too cloſely, or too looſely ſit;
Like Shooes ill made and faulty, if too great
They overturn, and pinch him if too ſtrait.
Content *Ariſtius* with thy preſent ſtore,
Thou wilt live wiſely and not wiſh for more;
And let me prithee feel thy ſharp reproof,
If I ſhall ſtrive for more than juſt enough.
Money muſt rule, or muſt obey the Mind,
More fit for Service than for Rule deſign'd:
Behind *Vacuna*'s Fane theſe lines I drew;
Well pleas'd with every thing, but wanting you.

EPISTLE XI.

To his Friend Bullatus, *who had been Travelling; That happineſs may be had any where.*

Bullatus, how did pretty *Samos* ſhow,
Chios and ſtately *Sardis*, let me know,
It they are ſuch as Fame reports, or no?
Or can you find More pretty things at home?
Are all theſe places mean compar'd to *Rome*?
Or elſe doth ſome *Attalian* City pleaſe,
Or *Lebedus*, where tir'd with boiſt'rous Seas,
And tedious Roads, You firſt ſat down to eaſe?

Now

Now Desert *Lebedus* contains but few,
And less than *Gabii* or *Fidenæ* knew.
Yet there my days I with Content could spend,
Forget, and be forgot by every Friend.
There safe at shore see Winds and Storms engage,
And smile from Land at distant *Neptune*'s rage:
But he that comes to *Rome* thro Rain and Mire,
Would not live always by a Kitchin Fire.
And he that's cold commends not Baths and Heat,
As if they made a happy life compleat.
Nor 'cause Storms toss should'st thou straight seek thy ease,
And sell thy Ship beyond *Ægæan* Seas.
Fair *Mytelene* will prove as great a good
To Men of sober Minds, as *Tibur*'s Flood
To Swimmers when cold Winds severely blow;
As Freeze in Summer, Silks in Frost and Snow.
Whilst Fortune smiles, and gives Thee happy days,
Chias at *Rome*, and absent *Samos* praise.
Take thankfully those hours the Gods shall give;
Use whilst you may, and be not slow to live.
For if 'tis Reason, and not change of Air,
That brings soft Rest, and frees our Souls from Care,
Those that beyond Sea go shall sadly find,
They change their Climate only, not their Mind.
A busie idleness destroys our ease,
We ride and Sail to seek for happiness.
Yet what we seek with every Tide and Wind,
We can e'en here, or at *Ulubra* find,
If we can have but a contented Mind.

EPISTLE XII.

1. *Desires his Friend* Iccius *to be content.* 2. *Commends* Pompey Grosphus *to him.* 3. *Tells how the Affairs in* Italy *stand.*

1. IF You can use *Agrippa's* vast Estate,
Which now you manage, 'tis the height of Fate,
Not *Jove* himself could give a greater store,
Tho grown profuse; my Friend complain no more,
He that hath things for use is never poor.
If Thou hast cleanly Food, and Suits enow,
What more than this can kingly Wealth bestow?
If at full Tables stor'd with dainty meat
You can contain, and Herbs and Mallows eat,
Thus thou wilt live, if prodigal of her store,
The Golden streams of Fortune glid Thee o'er:
'Cause Money cannot Natures stamp deface,
And all things you below true Vertue place:
Why should we wonder, is it strange to find
Democritus grown poorer, whilst his mind
Was gone abroad, and left his Limbs behind?
Whilst You thro Clogs of gain can nobly climb,
And midst dull Avarice think on Things Sublime?
What bounds the raging Sea, what rules the Year,
Whether by their own force the Planets err,
Or some Superior Guide; what spreads the Night?
What hides the Moon? What fills her face with Light?

What

What disagreeing Seeds of Things can make,
The *Stoicks* or *Empedocles* mistake?
Whatever Life you live, or Fishes drest,
Or Leeks and Onions kill'd do make your Feast:
2. Be kind, let *Pompey Grosphus* be your Guest.
What he shall ask (He'll ask but little) grant,
Friends are in small esteem where good Men want.
3. But now to tell how *Rome*'s Affairs do stand,
Cantabria yields to stout *Agrippa*'s hand;
Armenia Claudius Nero's Courage feels,
The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæsar* kneels:
And Golden plenty with a bounteous hand,
Rich Harvests freely scatters o'er our Land.

EPISTLE XIII.

To his Friend Vinnius Asella *about presenting his Books to* Cæsar.

AS I advis'd you oft before you went,
I beg Thee *Vinnius* now my Books present
To *Cæsar*, Seal'd; when vexing Cares are fled,
When well, when Merry, when He asks to read,
Lest over-busie in thy kind designs,
You choose ill hours, and make him hate my lines:
But if the Pack shall pinch Thee throw it down,
Refuse to bear it, and the weight disown,
Rather than having past the tedious Road,
Thy Saddle shake, and strive to cast the Load;

And thus make good thy Father's Ancient Name,
Be *Ass* indeed, a publick talk and ſhame:
With all thy ſtrength o'er Lakes and Mountains run,
And when thoſe Streights are paſt you reach the Town,
Take heed, and what you bring diſcloſe to none:
Be ſhy, and cautious, nor my Books proclaim,
Nor bear them as a *Ruſtick* would a Lamb,
Under thy Arm, as if thy hands were full,
As drunken *Pythia* carries pilfer'd Wool:
As when invited to his Landlord's houſe,
A Country Tenant bears his Hat and Shooes:
Proclaim not that you ſweat thoſe Lines to bear,
Which will detain Great *Cæſar*'s Eyes and Ear;
Make all the haſt my eager Wiſh requires,
Farewel, take heed you Anſwer my deſires.

EPISTLE XIV.

To his Steward, that He preferrs the Country before the City, and why.

YOu Steward of my Woods and pleaſant Plain,
Which when I reach, I am my ſelf again:
Contemn'd by You, tho it hath kept alone
Five Ancient dwellers, and is often known,
To ſend five Senators to *Baria*'s Town.

Come,

Come, now 'tis Time, let's ſee which of the Two,
I from my Mind, or from my Paſtures You,
Can pluck Thorns beſt, and which is better Till'd,
And which is better, *Horace*, or his Field:
Tho *Lamia's* Piety, and mournful Care,
That weeps his Brother's Fate detains me here:
Yet ſtill my Mind's abroad, my Soul doth ſtrive,
To break the Bars and get free Room to live.
I praiſe the Country, You the happy Town:
He that loves others States diſlikes his own:
We blame the places, both deceiv'd and Fools,
'Tis undeſerv'd, the fault is in our Souls,
Our Souls that are their own Companions ſtill,
And groan beneath their Native load of ill:
In Town your wiſhes beg'd the Fields and Plain,
A Farmer now You ask the Town again,
I conſtant to my ſelf part griev'd from home,
When hated buſineſs forces me to *Rome*.
We Two do very diff'rent Things admire,
We widely diſagree in our deſire.
What you call lonely Melancholy Seats,
A Man of my Opinion, as he hates
What you think fair, accounts them fine retreats.
The Gily Ord'naries, the Stews do move
Thy wiſhes for the Town, they raiſe thy Love:
And 'cauſe my little Farm doth bear no Vine,
But Frankincenſe, I ſee thy wild deſign:
No neighbouring Tavern there to ſell thee Wine.
No wanton Songſtreſs there to pleaſe thy Senſe,
And raiſe thy heavy Limbs into a Dance;
Yet Thou doſt Labour, thou doſt Toil and Sow,
And break thy Fields, that never felt the Plough:

Yet

Yet you take Care, you waſh my bleating Flocks,
And gather boughs to feed my wearied Ox.
And if the River run above the bound,
Swoln big with Rain, you raiſe a ſtronger Mound,
And teach it to forbear the Meadow ground.
Now why theſe things ſo differently appear
To Us and what divides our Fancies, hear;
I that lov'd all the Frolicks of the Town,
Curl'd powder'd Locks, a fine and gawdy Gown:
That pleas'd coy *Cynara* without a price,
That lov'd debauch, and courted every Vice,
Now like ſhort Suppers, and at civil hours,
And ſleep by purling Streams, on Banks of Flowers.
Once to be wild is no ſuch foul diſgrace,
But 'tis ſo ſtill to run the Frantick Race:
There on my Joys no Squint-ey'd Envious wait,
None frowns, none looks askew, no ſecret hate,
With Venom'd Tooth doth bite. My Neighbours ſmile,
To ſee me buſie at my little Toil.
But you had rather be remov'd to Town,
That way your Mind and eager Wiſhes run:
The City ſlaves the while the Country love,
And envy Thee thy Garden, and thy Grove:
The Ox the Saddle asks, the Aſs the Plough,
Let All (that's beſt) purſue the Arts they know.

EPIST. XV.

EPISTLE XV.

To his Friend Vala, *inquiring what he can have in the place whither he designs to retire for his Health.*

DEar *Vala*, prithee quickly send me word,
What *Velia*, what *Salernum* can afford;
How hot the Winter? If the Air be good?
What manner'd Men live there? And what's the Road?
(True, my Physician tells me I may use
The *Bajan* Baths, but those their help refuse,
Because in Winter cooler Streams I choose.)
That I should leave their Groves, their Sulphurous Stream,
So fam'd for curing knotty Gouts, contemn;
The whole Town mourns, and curses the Disease,
That makes us seek the *Clusian* Springs for Ease:
That makes us leave her Groves, her warmer Seat,
For unfrequented *Gaby*'s cool retreat.
To change my Station now I must begin,
And force my Horse beyond my usual Inn:
So ho, where now? the angry Riders say,
And stiffly pull the Rein, that's not the way,
We're not for *Bay*, or *Cume*, and then they sooth,
But bridled Horses Ears are in their mouth.)
Which yields the most, and which the sweetest Grain,
Whether they set out Tubs to catch the Rain,

Or

Or else have constant Springs, their Water clear,
For I don't like the Wine they fansy there:
(True, when at home, then any Drink will please,
But when I go abroad to take my Ease,
Enjoy Seas warmth, my thoughts from Cares reprieve,
My Liquor must be good, if I would Live:
Such as will fill my Veins with gen'rous fire,
Bring certain hopes of Health, and thoughts inspire:
Such as may make my wanton Wishes rise,
And show me young and grateful to my Miss:)
Where most Hares run, most Boars infest the Plains,
Which Sea most Oysters, which most Fish contains,
That whilst I live I may be Plump and gay;
You write me word, I'll credit what you say:
Menius when all his little Lands were gone,
All loosely spent, and He a Man o'th' Town;
A Bully, at no certain board He Din'd,
No house to lodge, but rail'd at Foe and Friend;
A bitter Rogue to Jeer, and sharp to Feign,
Severe to Scandalize; the very Bane
And ruine of the Shambles; what He got
He swallow'd; all went down his greedy Throat.
He when his Cheats not answer'd his desires,
When little came from Fops, and bubbl'd Squires,
Would feed on Guts, and on the vilest Meat,
Swallowing as much as three large Bears could Eat;
And sober He, whilst thus he hardly far'd,
Would have forsooth the Spend-thrifts Bellies fear'd:
Yet the same *Menius* when his gains were more,
And on his Gut he wasted all his Store,

Turn'd all to Smoak and Aſhes, us'd to cry,
No wonder, faith, to ſee that Men feed high,
When not the World a fairer ſight can ſhow,
Than the large pickled Belly of a Sow:
I'm juſt like him, when poor, Oh how I love
The ſafe and little Store, and how approve!
When Rich, then thoſe are bleſt, and only thoſe,
Whoſe ſtately Houſe their hidden Treaſure ſhows,
None live ſo well, none take ſuch ſoft repoſe.

EPISTLE XVI.

(1.) *To his Friend* Quintus, *a Deſcription of his little Farm.* (2.) *Advice concerning a happy life.*

1. Ask me not, *Quintus*, what my Farm doth yield,
Whether 'tis Hay or Corn that crowns my Field;
Elms cloath'd with Vines, or Fruit, or Olives riſe,
I'll tell you what it is, and how it lies.
A ridge of Hills a ſhady Vale divides,
And takes the Sun's kind Rays on both her ſides;
The right hand opens to the riſing day,
The left hand gently takes the ſetting Ray;
You like the Clime: If every Hedge that grows
Doth bluſh in Cornoils, or doth mourn in Sloes,
If Beechen Groves and fruitful Oaks afford
Meat for my *Cattle*, Shades for me their Lord,

You'd

You'd think *Tarentum*'s pleaſant Fields remove
To wait on me, and ſpread a ſhady Grove.
A pleaſant Spring, almoſt a River flows,
Not *Heber*'s Streams the *Thracian* Fields incloſe
With waves more cool and clear; The waters ſpread
To purge the Stomach good, and cleanſe the Head.
Theſe pleaſant (nay 'tis true) theſe ſweet retreats
Preſerve my Health amid'ſt the Summers Heats.

2. And you live well if what *Fame* ſays be true,
For all admire, and *Rome* doth boaſt of you.
She calls you happy, but, my Friend, I fear
You more believe what others ſay you are,
Than what you know your ſelf:
Eſteem none happy but the Wiſe and Good.
Nor when you're flatter'd by the heedleſs Crowd
That you look well, diſſemble thy diſeaſe,
Sit down to feaſt, and give it time to ſieze,
Until it ſhakes, and thou canſt eat no more:
'Tis fooliſh ſhame to hide a feſt'ring Sore.
Suppoſe one ſpeaks of Wars and noble Fights,
And with theſe words thy empty Ears delights;
Jove *who for You, and for the People cares,*
Leaves ſtill in doubt whoſe ſafety moſt preſers,
The People Yours, or elſe the People's you.
Doſt ſee his praiſe is only *Cæſar*'s due?
Yet when they call Thee Good canſt Thou agree?
Canſt Thou conſent that That belongs to Thee?
For You and I both love the Crowd ſhould ſay
That we are good, but what that gives to day,
To morrow if it pleaſe it takes away:
As when it offices on Fools beſtows,
They call them back, and ſcorn the Man they choſe:

Lay

Lay down, 'tis ours They cry, I lay it down
Poor naked Wretch, and griev'd, depart, and frown:
The ſame *Crowd* calls me *Thief*, they paſs a vote
That I'm *unchaſt*, or cut my *Fathers* throat;
And with falſe Scandals bite me; muſt I fear,
Muſt I look pale for this? Or ſhed a tear?
Falſe Honors pleaſe, and falſe reports diſgrace
And trouble, Whom? The vicious and the baſe:
Who then is Good? Why He that keeps the Laws,
And ancient Rites; whoſe Word ſecures a Cauſe:
Who reconciles his Neighbours, free from Strife,
And ſeems to lead a fair and honeſt Life:
Yet all his Neighbours know him baſe within,
His out-ſide's fair, his inſide's black with Sin.
Suppoſe my Slave ſhould ſay, I neither fly.
Nor ſteal: *Well, Thou haſt thy reward ſay I.*
Thou art not Scourg'd, I never kill'd a Man,
Well, Thou ſhalt not be hang'd, or torn with pain.
But I am thrifty, honeſt, good, and wiſe,
Sabellus cannot grant it, nay denies:
For crafty Foxes dread the ſecret Snare,
The Kite and Hawk, altho the bait be fair,
Yet never ſtoop where they ſuſpect a Gin;
The Good for Vertue's ſake abhor a Sin.
'Tis fear of Puniſhment reſtrains thy Will;
Give leave, how eagerly wouldſt thou be ill?
Suppoſe you ſteal few Grains from ſtores of Wheat,
The Loſs, 'tis true, is leſs, the Crime's as great:
The Man that's honeſt in the Peoples Eyes,
When e'er He kills a coſtly Sacrifice,
A Pig or Bull, and whilſt his Vows are good,
Apollo, Janus, hear, he prays aloud.

But

But murmurs softly, to be heard afraid,
Good, Good Laverna *hear me, grant me aid*
For such a Cheat, let all believe me Good,
Let me seem just and honest to the Crowd,
And o'er my Cheats, and Forgeries spread a Cloud.
How are the Covetous than Slaves more free,
That basely stoop for every Pin they see,
I can't imagine. *He that still doth crave*
Must fear, and He that fears must be a Slave;
For He hath lost his Arms, and basely fled,
Left Vertues Camp, and all her Laws betray'd;
That's eager to be rich, that strives for more,
Goes on, and dies beneath the weighty Store:
Forbear to kill the Captive thou canst sell,
His work will bring thee gain, He'll serve Thee well:
Whether He Tills thy Field, or Feeds thy Sheep,
Or Sails, and Winters in the raging Deep:
A Man that's Good and Wise will boldly say,
Well Pentheus *King of* Thebes, *Why this delay?*
Pray what must I expect? What must I fear,
What undeserv'd must I be forc'd to bear?
I'll take away thy Goods: *My Flocks, my Land,*
You may, 'tis subject all to Your Command:
I'll Chain and Rob Thee of thy Liberty,
Ah! God, when e'er I please, will set me free.
I think I know what these his words design,
I'll die; of Things Death is the utmost Line.

EPIST. XVII.

EPISTLE XVII.

Adviſeth his Friend Scæva *to chooſe, and how to behave himſelf in the Great-Mens acquaintance.*

THo *Scæva* Thou haſt Wit enough to chooſe
The Great-Mens favour, and art skill'd to uſe;
Yet hear what thy unskilful Friend can ſay,
As if one Blind pretends to ſhow the way;
Yet ſee a while if what is fairly ſhown
Be good, and ſuch as you may make your own:
If you delight in Eaſe, and quiet joys,
If ratling Coaches, and the Tavern's noiſe
Diſturbs Thee, *Scæva*, then refuſe the Charms
Of Greatneſs, live upon thy little Farms,
"For Pleaſures do not follow only Wealth:
"Nor lives He ill, that lives and dies by ſtealth:
But if you love to aim at nobler Ends,
And would be able to aſſiſt your Friends,
Live well thy ſelf, and better thy Eſtate,
Now thou art dry, go ſoak upon the Fat:
If *Ariſtippus* patiently could Dine
On Herbs, He would the Courts of Kings decline:
If He that cenſures me knew how to uſe
The Courts of Kings, He would his Herbs refuſe:
Now which of theſe you think is beſt declare;
Or elſe, my Junior you, with patience hear
Why *Ariſtippus* humor's beſt; for thus
He bob'd the *Cynick*, as the ſtory goes:

I for my ſelf, to pleaſe the People you
Break Jeſts; my way's the better of the Two:
I make my Court, am free from fear or force;
To carry me the King provides a Horſe,
Whilſt you beg ſcraps; and tho you boaſt you live,
And nothing want, are leſs than thoſe that give:
All Fortune fitted *Ariſtippus* well,
Aiming at greater, pleas'd with what befel:
But for the *Cynick*, I ſhould think it ſtrange,
If He could look but comely in a change:
The One will not expect a Purple Coat,
But howſoever cloath'd, He walks about,
Thro Court and Town, and with a decent Art,
In either habit neatly acts his Part:
But Purple, or a Gown of Cloth of Gold,
The other hates, and He will die with Cold,
Unleſs you will his tatter'd Rags reſtore;
Go give him Rags, and let the Fool be poor:
To War, and Triumphs near *Jove*'s glorious Throne,
'Tis all Divine, 'tis *Cæſar*'s work alone:
To pleaſe the Great is not the ſmalleſt praiſe,
Not all can go to *Corinth* now a-days;
He never ſtrives that doth deſpair to gain,
Well, doth He bravely act that doth obtain?
Yet here or no where we may hope to find
What we deſire: By one the weight's declin'd,
Too great for his ſmall ſtrength, and little mind:
Another ventures, takes, and bears the ſame,
Or Vertue is a ſhow, an empty name,
Or He that tries, walks right to Wealth and Fame.
The Man that's ſilent, nor proclaims his want,
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint:

It

It differs whether fairly you receive,
Or rudely ſnatch the things the great can give,
Yet that's the chiefeſt meaſure how to live:
My Mother's poor, my Farm's too mean to ſell,
And yet not yields enough to keep me well.
My Niece a Portion wants, my Fortune's low,
He that ſays thus, He cries aloud, *Beſtow!*
And when He hath it, others riſe and ſay,
Divide the Booty, We will ſhare the Prey;
But could the talking Crow in quiet eat,
His Envy had been leſs, but more his Meat:
A ſmall retainer in a Noble's Train
To fair *Surrentum*, that doth ſtill complain,
The Road is bad, it Rains, 'tis very Cold;
My Cheſt is rifled, and I've loſt my Gold;
Does like the Jilting Whores that often mourn,
Ah me! My Garter's loſt, my Hood is torn,
Until at laſt unheeding the Complaint,
We give no credit to their real want:
A Man that hath been once abus'd grows ſhy,
He views a Cripple with an heedleſs Eye;
Nor lends a helping hand, altho He Swears
By *Iſis*, ſoft'ning every Oath with Tears,
Believe me I'm no Cheat, and ſadly cries,
O Cruel, help the Lame: The Crowd replies,
Go ſeek a Stranger to believe thy Lyes.

EPISTLE XVIII.

To his Friend *Lollius*.

Advice to his Friend how to behave himself, and get the Love of all.

FRee *Lollius*, if I rightly hit thy mind,
You will be always such as you pretend,
Not prove a *Flatterer*, and profess a *Friend*:
For *Friends* and faithless *Flatterers* differ more,
Than a chast *Matron* and a Common *Whore*.
But stay, my Friend, there is another Vice
Just opposite, and almost worse than this:
A Clownish roughness, and unkindly close,
Unfriendly, stiff, and peevishly morose;
Which doth commend her self and strive to please,
With blackish Teeth, stretch'd skin, and Rustick dress,
It prides its self, and would be thought to be
Clean perfect Vertue, and meer Liberty.
Vertue doth Vice, as two Extreams, divide,
Drawn up from both, and leans to neither side.
This headlong to obey at every Feast,
To please the great Ones jeers the meaner Guest,
The rich Man's Nod doth so severely dread,
Corrects himself, and takes up what he said,
As if you heard a trembling School-boy say
His Part, or the Rehearsal of a Play.
That strives for Trifles, and for Toys contends,
He is in earnest, what He says, defends:

That

That I ſhould n't be truſted right or wrong,
Or be debarr'd the freedom of my Tongue;
And not bawl what I pleaſe! To part with this
I think another life too mean a price.
The Queſtion is, *Pray what?* Why which can boaſt
Or *Docilis* or *Caſt* of knowing moſt,
Or whether thro *Numicum* been't as good
To fair *Brunduſium* as the *Appian* road:
Whom coſtly wenching, or a gawdy whore,
Or whom the Race whom Dice makes quickly poor:
Or who's a Fop and who perfumes his hair
Or's finer dreſt than his Eſtate will bear;
Who for meer thirſt of Gold doth gather ſtore:
And who out of pure fear of being poor:
Thy rich friend better ſtor'd in all defects
And Vice than Thee, or hates Thee or corrects,
And as good Mothers he will oft adviſe,
I wiſh you'd be more vertuous and more wiſe
Than I my ſelf am now, I vow I do;
And faith, to ſpeak the truth, moſt times 'tis ſo.
My wealth will bear my folly (ceaſe to ſtrive
With me) Sir, you have ſcarce enough to live;
Contract your Vices, Sir, forbear to vie,
You muſt not take ſo great a range as I.
The Man *Cutrapelus* would have undone
He ſtreight preſented with a gawdy gown,
That He grown happy in his fine attire,
Might take new hopes and raiſe his wiſhes higher,
Forego his honeſt trade for eaſy Vice,
Sleep on till noon, and follow Whores and Dice,
Take money up, till he hath ſpent his All,
And drives a Cart for bread, or rots in Jail:

Pry not thro Secrets; what thou learn'ſt conceal
Tho Wine and Anger rack Thee to reveal:
Praiſe not thine own, or ſcorn thy Friends delight;
Nor, when he'd have thee hunt keep home and write.
Thus *Zethus* once with his *Amphion* ſtrove,
Twin brothers, till at laſt they join'd their Love;
The ſofter harp grew mute, he left his quill,
Amphion yielded to his Brother's will:
Humor the great Ones, quick obedience yield
To light Commands, and when he takes the field
With Nets, or Hawks, or Hounds, no ſport refuſe,
Shake off thy lazy and ill-humor'd Muſe:
That Thou may'ſt eat at night what Thou haſt Caught,
And ſup with them; for this the Ancients taught,
And this the *Romans* uſe, 'tis free from ſhame,
'Tis good for life, and health, and gets Thee fame.
Since thou art well in health, art ſtrong to wound
And fight the Boar, or to out-run the hound,
None with more Art than You can caſt a Spear,
You know when you within the liſts appear
The Crowds all clap; nay e'en your tender Age
Endur'd the Wars, and fierce *Cantabrian* rage:
Your Captain He, the brave and the Divine,
Who brought our Enſigns from the *Parthian* Shrine,
Redeem'd our Fame, and what e'er Land remains
Reſolves to make it feel the *Roman* Chains.
But leſt you part and no excuſe can ſhow,
Altho I muſt confeſs what e'er you do
Is fit, and decent, and becoming You:
Sometimes you Toy at home, your Boats divide,
A ſquadron ſtands drawn up on either ſide:

By

By your direction fir'd with martial rage
As in the *Actian* fight, the Boys ingage,
With Souldiers fury, and with Souldiers art;
You one, your Brother leads the other part:
Your Lake's rough *Adria*'s flood, till one's o'er-
thrown,
And ſudden Victory doth the other Crown.
He that thinks you agree with his deſign,
Will clap with both his hands, and favour thine.
But to adviſe you, if you want advice,
Take heed of whom you ſpeak, and what it is,
Take heed to whom, avoid the buſy Men,
Fly the inquiſitive, they'll talk agen,
And tell what you have ſaid; a leaky Ear
Can never hold what it ſhall chance to hear;
'Twill run all out, and what you once let fall
It flies, and 'tis impoſſible to recal.
If thy great Friend keeps handſom Maid or Boy
Be not in Love, and eager to enjoy,
Leſt He beſtow that little gift to pleaſe,
Or elſe deny, and highten thy Diſeaſe.
Praiſe none till well approv'd on ſober thoughts,
Leſt after you ſhould bluſh for others faults.
You prais'd a Raſcal, there you chanc'd to err,
Then don't defend him when his Crimes appear:
But one approv'd when Scandals preſs, defend,
Let him on Thee and on thy Fame depend
Whom envy bites, for thou may'ſt plainly ſee
The danger will at laſt come o'er to Thee:
For you're in danger when the Next's on fire,
And Flames neglected often blaze the higher.

To Court the Great ones, and to ſooth their Pride,
Seems a ſweet task to thoſe that never try'd;
But thoſe that have, know well that danger s near,
It is a tickliſh point, and mixt with fear.
Do you endeavour whilſt you cut the Main,
That no croſs Storm ſhould toſs Thee back again,
The Active hate the Dull, the Sad Jocoſe,
The Dull the Active, Merry the Moroſe;
Stout Jolly Topers ſcorn the Sober Aſs,
They hate thoſe ſellows that refuſe their Glaſs;
Altho they beg, altho they ſwear they dread
The nightly fumes, furr'd mouth, and aching head;
Put off all Clouds and Darkneſs from thy brow,
Be Jolly, Gay, and Mirth and Humour ſhow,
For modeſt Men are oft thought cloudy Souls,
And Men of little talk, ill-natur'd Fools:
In every ſtate of Life beſure of this,
Read o'er thy moral Books, conſult the wiſe,
How thou may'ſt live, how ſpend thine Age in Peace,
Leſt Avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine Eaſe;
Or Fears ſhould ſhake, or Cares thy Mind buſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe.
Whether Arts do Vertue breed, or Nature ſend,
What leſſens Cares, what makes thy ſelf thy Friend,
What calms Thee, Honor, or admir'd Wealth;
Or cloſe retirement, and a life by ſtealth.
When I, my Friend, do go to take repoſe,
At cold *Medela*, where *Degentia* flows;
Medela my belov'd, but little Town,
With Cold and Froſt all gray and wrinkled grown:
For what do you imagine that I care?
What think, what make the ſubject of my prayer?

Let

Let me have what I have, or somewhat less,
'Twill still be great enough for happiness;
And that I may, if Heaven more years will give,
Live to my self the time I have to live:
Estate in Books, and Food to serve a year,
Lest I should wavering hang 'twixt hope and fear:
And this is all for which Mankind should pray,
And beg of *Jove* who gives and takes away;
Let him but Life, and moderate Plenty find,
And I'll provide my self an happy Mind.

EPISTLE XIX.

To *MECÆNAS.*

1. *Of Poetry.* 2. *His own Excellencies.* 3. *Why not lik'd.*

1. MY Lord, if what *Cratinus* says be right,
Those Verses cannot live, those Lines Delight,
Which Water-drinkers Pen, in vain they write.
For e'er since *Bacchus* did in wild design,
With *Fauns* and *Satyrs* half-mad *Poets* join,
The Muses every Morning smelt of Wine.
From *Homer's* praise his love of Wine appears,
And *Ennius* never dar'd to write of Wars
Till heated well; let sober dotards choose
The Plodding Law, but never tempt a Muse,

This

This Law once made, the Poets ſtreight begin,
They drunk all night, all day they ſtunk of Wine:
Suppoſe a Man the courſeſt Gown ſhould wear,
No Shooes, his Forehead rough, his look ſevere,
And Ape great *Cato* in his Form and Dreſs;
Muſt He his Vertues and his Mind expreſs?
Whilſt dull *Hyarbit* wiſh'd, and vainly ſtrove
To ſpeak as ſmoothly, and as aptly move
As ſweet *Timagenes*, and reach his Arts,
He over-ſtrain'd himſelf, and broke his Parts:
Examples Vice can imitate, deceive:
Should I by Chance, or a Diſeaſe be pale,
The Sots would drink their bloodleſs Cummin all.
Baſe Imitators, Slaves to others Wills,
How oft you move my frowns, how oft my ſmi'es?

2. I trod new paths, to others feet unknown;
He that firſt ventures, leads the others on:
I firſt the *Romans* keen *Iambicks* taught,
In numerous ſmoothneſs, and in height of thought,
I match'd *Archilocus*, I ſhow'd the Age
His numbers, but forbore his murdering rage.
But leſt you ſay that I fall ſhort of fame,
Becauſe my Number's his, my Verſe the ſame;
The *Saphick* ſweetens all his bitter vein,
And grave *Alcaick* ſmooths his rougher ſtrain:
The ſubject's different, different the Deſigns,
And tho thro all a vertuous freedom ſhines,
With no black Lines I dawb, no envious breath
Doth ſoil Mens fame, or Rhime a Spouſe to Death.
This Verſe ne'er heard by Latin Ears before,
I firſt diſcover'd from the *Grecian* ſtore;

And this delights me now that I am known,
And read for theſe inventions of my own.
3. Now would you know why our ungrateful *Rome*,
Doth praiſe my Poems when with me at home,
But flout abroad; I'll freely tell the Cauſe:
I do not beg the empty Crowd's Applauſe:
I do not often treat, nor do I ſend
My old caſt Suits, and bribe them to Commend.
I do not crowd to hear our Fops rehearſe,
Nor do I praiſe, and clap our Nobles Verſe:
I cannot run to every Pedant Fool,
And beg that He would read my Book in's School:
Hence ſprings my Woe; now if I ſay I fear,
To bring dull Lines t'a crowded Theatre,
And vaunt my trifles ſtreight, *You jeer, You cry,*
And keep your Verſe alone for Cæſar's *Eye:*
And proud you think that you alone can write
Sweet honey Lines, fine in your own conceit:
A tart reply to this I fear to give,
Leſt his ſharp Nails ſhould ſcratch me whilſt I ſtrive.
I do not like the place I freely ſay,
Forbear a while, let's take another day;
For Jeſt diſlike, Diſlike Contention bears,
Contention Hate, and Hate breeds dreadful Wars.

THE

THE CONCLUSION To his BOOK.

I Know you long to visit every Stall,
You would be neatly bound, and set to Sale;
The bars, that please the modest, trouble you,
And you Commend, and Court the publick view,
And mourn that you are hid, and seen by few.
Go to the publick then, go where you strive,
Tho thou wert not bred thus, or taught to live:
There shall be no return when once thou'rt gone,
And thou wilt cry, Ah me! What have I done?
What have I beg'd! When one shall call thee dull,
And squeeze Thee when his Belly's quickly full.
But now unless fond rage besots my mind,
Unless meer hatred to thy faults does blind,
I Propheſie, and I am sure 'tis true;
You shall be lik'd and prais'd at *Rome* whilst new;
But when thou shalt be soil'd by every hand,
Then slighted, and to Common use prophan'd;
To bind up Letters, and be torn, be tost,
And fly to other Countries every Post;
Then I who have advis'd in vain, shall smile,
As He that drove his Ass t'a craggy Hill:
For who would save a thing against its Will?
At last in Schools thou shalt be thumb'd by Boys,
And there grow foolish, old, and deaf with noise,

But

But when at Evening many come to read,
Tell them that I was meanly born and bred,
My Father poor, of ſmall Eſtate poſſeſt,
And that I ſtretch'd my Wings beyond my Neſt.
But as you cut me ſhort in Wealth, increaſe
My Vertues, tell them I the greateſt pleaſe,
A little Man, and ſtudious of my eaſe;
And pettiſh too, I can be angry ſoon,
My Paſſion's quickly rais'd, but quickly gone.
Grown gray before my time, I hate the cold,
And ſeek the warmth; and if they ask how old,
Tell them, now *Lollius* ſhares the Conſul's power
With *Lepidus*, that I am Forty four.

The End of the Firſt Book of Epiſtles.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

Epiſtle I. To *Auguſtus*.

A Diſcourſe of Poetry.

WHen you alone ſuſtain the weighty Cares
Of all the World, and manage Peace and Wars,
The *Roman* State by Vertue's Rules amend,
Adorn with Manners, and with Arms defend,
To write a long Diſcourſe, and waſt your time,
Againſt the publick Good would be a Crime:
The Ancient *Heroes*, tho the bleſt abodes
Receiv'd when dead, exalted into Gods;
Yet whilſt they liv'd with Men, and whilſt beſtow'd
The greateſt Cares, and did the greateſt Good,
Built Towns, made Laws, and brought delightful eaſe,
And civiliz'd the Rational Savages;
Complain'd that They ingrateful Maſters ſerv'd,
And met far leſs rewards than They deſerv'd:

He

He that kill'd *Hydra*, He deſign'd by Fate
To quell the Monſters rais'd by *Juno*'s hate;
Tho He, the mighty He, had all ways try'd,
Found Envy could be vanquiſh'd only when He dy'd:
For thoſe are hated that excel the reſt,
Altho when dead they are belov'd, and bleſt;
The vigorous Ray torments the feeble ſight,
Yet when the Sun is ſet, We praiſe the light:
To Thee, great *Cæſar*, now we Altars give,
We vow and ſwear by Thee now whilſt alive?
For never yet the Gods kind hands beſtow'd,
Nor ever will a Prince ſo great, ſo good:
That ſhe prefers, That ſhe eſteems Thee more
Than all the *Heroes* ſhe enjoy'd before,
Than all that ſhe hath bred, or *Greece* can boaſt,
In this, 'tis true, thy *Rome* is Wiſe and Juſt:
But not in other things; the *Ancient* Plays,
And *Foreign* Poets only ſhe can praiſe;
The *Preſent* or Contempt, or Hate receive,
'Tis Crime enough that they are yet alive:
Thus *Old-Loves* do admire the Ancient Laws,
The *Sabines* Leagues have their deſerv'd applauſe;
On muſty Leaves at awful diſtance look,
Age makes it Reverend, and exa'ts the Book:
Give him the *Bards* old Songs, Oh Rare! Divine!
I ſwear 'tis good, a Muſe ſang every Line:
But if becauſe the oldeſt are the beſt
Amongſt the *Greeks*, the ſame unequal Teſt
Muſt try the *Latines* too; in ſhort, *No doubt*
Plumes have nought hard within, nor Nuts without:
We ſit on Fortune's Top, *We* ſing, *We* write,
And wreſtle better than the *Greeks* can Fight.

If length of *Time* will better *Verſe*, like wine,
Give it a briſker Taſte, and make it fine;
Come tell me then, I would be gladly ſhow'd,
How many years will make a *Poem* good:
One Poet writ on *Hundred* years ago,
What, is He *Old*, and therefore *Fam'd* or no?
Or is He *New*, and therefore *Bald* appears?
Let's fix upon a certain Term of Years.
He's good that liv'd an Hundred Years ago,
Another wants but *One*, is He ſo too?
Or is He *New*, and *Damn'd* for that Alone?
Well He's Good too, and Old *that wants but One.*
And thus I'll argue on, and bate one more,
And ſo by one and one waſt all the ſtore:
And ſo confute him, who eſteems by Years,
A *Poem*'s goodneſs from the date it bears.
Who nor admires, nor yet approves a Line
But what is *Old*, and Death hath made Divine.
Ennius, the lofty *Ennius*, and the Wiſe,
That ſecond *Homer*, in our Criticks Eyes,
Is looſe in's Poems, and correct in few,
Nor takes he care to prove his Dreams were true,
He ſhows ſo little of great *Homer*'s Soul.
" *Nævius* is learn'd by heart, and dearly ſold,
" So Sacred is his Book, becauſe 'tis *Old*.
When *Accius* and *Pacuvius* are compar'd,
Both are eſteem'd, both meet with great reward;
Pacuvius all the Criticks Voices gains
For Learning, *Accius* for his lofty ſtrains.
Afranius ſhows us ſoft *Menander*'s Flame,
And *Plautus* rivals *Epicharmus* Fame:

Cecilius

Cecilius grave, and *Terence* full of Art,
These *Rome* admires, and these she learns by heart:
These are the Worthies of her Theater,
These she applauds with heat, and crowds to hear:
These she esteems the Glories of the Stage,
And counts from *Livy's* to our present Age.
The Critick *Mobile* will be medling still,
Sometimes their Judgment's good, and sometimes ill:
Thus when they praise the *Old*, and when prefer,
Beyond compare to all the *New*, They Err:
But when they grant the Ancients Books and Plays
Are often dull, and uncorrect in Phrase,
Their words unfit, or else their main design,
Their Judgment's rational, and jumps with mine:
I do not damn old *Livy's* Rhimes as dull,
For which I often smarted when at School;
But that he should be thought Correct, Sublime,
And far before the *Poems* of our Time;
That one poor *Chance-good* Line or two at most,
The only Thing that all his Books can boast,
Not only should atone for what's amiss,
But recommend the whole; I'm vex'd at this.
I hate a Fop should scorn a *faultless* Page,
Because 'tis *New*, nor yet approv'd by Age:
And then admiring all the Ancient Plays,
Not only pardon their defects, but Praise.
Should I but doubt if *Atta's* Plays are good,
Our *Old-Loves* straight would cry the Youngster's Proud;
He's impudent, nor thinks those Plays exact,
Which *Roscius*, and grave *Æsop* us'd to act:

Becauſe they Judge by their own Appetites,
And think nought ſweet, but what their taſt delights;
Or to ſtoop to their *Juniors* Rules diſdain,
Or elſe to think what once they learn'd was vain,
And only fit to be forgot again;
Thoſe that applaud the Songs of *former* Times,
The dearth of *Bards* old Verſe, or *Monkiſh* Rhimes;
Who would be thought to have a ſharper Eye,
And in thoſe Poems numerous Graces ſpy,
In which they ſee no more fine Things than I;
'Tis not to praiſe the *Old*, but ſcorn, abuſe,
And hate *New* Books, and damn the *Modern* Muſe.
Had *Greece* done thus, had ſhe ſtill ſcorn'd the New,
What had been *Old*, what worthy Publick View?
When Wars were done, and *Greece* diſſolv'd in Peace,
When Fortune taught them how to live at Eaſe,
They wreſtled, Painted, Sung, theſe Arts they lov'd,
Theſe They did much admire, and theſe improv'd;
In every Picture Vulgar Eyes could find
The Face exact, and almoſt ſaw the Mind;
Then Racing, Vaulting then, the Plays and Stage,
Each took their turn to pleaſe the wanton Age;
Like *Boys* at Nurſe, they eagerly deſir'd,
But ſtreight were cloy'd, and left what they admir'd.
For what diſguſts our fancies, what doth pleaſe
But may be chang'd? Theſe are the fruits of Eaſe,
This happy Fortune bears, this ſprings from Peace.
'Twas heretofore a credit here at *Rome*,
To mind a Shop all day, and keep at home;
Attend Ones *Client*, and promote his Cauſe,
Inform his Ignorance, and teach the Laws;

To

To make good Debts, and drive a gainful Trade,
And know what Intereſt may be juſtly paid:
Inſtruct the *Young*, and hear the *Old* Debate,
What will increaſe, what ruine an Eſtate:
This Humor's chang'd, now Reigns a *New* delight,
All muſt be *Authors* now, and all muſt Write:
All ſtrive to get the Bays, and all Rehearſe,
They Dine, they Sup in *Rhime*, and drink in Verſe.
E'en I that ſwear I never try'd a *Muſe*,
E'en I'm forſworn, my Deeds my Words accuſe;
My Quill is ſcribling too; before 'tis light
I call for Paper, Pen, and Ink, and write.
He that's no *Pilot* is afraid to Sail,
Urge him to guide a Ship, you ſha'n't prevail,
And only *Doctors* will pretend to heal.
By *Smiths* alone, are Locks and Staples made,
And none pretend but Artiſts in the Trade.
But now for *Poetry* we all are fit,
And skillful, or unskilful all muſt write;
And yet this *Madneſs* thouſand Goods commend,
A thouſand Vertues, on a Muſe attend;
A *Poet's* ſeldom given to Avarice,
Safe and ſecure within himſelf he lies.
He minds and loves his *Rhimes*, and thoſe alone;
Tell him his Goods are burnt, his Slaves are gone,
Or his Fields loſt; He laughs, nor ſtrives to cheat
His Ward, or Friend, a ſtranger to deceit:
He's thrifty, feaſts upon a Diſh of Peaſe,
And lives content with Houſhold Bread and Cheeſe:
Unfit for War, yet they are good in Peace,
(For great things by the help of ſmall increaſe)
Inſtruct our looſeneſs, and inform our Eaſe.

They teach our Boys to hate all words Obſcene,
To follow generous Rules, and ſpeak like Men.
And then ſlide gently down with Vertuous Rules
Into the tender Breaſt, and form their Souls;
Reſtrain their Envy, and correct their rage,
Tell them what's good, inſtruct their tender Age,
With fit Examples, and their griefs aſſwage.
How would our Sacred Songs and Hymns be made,
And how our Pray'rs as High as Heav'n convey'd;
Did not the Muſes *Poets* fancies raiſe,
To teach us how to pray, and how to praiſe?
In Verſe the *fawning Quire* her Plagues bewails,
And begs a ſpeedy comfort, and prevails;
Good Weather, happy years, and much encreaſe;
Their Pray'rs are ſtraightway heard, all ſmile in Peace.
The Year is rich, the Fields with Plenty flow,
Verſe ſoftens Gods above, and Gods below.
The Ancient Swains, thoſe temperate happy Swains,
Contented Sovereigns of their little Plains.
When all their Corn was Hous'd would make a Feaſt,
Unbend their minds, and lay them down to reſt;
Their Cares diſſolv'd into a happy Thought,
And Minds enjoy'd, the reſt their labour ſought.
A Pig on *Tellus*'s Altars left his Blood,
And Milk from large brown Bowls to *Sylvan* flow'd:
Their Wife, Their Neighbours, and their pratling Boys
Were call'd, all taſted of the Country Joys:
They Drank, they Danc'd, they Sang, made wanton Sport,
Enjoy'd their ſelves, for life they knew was ſhort.

Hence

Hence grew the Liberty of the looſer Muſe,
Hence they grew Scurrilous, and would abuſe;
Hence thoſe looſe Dialogues at Marriage Feaſts,
Yet ſtill they were but Mirth, and Country Jeſts.
At laſt they ſhew'd their Teeth, and ſharply bit,
And *Railery* uſurp'd the Place of *Wit*.
Good Perſons were abus'd, and ſuffer'd wrong,
They loudly talk'd, no Law to curb their Tongue,
The *wounded* griev'd, the ſmart provok'd their Hate,
And all *untouch'd* bewail'd the *Common* Fate.
Till Laws commanded to regard Mens Fame,
Severely laſh the Vice, but ſpare the Name.
Fear made them civil, and deſign to write
With modeſty; ſpeak well, and to delight:
Greece conquer'd did the Conqueror o'ercome,
Poliſh'd the rude, and ſent her Arts to *Rome*:
The former roughneſs flow'd in ſmoother Rhimes,
And good facetious *Humor* pleas'd the Times:
Yet they continu'd long, and ſtill we find,
Some little marks of the old Ruſtick mind,
Some of the Scurrilous Humour left behind.
'Twas long before *Rome* read the *Græcian* Plays,
For Cares took up her Nights, and Wars her Days:
Till *Carthage* ruin'd ſhe grew ſoft in Peace,
And then inquir'd what weighty *Sophocles*,
What *Eſchylus*, what *Theſpis* taught the Age,
What good, what profit did commend the Stage.
And then they turn'd their Plays, their thoughts were high,
By Nature great, and fit for Tragedy.
But to review, to blot what once was writ,
Oh that was mean, it was a ſhame to Wit!

The *Comic* then was thought the eaſier way,
Becauſe 'tis common Humor makes the Play;
Yet 'tis the hardeſt, for the faults appear
So Monſtrous, and the *Criticks* ſo ſevere
That e'en their greateſt Mercy cannot ſpare.
Plautus, 'tis true, obſerves the Rules of Art,
His well drawn Figures ſuit with every part:
He Paints an Amorous Fop, a Jilting Jade,
A careful Father, or deſigning Bawd:
But *Dorſen* rudely draws his Paraſites,
How looſe his Lines, how uncorrect He writes!
He writes for Gold, and if his Pockets cram'd,
He cares not, let the Play be Clapp'd or Damn'd:
But He that Writes to have applauſe for Wit,
If unconcern'd the grave Spectator ſit,
He dies; but if attentive, then He's proud,
They like my Fancy, and my Plays are good:
So ſmall, and ſo contemn'd a thing will raiſe,
Or damp Mens eager Thoughts that write for Praiſe:
I like not this, and I forſwear the Stage,
If clapp'd I muſt be proud, if damn'd muſt rage.
And who would be ſo bold to Write, that knew
The *Judging Men of Honor* are but few?
The *Vulgar* Thouſands, who might hiſs the Play,
And if our *Nobles* ſhould diſlike their way,
Would huff, and ſwear, and quarrel ſtraight and fight;
Or leave the *Stage* to ſee a *Puppet*-fight;
Or elſe the *Bears*, for that's the Crowds delight.
But now our *Nobles* too are Fops and Vain,
Neglect the Sence, but love the Painted Scene;

Four

Four hours are ſpent in Show to pleaſe the ſight,
A tedious Battle, and at laſt a Flight;
Then Kings in Chains, and to reward their Toil,
Corinthian Statues, and a world of Spoil.
Would not *Democritus* if now alive,
Split here, would He theſe Fooleries forgive?
And if the *Vulgar* with a wild amaze,
Neglect the Actors, and forſake the Plays,
And on an *Elephant* or a *Panther* gaze:
Sure He would look, and in the gaping Crowd,
Find better *Humor* than the *Actor* ſhow'd.
Beſides, He needs muſt think they Write in vain,
And teach deaf Aſſes, prodigal of their pain:
For who can Judge, or who can hear the Wit,
When Noiſe and ſtrange Confuſion fills the Pit?
As when the Winds daſh Waves againſt the Shore,
Or laſh the Woods, and all the Monſters Roar;
So great the ſhout when rich and ſtrangely dreſt,
The Player comes, they clap his gawdy Veſt.
Well hath the Actor ſpoken? *Not a Line*:
Why then d'ye clap? *Oh, Sir, his Cloths are fine.*
But leſt you think that I that Write no Plays,
Or envy their Deſign, or poorly Praiſe;
I fairly grant thoſe *Poets* Wit that Rule
My Paſſions as they pleaſe, diſturb my Soul;
And then by a ſhort turn my thoughts relieve,
Whoſe lively Fiction makes me laugh or grieve.
Whoſe well wrought Scenes natural and juſt appear;
I ſee the place, and fanſy I am there.
But thoſe that hate and fly the cenſuring Stage,
Yet Write to pleaſe the Readers of the Age.

Make them, Great *Cæsar*, to improve their vein,
Review their *Poems* o'er and o'er again.
If you would have them live, be great in praise,
And by just Study strive to win the Bays.
We Poets often damn our selves that dare,
(As I have done) when you are full of Care,
To offer Verse; or when we oft repine,
If a good friend finds but one faulty Line:
Or when rehearsing we with sighs complain,
Our fancies not perceiv'd, We write in vain;
And then unask'd repeat it o'er again.
Or when we think, when once our Fame is known,
We straightway shall be sent for up to Town;
Enjoy a Pension, or a piece of Land,
And write new Poems at the King's Command.
And yet, Great Sir, 'tis worth your while to know,
What, *Cæsar*, future times must think of you.
And who must be disposer of your Fame,
Who tell to distant Worlds your glorious Name:
By whom your Life, by whom your Wars be Writ,
Actions too Sacred for a Common Wit.
Cherillus the *Pellæan* Youth approv'd,
Him He rewarded well, and him He lov'd.
His dull uneven Verse, by great good Fate,
Got him his favour, and a fair Estate.
Tho just as Ink when touch'd still leaves a stain,
Dull Rhimes besmear, and noble Acts prophane:
Yet He the same that bought dull Rhimes so dear,
In meaner things did take a greater care,
Let none but Learn'd Apelles *paint my Face,*
Lysippus *only must Design't in Brass,*

Thus

Thus ſpake his Laws, in this I grant he ſhow'd
His Skill ſufficient, and his Judgment good.
But when for Verſe he choſe ſo mean a Thing,
How poor his Judgment? How below a King?
But *Virgil*, *Varius*, and the learned few,
That are applauded, and belov'd by You;
Declare your Skill is great, your Judgment true.
The Honors you beſtow do raiſe your Fame,
They gratefully reflect upon your Name,
And kindly praiſe the Author whence they came:
Nor can Ones Face be with more Art deſign'd
In *Braſs*, than in a *Poem* thoughts and mind:
E'en I deſire to leave the humble Plain,
I would be high, and write a lofty ſtrain.
I wiſh I could deſcribe your Wars, and ſhow
How Barbarous Nations fear, and how they bow.
How you have raz'd their Towns, their Ocean ſtain'd
With Blood, and with ſtrong Towers bound up their Land.
How War's exil'd, and Peace and Plenty reign,
And *Janus* Temple now is ſhut again:
How mean, and how ſubmiſſive *Parthians* come,
How under Thee they fear and honor *Rome*:
All this I would, but Oh I want the Wit
Your Deeds muſt be by ſome high *Genius* Writ.
Whoſe lofty Soul, his tow'ring thoughts can raiſe,
As high as You have done, and take the Bays,
'Tis Treaſon, Sir, to give you meaner Praiſe.
I know my weakneſs, and I muſt refuſe,
A task too weighty for my tender Muſe,
A ſordid Commendation hurts our Friend,
And thoſe that meanly praiſe, do diſcommend:

For

For what's derided by the Cenſuring Crowd,
Is thought on more than what is juſt and Good:
I hate thoſe obligations that diſgrace:
I am not fond to have an ugly Face
Deſign'd for me expos'd to public View:
Nor Praiſe in dull Verſe, tho the Praiſe be true.
I would not lie at every *Grocer*'s door,
To wrap *Tabaco*, or do ſomething more.
I would not have a Verſe that bears my Name
Lie under Pies; 'tis an ill way to Fame.

EPISTLE II.

To his Friend *Julius Florus*.

(1.) *He makes an excuſe for not ſending the Odes he promiſed.* (2.) *Why He wrote no more.* (3.) *The faults of the Poets.* (4.) *Directions for Writing.* (5.) *He deſigns graver Studies.* (6.) *Againſt Covetouſneſs.* (7.) *The uncertainty of every thing.*

1. DEar *Florus*, *Nero*'s Friend, the Great, the Brave,
Suppoſe one come to ſell a Clowniſh Slave,
And ſpeak Thee thus, *This Boy is neatly made,*
He's ſound from Head to Foot, a pretty Lad.
For Twenty Pound He's Yours, the Bargain's fair,
He'll ſerve, and fit your humor to a hair:

He's

He's yet ſoft Clay, he'll take a Stamp with eaſe,
And you may form him, Sir, to what you pleaſe.
He ſpeaks ſome Greek, *and at a drinking Match*
He'll bear the Bob, and ſing a merry Catch.
To praiſe too much like a deſign appears,
When He extols that would put off his Wares:
I a'n't in want, I am in debt to none,
What e'er I have, tho little, 'tis my own;
Few, Sir, would tell you this, and tell you true,
Nor I my ſelf to any one but you;
This Boy was faulty once, He ſtay'd at play,
And when He fear'd the laſh he run away:
Buy if you like him now his faults are told.
The dealing's fair, and he may take your Gold,
And ne'er be thought a cheat for what He ſold.
You bought a faulty Rogue, he told you ſo,
And yet you vex him, and unjuſtly ſue.
At parting, Sir, I ſaid I was unfit,
Grown lazy, impotent, and ſlow to write:
Leſt for not Writing You ſhould chide, accuſe
My ſilence as unkind, and ſcorn my Muſe;
Ah what did that avail to ſet me free!
Yet if You ſue me, Sir, the Law's for me.
But You complain beſide, you ſay, my Lord,
I promis'd you ſome *Odes*, yet break my word;
Thro thouſand dangers and a world of pain.

2. *Lucullus* Souldier, who had ſtrove to gain
A little money, what with care he kept,
Once tir'd, loſt every penny as he ſlept.
Thence He a very Wolf and angry grown
Both with himſelf and Foe ruſh'd boldly on,
And with his Teeth as 'twere o'erthrew a Town.

Tho ſtrong and well provided with a Guard,
This got him credit, and a large reward;
Soon after when they were to ſtorm a Town
The Captain choſe out him, and edg'd him on,
With ſuch affection, ſuch warm words he preſt
As might inflame the coldeſt Coward's breaſt:
Go where thy Vertue calls, go Conqu'ror, go,
Thy Friends ſhall give Rewards, and Spoils thy Foe.
But Crafty He reply'd, *No Town I'll force,*
No Sir, He'll venture that hath loſt his purſe.
Rome bred me firſt, ſhe taught me Grammar rules,
And all the little Authors read in Schools.
A little more than this learn'd *Athens* ſhow'd,
And taught me how to ſeparate Bad from Good;
The *Academick* Sect poſſeſs'd my Youth,
And 'midſt their pleaſant ſhades I ſought for Truth.
But rough Times drove me from my bleſt retreat,
And toſs'd me thro the Troubles of the Great.
Tho rude in Arms, and tho well learn'd in fears,
The tide yet bore me on to Civil Wars. (down,
When thoſe had clipp'd my wings and brought me
My ſmall Farm loſt, and all my money gone;
Thoſe with my Shield I left by ſhameful flight;
Bold *Poverty* firſt ſet me on to write.
But now I have enough to keep off want,
(That is as much as Heaven it ſelf can grant)
What *Hellebore* could cure my wild diſeaſe,
Should I prefer a *Muſe* before my *Eaſe*?
On me each circling Year does make a prey,
It ſteals my Humor, and my Mirth away.
And now at laſt would ſteal my *Poems* too
From my Embrace; what would You have me do?

Beſides,

Beſides, not all admire, not all approve
One ſort; You *Odes*, *Iambicks* others love,
Others in keeneſt *Satyrs* rage delight;
Sharp Salt alone can raiſe their appetite:
Methinks I've three invited to a Feaſt,
A different palate too, to every Gueſt.
What ſhall, what ſhall I not provide? What You
Commend and eat, diſguſts the other two.
Beſides, do'ſt think that I can mind a Song
Whilſt here at *Rome* 'midſt all the noiſe and throng
Of different Cares, one beggs me paſs my word
For him, then I muſt wait upon my Lord,
To hear his Verſes, and I muſt be gone,
Leave all my other work and cares alone,
And march from one to t'other end of Town?
"*But, Sir, there's room, the Street is clean and ſtill*
"*And you may walk and think on what you will.*
Yes, here a Waggon bears a logg of Wood
Or weighty ſtone, and groans beneath the Load:
Sad Funerals here do juſtle with a Dray,
And there the ſweaty Carman bawls for way.
Here a Mad Dog, and there a Sow doth fright,
Go now 'midſt this, and lofty Verſes write.
Each Writer hates the Town and Woods approves,
Right Son of *Bacchus* pleas'd with ſhades and groves.
Yet 'midſt theſe Tumults You would have me try
To trace the narrow ſteps of Poetry.
The Man that takes learn'd *Athens* cloſe retreat,
Who by himſelf doth ſtudy to be great;
When he hath ſtudy'd ſeven full tedious Years,
Grown old and grey upon his Books and Cares:

Yet

Yet after all this time and pains beſtow'd,
Grows a meer ſtock, and's laught at by the Crowd.
Then 'midſt the Waves and Tempeſts of the Town,
Where Cares do toſs and vexing buſineſs drown,
Can I compoſe my thoughts, can I aſpire,
And Join fit words to tune the *Roman* Lyre?

3. Two Brothers liv'd at *Rome*, a *Lawyer* one,
And one a *Rhetor* noted both in Town,
Vain glorious both, and ſtudious of a name,
They blew their Trumpets to each others Fame.
They one another did extreamly pleaſe;
And are not *Poets*, Sir, as mad as Theſe?
I *Odes*, and one writes *Elegy*; Divine,
A curious work, poliſh'd by all the *Nine*.
See how we ſtrut, and what a port we bear,
With what high ſcorn look o'er the Theater,
The other *Poets* ſneak and ſcarce appear.
But, if You've leaſure, ſtand aſide, and know
Why We admire, and praiſe each other ſo,
Why wreath the Crown, and why the Bays beſtow.
We quarrel, and with equal Fortune Fight,
True Samnites *draw the lingring War till Night.*
Then ſtraight in his Opinion I'm Divine
Alcæus, well, and what is He in Mine?
Callimachus, or would he more? *Mimnermus* Fame
He gets, and glories in his borrow'd Name.
A Thouſand things I ſuffer to aſſwage
The waſpiſh Poets, and to cool their rage;
Becauſe I write my ſelf, I plead their Cauſe,
I ſmooth, and humbly beg the Crowds applauſe;

But when grown ſober I ſhake off my Muſe,
I'll ſtop my Ears, and unleſs hir'd to hear, refuſe:
Dull Rhimes are laugh'd at, yet we ne'er give o'er,
Our Writers ſmile, and e'en themſelves adore;
If you are ſlow to clap they ſwear 'tis ſpite,
And praiſe themſelves what happy they have writ.

4. But He that hath a curious Piece deſign'd,
When He begins muſt take a *Cenſor's* mind.
Severe and honeſt, and what words appear,
Too light and trivial or too weak to bear
The weighty Sence, nor worth the Readers care,
Shake off; tho ſtubborn they are loth to move,
And tho we fanſy dearly, tho we love. (forth,
Good words, now grown obſcure, bring gently
Relieve them from the dark, and ſhow their worth
Us'd by the Ancients, tho conſum'd by rage
Of eating time, and grown deform'd with Age:
And take new words begot by Parent *Uſe*,
Prune the luxuriant, and Correct the looſe.
Pure, flowing, as a River rowl along,
And bring new plenty to the *Roman* Tongue;
Reform, and cut ſuperfluous Branches off;
Strengthen the weaker Words, and ſmooth the rough:
Now pain'd, now eas'd, as one that muſt put on
Now wanton *Satyrs*, now a *heavy* Clown:
Now I had rather be a little Wit,
So my dull Verſe my own dear ſelf delight,
Than know my faults, be vex'd, and die with ſpight.
An *Argive* Gentleman as Stories ſay,
Did always fanſy that he ſaw a Play,

The

The Actors dreſs, and well wrought Scenes appear;
And clapp'd and ſmil'd in th' empty Theater.
In all Things elſe he ſhew'd a ſober Mind,
A loving Neighbour and an honeſt Friend;
Kind to his Wife, and generous to his Slave,
Nor when he ſaw the Barrel broach'd would rave.
Would ſhun an open Well, and dangerous Pits,
And ſeem a perfect Man, and in his Wits,
Him when his tender Friends with Coſt and Pains
Had cur'd, and Phyſick gently purg'd his Brains,
He cry'd, *Ah me! My Friends I am undone,*
You've ruin'd me, now all my pleaſure's gone;
You have deſtroy'd, whilſt you deſign'd to ſave,
I've loſt the pleaſant'ſt Cheat that man could have.

5. 'Tis time now to be wiſe, forſake my Toys,
And leave my Verſes, proper ſport for Boys;
Not follow Words and Numerous Songs contrive,
But ſeek fit meaſures, and true rules to live.

6. If what you drink ſhould make your heats increaſe,
Would you not tell the *Doctor* your diſeaſe:
Now when the more you have, you crave the more,
When Floods of Store, ſhall make you thirſt for ſtore,
Won't you confeſs and this diſtemper own?
All this I uſe to think on when alone.
Suppoſe You had a Wound, and One had ſhow'd
An Herb, which you apply'd but found no good,
Would You be fond of this, increaſe your pain,
And uſe the fruitleſs remedy again? (ſtows
Thus when You hear on whom kind Heaven be-
Great heaps of Wealth, they ſtreight their folly loſe.

And

And yet you cannot find your ſelf more wiſe,
Becauſe more rich, you'll follow their advice,
Could Wealth with God-like Prudence Minds Inſpire,
Cure them of vexing Fear, and fond Deſire.
Then you ſhould bluſh, if all the World could ſhow,
A ſober Man, more covetous than You.
If that's our own, which powerful *Coin* procures,
And *Uſe*, as Lawyers ſay, makes ſomething ours;
The Field that feeds thee's thine; rich *Orbus* plows,
His Servant that Manures his Land, and Sows,
And breaks the fruitful Cold, that muſt afford
Good Corn to Thee, confeſſes thee his Lord:
One pays his Money, and receives agen,
Eggs, Pullets, Grapes, or elſe a flask of Wine.
And thus by theſe degrees the Farm he buys,
Bought at Three Thouſand pound, or at a greater price.
Well then, what difference is it whether now,
You pay for what you have, or did it long ago?
Thoſe purchaſers that *Veij*'s Fields have gain'd,
And large *Aricia*'s Plains, tho rich in land,
Yet even now buy every Herb they eat,
They buy each ſtick of Wood to boil their Meat.
Altho they think not ſo, and call the Grounds
Their own, which yonder friendly Poplar bounds.
As if that could be thine, that call'd thy own,
Which every Moment's hurry'd up and down,
And now to this, and now to 'tother thrown,
Which Money, Fraud or Flattery command,
And ſnatcht from one, to fill another's Hand:

So ſince perpetual Uſe to none's allow'd,
But Heir crowds Heir, as in a rowling Flood
Wave urges Wave, ah what doth it avail,
To join large Groves to Grove, and Vale to Vale,
If Death with equal hand, ſtrikes Great and ſmall,
Death unrelenting, and that never ſpares,
Not to be brib'd with Gold, or won by Tears?
Gold, Jewels, Statues, Marble, Ivory,
Paint, Cloth of Gold, and Suits of precious dye,
Gay Purple, Silver, ſome are wont to crave,
Yet cannot get, and ſome don't care to have.
Why of two Twins, the one his Pleaſure loves,
Preferrs his Sports to *Herod*'s fragrant Groves;
The other rich, and greedy of his Gain,
With Fire and Iron tames his woody Plain,
He drives the heavy Plough from morn till Night,
His Labour's pleaſure, and his Pain delight:
That *Genius* only knows, that's wont to wait,
On Birth-day Stars, the guider of our Fate,
Our Nature's God, that doth his Influence ſhed,
Eaſy to any Shape, or good or bad:
When Natures wants require, I will be free,
Nor care what my bold heir will think of me,
I'll uſe my little Heap, tho He be griev'd,
Becauſe I leave no more than I receiv'd,
Yet I the ſame would know, what difference lies
Between free ſpending, and looſe ſquandring vice,
And how far Thrift's remov'd from Avarice.
For ſure it differs much to waſt our Store,
And to ſpend freely, and not ſtrive for more:

And as i'th' five days feaſt, of old, the Boy,
Take the ſhort Sweets, and as in haſt enjoy.
I am not rich, nor do I gape for more,
But let me not be ſcandalouſly poor,
And let my Ship be great, or be it ſmall,
If I the ſame, the very I can ſail.

EPISTLE III.

To the *Piſones*, on the Art of Poetry.

SUppoſe a *Painter* ſhould a Canvas ſpread,
To draw a Piece, and Paint a Womans head,
Then a Mares neck; and then from different things,
Take different Parts, and cover all with Wings:
Then a Fiſh tail; purſue his ſenceleſs thought,
And mix the whole Creation in a draught,
And all theſe Parts in ſtrange proportion join,
Would you not laugh to ſee this wild Deſign?
Believe me, *Sirs*, that Book is like this Piece,
Where every Part ſo ſtrangely diſagrees,
Like *ſick Mens Dreams*, there's neither head nor tail,
But ſtrange Confuſion, ſhapeleſs Monſters all.
Poets and Painters equally may dare,
In bold Attempts, they claim an equal ſhare,
And may do any thing: All this we know,
This freedom too, we *mutually* allow;

And yet this leave can give no juſt pretence,
To fight the ſteddy Rules of *Common* Sence,
And join quite *Oppoſites*, the wild and Tame;
The Snake and Dove, the Lion and the Lamb.
Next great Beginnings, and in high Deſigns,
Some ſcatter here and there few gawdy lines,
Which gliſter finely, when a *Grove*'s their Theme,
A *pleaſant Wood*, or elſe a *purling* Stream:
How with the *Flood*, their fancies *ſmoothly* flow:
How *variouſly* they paint the Heavenly Bow!
But now perhaps none of theſe Themes agree,
Perhaps thou haſt ſome skill to paint a Tree,
But what of that? What will this art perform?
Wert thou to draw a Shipwrack, or a Storm,
Deſcribe a *Mariner*, how with panting breath,
He blows the Floods, and keeps out entring Death;
Whilſt with *one hand* deſpairing Life he ſaves,
The *other* Graſps his Riches on the Waves?
When you a mighty *Butt* reſolv'd to caſt,
Why doth it dwindle to a *Pint* at laſt?
In ſhort, in all you write let *Art* controul,
And keep the ſame juſt Tenor thro the whole.
But Sirs, moſt *Poets* now are finely caught,
By ſhow of *right* deluded to a fault:
By ſtriving to be *ſhort*, *obſcure* they grow;
And when they would be *ſmooth*, they ſink too low;
Their *Spirits* fail: And ſome that would be high,
Streight *ſwell*; and when they ſhould but walk, they fly:
Whilſt ſome *too cautious* fear the Winds will roar,
And waters toſs; nor dare to leave the Shoar.

Another's *Starling fancy* wildly roves,
And placeth Boars in Floods, and Trouts in Groves.
Thus, if it wants juſt *Art*, a cautious fear
Of Erring is a certain way to Err.
That *Graver* yonder in th' *Emilian* Square,
Can hit the Nails, or imitate the hair,
But he's a Sot, unhappy in his Art;
Becauſe he cannot faſhion every part,
And make the whole compleat; ſhould I compoſe,
I'd rather freely chooſe an ugly noſe
With two black Eyes, black hair exactly trim,
To make me more deform'd, than be like him.
You *Writers* try the Vigor of your Muſe,
And what her ſtrength will bear, and what refuſe,
And after that an equal Subject chuſe.
For he that doth this well, and chooſes right,
His *Method* will be clear, his *Words* be fit.
In this, or I miſtake, conſiſts the grace,
And force of *Method*, to aſſign a place,
For what muſt now, what by and by be ſaid,
What for the preſent time muſt be delay'd;
What Thoughts you muſt improve, what Notion ſlight,
If you will aim at praiſe in all you write.
Be *cautious* in your Words, invent but few,
We're puzled rather, than we're pleas'd with new:
Yet 'twill be Art, and 'twill procure thee praiſe,
If well apply'd, and in a handſome Phraſe,
You make *new* Words ſeem *eaſy*, *plain*, and known,
We all will clap, and cry 'twas bravely done.
But if you would *unheard* of things expreſs;
And cloath new Notions in a *Modern* dreſs;

Invent *new* Words, we can *indulge* a Muſe,
Until the *Licence* riſe to an *Abuſe*:
And thoſe are beſt, that do but gently fall,
Juſt vary'd from the *Greek* Original:
For why ſhould *Varius*, why ſhou'd *Virgil* be deny'd,
What *Plautus* and *Cecilius* wiſely did?
And for what reaſon ſhould the *Fops* reſent,
If I but *few*, and *modeſtly* invent?
When *Cato's* Stile and *Ennius* lofty Song,
With various ſtore enrich'd our *Mother* Tongue,
'Twas ſtill allow'd, and 'twill be ſtill allow'd,
To make new Words plain to be underſtood:
As *Leaves* on Trees do with the turning Year,
The former fall, and others will appear;
Juſt ſo it is in *Words*, one Word will riſe,
Look green, and flouriſh, when another dies.
All We, and Ours, are in a changing State,
Juſt *Nature's* Debt, and muſt be paid to Fate:
Great *Cæſar's Mole*, that braves the furious Tides,
Where now ſecure from Storms, his Navy rides:
E'en that *drain'd Lake*, where former Ages row'd,
A great *unfruitful Waſt*, tho now 'tis plow'd,
Bears Corn, and ſends the neighbouring Cities food:
Thoſe new *Canales*, that bound fierce *Tibur's* force,
That teach the Streams to take a better Courſe,
And ſpare the Plough-man's hopes: E'en theſe muſt waſt,
Then how can *feeble Words* pretend to laſt?
Some words that have, or elſe will feel decay,
Shall be reſtor'd, and come again in play,

And words now fam'd, ſhall not be fanſy'd long,
They ſhall not pleaſe the Ear, or move the Tongue:
As *Uſe* ſhall theſe approve, and thoſe condemn,
Uſe the ſole Rule of Speech, and Judge ſupreme.
How we ſhould write of Battles, Wars and Kings,
And ſuit with mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
Firſt *Homer* ſhow'd, and by Example taught,
He wrote as nobly, as his *Heroes* fought:
In Verſes *long and ſhort*, Grief firſt appear'd,
In thoſe they mourn'd paſt Ills, and future fear'd:
But ſoon theſe lines with Mirth and Joy were fill'd,
And told when Fortune, or a Miſtriſs ſmil'd:
But who theſe Meaſures was the firſt that wrote,
The *Criticks* doubt, and cannot end the doubt.
Archilochus was arm'd, by injur'd Rage,
When keen *Iambicks*, He did firſt engage
With that ſharp foot and left it to the Stage;
For 'tis a ſounding Foot, and full of force,
And fit, as made on purpoſe, for diſcourſe.
In *Lyrick* numbers Gods, and Hero's ſound,
The ſwifteſt Horſe is prais'd or Wreſtler crown'd:
Feaſts, Wine, and open Mirth, or Myrtle Shades,
The Cares of Love, or Tears of ſighing Maids.
Unleſs all Matters I exactly hit,
What juſt Pretence have I to be a Wit?
What claim have I to the *Poetick* Name?
What fair Pretenſions to put in for Fame?
Or why ſhould I conceal my want of Skill,
Abſurdly modeſt, and be fooliſh ſtill,
Rather than ſhow my Want, demand Supplies,
From richer *Parts*, and ſo at laſt be Wiſe?

A *Comick* Story hates a *Tragick* Stile,
Bombaſt ſpoils *humor*, and *diſtorts* a *Smile*:
And *Tragical Thyeſtes* barbarous Feaſt,
Scorns *Mean* and *Common* words, and hates a Jeſt;
Let every *Subject* have what fits it beſt:
Yet *Comedy* may be allow'd to riſe,
And rattle in a Paſſion or Surprize;
And *Tragedy* in humble words muſt weep,
The Stile muſt *ſuppliant* ſeem, and ſeem to creep:
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
Muſt leave their *Flights*, and give their *Bombaſt* o'er;
If they would keep their well-pleas'd *Audience* long,
And raiſe their juſt Reſentments for their wrong:
'Tis not enough, that Plays are neatly wrought,
Exactly form'd, and of an even Plot,
They muſt be *taking* too, Surprize, and Sieze,
And force our *Souls* which way the Writers pleaſe.
We laugh or weep, as we ſee *others* do,
Our Souls agree, and take their *Paſſions* too:
My grief with *others* juſt proportion bears,
To make me weep, you muſt be firſt in Tears:
Then *Telephus* I can believe thy moan,
And think thy Miſeries are all my own:
But if thy part be *ill*, or *acted* ill,
Unheeding thy Complaint, I ſleep or ſmile:
Sad words ſuit well with *Grief*, with *Joy* the *looſe*,
Grave the *Severe*, and *Merry* the *Jocoſe*:
'Tis *Nature* ſtill that doth the Change begin,
She faſhions, and ſhe forms our Souls within,
To all the Changes, and the Turns of Fate;
Now ſcrews our Minds to an unuſual height,

And

And ſwells us into rage; or bending low,
She cramps our Souls with dull contracting Woe,
She makes us ſtoop beneath a weighty wrong,
Then tells the various Paſſions with the *Tongue*:
Now if his *Speech* doth not his *Fortune* fit,
He will be hiſt by Gallery, Box, and Pit.

You muſt take care, and uſe quite *different* words,
When *Servants* ſpeak, or their *commanding Lords*,
When *grave old Men*, or *head-ſtrong Youths* diſcourſe,
When *ſtately Matrons*, or a *buſy Nurſe*;
A *cheating Tradeſman*, or a *labouring Clown*,
A *Greek* or *Aſian*, bred at *Court* or *Town*.

Keep to old Tales, or if you muſt have new,
Feign things coherent, that may look like true:
If you would draw* *Achilles* in diſgrace,
Then draw *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was;
Impatient, fierce, inexorable, proud,
His Sword, his Law, his own right hand his God:
Medea muſt be furious, ſhe muſt rave:
Crafty *Ixion* a deſigning Knave;
Io a wandring Cow, and *Ino* ſad:
And poor *Oreſtes* melancholy mad:
But if you'll leave thoſe Paths where moſt have gone,
And dare to make a *Perſon* of your own,
Take care you ſtill the ſame proportions ſtrike,
Let all the Parts agree, and be alike.

Unuſual Subjects, Sir, 'tis hard to hit,
It asks no common Pains, nor common Wit,
Rather on Subjects known your Mind employ,
And take from *Homer* ſome old tales of *Troy*,

* I read, *ſcripta*; *inhonoratum*, &c.

And

And bring thoſe uſual things again in view,
Than venture on a Subject wholly new:
Yet you may make theſe *common* Themes your own,
Unleſs you treat of things too fully known;
Show the ſame *humors*, and that uſual *State*,
Or word for word too faithfully tranſlate;
Or elſe your Pattern ſo *confin'dly* chooſe,
That you are ſtill condemn'd to follow cloſe,
Or break all *decent* meaſures to be looſe.

Firſt ſtrain no higher, than your voice will hold,
Nor as that * *Cyclick* writer did of old,
Begin my mighty Muſe, and boldly dare,
I'll ſing great Priam's *Fate, and noble War.*
What did He worth a *Gape* ſo large produce?
The travailing *Mountain* yields a ſilly *Mouſe*,
Much better *Homer*, who doth all things well,
Muſe, tell the Man, for you can ſurely tell,
Who, Troy *once fall'n, to many Countries went,*
And ſtrictly view'd the Men, and Government.
As one that knows the Laws of writing right,
He makes *Light* follow *Smoak*, not *Smoak* the *Light*;
For ſtreight, how fierce *Charybdis* rowls along!
How *Scylla* roars thro all his wondrous Song!
Nor doth He, that He might ſeem deeply read,
Begin the fam'd Return of *Diomed*

* *Scriptor Cyclicus* is not, as uſually thought, *Scriptor Circumforaneus*, but the ſame with what the Greeks call'd Κύκλικος; of whom ſee *Langbain* in his Notes on *Longinus*.

From

From *Meleager*'s death; nor dives as far,
As *Leda*'s Eggs,
For the beginning of the *Trojan* War:
He always haſtens on to the Events,
And ſtill the middle of the Tale preſents,
As 'twere the firſt, then draws the Reader on,
Till the whole Story is exactly known,
And what he can't improve he lets alone.
And ſo joins Lyes and Truth, that every part agrees,
And ſeem no Fiction, but a real Piece:
But Sir, obſerve; (ſhame waits on the neglect,)
This I, and all, as well as I, expect,
If you would have a judging *Audience* ſtay,
Be pleas'd, and clap, and ſit out all the Play:
Obſerve what *Humor* in each *Age* appears,
Then draw your fit, and lively Characters,
And ſuit their *changing* Minds, and *changing* Years.
A *Boy* that juſt ſpeaks plain, and goes alone,
Loves childiſh Play-mates, he is angry ſoon,
And pleas'd as ſoon: And both for nothing ſtill,
Changing his Humor, various is his Will:
A *Youth* juſt looſned from his Tutor's care,
Leaves off his Books, and follows Hound and Hare;
The Horſe is his delight, or Cards and Dice,
Rough to Reproof, and eaſy bent to Vice.
Inconſtant, eager, haughty, fierce and proud;
A very ſlow provider for his good,
And prodigal of his Coin, and of his Blood.
The *full grown Man*, doth aim at different ends,
He betters his Eſtate, and gets him Friends;
He courts gay *Honor*, and He fears to do,
What he muſt alter on a ſecond view,

An

An *Old man's* Character is hit with eaſe,
For he is pettiſh, and all one Diſeaſe:
Still covetous, and ſtill he gripes for more,
And yet he fears to uſe his *preſent* Store:
Slow, long in Hope, ſtill eager to live on,
And fond of no mans Judgment but his own:
On *Youths* gay frolicks peeviſhly ſevere,
And oh when He was *young*, what Times they were!
The *Flow* of Life brings in a wealthy Store,
The *Ebb* draws back, what e're was brought before,
And leaves a *barren* Sand, and *naked* Shore.
And therefore when you repreſent a *Youth*,
Leſt you draw lines, that fit a *Man* of growth;
Obſerve the juſt *decorum* of the Stage,
And ſhow thoſe *Humors* ſtill that *ſuit* the Age:
For otherwiſe 'twill ſeem as fond and wild,
As 'tis to clap a beard upon a Child.
What e'er a Play can comprehend, is *ſhown*
Upon the open Stage, or *told* alone;
Things only *told*, tho of the ſame degree,
Do raiſe our Paſſions leſs than what we *ſee*:
For the *Spectator* takes in every part,
The Eyes the faithfull'ſt Servant to the Heart:
Yet do not every Part too freely ſhew,
Some bear the telling, better than the view:
Things *wild* or *cruel* do diſpleaſe the Eyes,
And yet when only *told*, the ſame ſurprize;
Medea muſt not draw her murdering Knife,
And on the *Stage* attempt her Childrens life;
Nor *Progne* fly transform'd into a Fowl,
Nor *Hecuba* turn'd Bitch begin to howl:

Nor

Nor *Cadmus* there is ſnaky folds advance,
I hate ſuch wild improbable Romance.
The Play that you deſign ſhould often pleaſe,
Muſt have *five Acts*, and neither more nor leſs;
No *God* appear to mend an ill-wrought Scene,
Unleſs ſome *weighty Cauſe* ſhall force him in:
To *crowd* the Stage, is odious and abſurd,
Let no *fourth* Actor ſtrive to ſpeak a word.
The *Chorus* muſt ſupply an Actors place,
And take his Part, this gives a natural Grace;
Leſt any thing between the *Acts* ſhould ſeem,
Not fitly ſuited to the *common* Theme:
Let him commend the Good, and Friends, and Eaſe,
Praiſe wholeſome Juſtice, and love open Peace:
Tame Paſſion, all mens Thoughts to *vertue* win,
And cheeriſh thoſe that are afraid to ſin:
Extenuate Faults, and pray to *mighty* God,
That Fate would *raiſe* the *Poor*, and *ſink* the *Proud*.
The *Pipe* of old, was not as large as now,
Nor gather'd all the Breath a Man could blow:
It's hallow, ſmall, and fill'd with feeble wind,
It cheer'd the Audience with the *Chorus* join'd;
Not made of Braſs, nor like the *Trumpet* loud,
With *pleaſing* Airs it fill'd the *little* Crowd:
For then this new delight was known to few,
And you could *number* thoſe that came to view.
No *wanton Luxury* did taint the Stage,
But that was mean, and modeſt as the Age.
But when ſtrange Nations felt our Conquering hand,
When *Rome* enlarg'd the bounds of her Command,

When

When *ſtatelier* Walls, ſhe did begin to raiſe,
And Mirth, and Wine, & ſport imploy'd our Days,
The *modiſh Luxury* ſpread o'er the Plays:
For what could pleaſe ſo mix'd, ill-match'd a Crowd,
Where Cit and Clown were mix'd, the Learn'd and Rude,
As ſenceleſs as the Ox with which he plow'd?
Hence did our Muſick, and our Songs increaſe,
Our Dance was artful, noble was our Dreſs:
Our Harps improv'd, and lofty Eloquence,
In high ſtrong Lines convey'd unuſual Sence:
And pithy Sentences ſhort Truth fore-ſhow'd,
As clear and uſeful as the *Delphian* God:
The Men that firſt did ſtrive in Tragedies,
When a *mean Goat* was all the Conquerors prize;
Brought *Satyrs* naked in, or looſely dreſt,
And tho ſtill grave, would venture at a Jeſt,
This was the Bait to bribe the *Crowd* to ſtay,
When *Drunk* and *Wanton*, and ſit out the Play.
Yet *Satyrs* ſhould obſerve this decent Rule,
And ſo turn ſerious things to Ridicule;
As not to bring a *God* or *Hero* down,
Or make a *Perſon* grac'd with Robe and Crown,
Talk *common* Talk, and ſink into a Clown:
Or whilſt he doth affect a lofty hight,
Fly up in *bombaſt*, and ſoar out of ſight:
For *Tragedy* too high to ſtoop to Jeſt,
(As *Matrons* dancing at a ſolemn Feaſt,
Keep *decent* Steps) ſtill different will appear,
From wanton *Satyrs*, *modeſtly* ſevere:
Yet *bitter* Words, and domineering Phraſe,
Is not the thing that I in *Satyrs* praiſe,

Nor

Nor would I have the Difference drawn too far,
And free the *Satyrs* from the *Tragicks* Care;
They muſt not make *all Perſons* talk alike,
The *Citty Vallet*, and the *Country Dick*;
The *Chamber-maid* grown impudently bold,
When ſhe has bobb'd the *Lecher* of his Gold:
The down-right Farmer, and the dowdy Sot,
Or elſe the brisk Companion o'er his Pot:
I'll take a *Common Theme*, and yet excel,
Tho any Man may hope to write as well;
Yet let him try, and He ſhall ſweat in vain,
Idle his Labor, fruitleſs prove the Pain:
So great the force of *Art* and *Method* ſeems,
So much we may improve the Common Themes.
Be ſure you never make a *Satyr* ſport,
And talk, and dance, and jeſt, as bred at Court;
But let him ſpeak, as if in Woods he ſpoke,
And lately taken from his *Mother Oak*:
Yet never make him wantonly abſurd,
Nor let him ſlyly drop one *bawdy* Word:
For all our *Nobles* hate ſuch *filthy* Wit,
They ſcorn to bear ſuch Words, the choice delight
Of *ſottiſh Tradeſmen*, and the *fooliſh Cit*.
A foot, one long, one ſhort, *Iambus* nam'd;
Of which thoſe meaſures, thoſe ſo juſtly fam'd,
Call'd *Trimeter Iambick* lines, are fram'd,
When juſt ſix Feet, and when thro all the Song,
The ſelf ſame meaſure's kept, one ſhort, one long:
This Foot to make the *Cadence* more ſevere,
And with a *graver* touch ſalute the Ear,
Receeding ſomewhat from her *natural* right,
The graver *Spondy* kindly did admit,

Yet

Yet ſo as to forbid it to be put,
Or in the *fourth*, or in the *ſecond* Foot:
Yet this is ſeldom ſeen in the ſublime,
High *Accius* verſe, or *Ennius* noble rhime:
And yet in this ſome ſhow their want of Skill,
And make their Verſes *Scandalouſly* ill:
And whilſt their *ſounding Rhimes* tranſgreſs this Rule,
The wretched *Actor's* hiſt, and thought a fool.
It is not every Judge knows what's amiſs,
And Rome *is too indulgent to her Sons in this:*
What then? Shall I be looſe? Neglect my Rules,
In hopes to find my Judges ſenſeleſs fools?
To beg an *Alms* which they can chooſe to grant,
Shall I ſubmit to *voluntary* want?
Or rather think, that all my Faults will ſpy,
And ſafe within mine own perfection lie,
Nor need that pardon which they can deny?
For make the beſt on't, I avoid the ſhame,
I amn't diſcover'd, yet deſerve no Fame.
Read o'er the *Greeks* by day, digeſt at night,
For thoſe are *Standards*, and juſt *Rules* of Wit.
'Tis true, as I have heard, the *former* times
Clapp'd *Plautus* wanton and uneven Rhimes;
With too much *Patience* both, (to ſay no more
And call it *folly*) thoſe our *Fathers* bore:
Some think this harſh, but 'tis approv'd by you,
Learn'd Sir, and I am ſure the *Cenſure's* true,
If you and I know what is juſt and fit,
Are skill'd in *Cadence*, and diſtinguiſh right,
Between a bawdy clench and a gentele Wit.

Theſpis

Theſpis the firſt, that did ſurprize the Age
With *Tragedy*, ne'er trod a decent Stage:
But in a Waggon drove his Plays about,
And ſhow'd mean antick tricks to pleaſe the Rout;
His Songs uneven, rude in every Part,
His Actors ſmutted, and the Scene a Cart.
Next *Æſchilus* did greater Art expreſs,
He built a Stage, and taught them how to dreſs;
In decent motions He his Parts convey'd,
And made them *look* as *great*, as thoſe they play'd.
Next theſe *Old Comedy* did pleaſe the Age,
But ſoon their *Liberty* was turn'd to *Rage*;
Such Rage, as *Civil Power* was forc'd to tame,
And by good *Laws* ſecure Mens injur'd Fame:
Thus was the *Chorus* loſt, their railing Muſe
Grew ſilent, when forbidden to abuſe.
Our *Latin Poets* eager after Praiſe,
Have boldly ventur'd, and deſerv'd the Bays:
They left thoſe Paths, where all the *Greeks* have gone,
And dar'd to ſhow ſome Actions of their own:
And would our *Poets* be inur'd to pain,
And what they once have form'd, file o'er again;
Let it lie by them, and reviſe with care;
Our *Rome* would be as fam'd, for *Wit* as *War*:
Sirs, damn thoſe Rhimes that haſty Minds do give,
E'er *Time* and *Care* have form'd them fit to live;
Let many a Day, and many a Blot confine,
And many a Nail be par'd o'er every Line.
Becauſe *Democritus* once fondly taught,
(Who ever heard He had one ſober Thought)

That naked Nature with a frantick ſtart,
Would Rhime more luckily than feeble Art;
And did allow none leave to taſt a drop
Of *Helicon*, unleſs a crazy Fop:
The *foppiſh* humor now o'er moſt prevails,
And few will ſhave their Beards or pair their Nails;
They ſhun Converſe, and fly to Solitude,
Seem frantick Sots, and are deſign'dly rude:
For if they go but naſty, if they gain
The reputation of a *crazy* Brain,
Streight *Poets* too, they muſt be thought by all;
Oh *Block-head* I that purge at Spring and Fall!
For elſe perhaps I had been fam'd for Rhimes,
And been the greateſt *Poet* of the Times:
But I had rather keep that Sence I have,
Than to be thought a *Poet*, Rhime and Rave:
I'll play the *Whet-ſtone*, uſeleſs and unfit
To cut my ſelf, I'll ſharpen others Wit,
Unwriting I will teach them how to write:
What gives them Matter, what exalts their Thoughts,
And what are Ornaments, and what are Faults?
Of writing well theſe are the chiefeſt Springs,
To know the *Nature*, and the *uſe* of Things:
Right judging *Morals* will the Subject ſhow,
And when the Subject's found, Words freely flow:
He that can tell what *Care* our injur'd Fame,
And what our *Mothers*, what our *Siſters* claim;
With what *degrees of Zeal* we ſhould defend,
Our *Country*, *Fathers*, *Brothers*, or a *Friend*,
What ſuits a *Senator's*, what a *Judge's* care,
What *Soldier's*, what a *Leader's*, in the War:

Secure

Secure of Honor he may boldly write,
For he is ſure to draw the *Image* right.
'Tis my advice, let every *Painter* place,
The *Life* before him that will hit the Face:
So let a Writer look o'er Men, to ſee
What various Thoughts to various Kinds agree;
And thence the different *Images* derive,
And make the fit expreſſions ſeem to live:
A *Play exactly drawn*, tho often rough,
Without the Dreſs of *Art* to ſet it off,
Takes People more, and more delight affords,
Than noiſy Trifles, and meer empty Words.
The *Muſes* lov'd the *Greeks*, and bleſt with Sence,
They freely gave them Wit, and Eloquence;
In thoſe they did *Heroick* fancies raiſe,
For they were covetous of nought but Praiſe;
But as for Us, our *Roman* Youths are bred
To *Trades*, to caſt *Account*, to *Write* and *Read*:
Come hither, Child, (ſuppoſe 'tis *Albine*'s Son)
Hold up thy Head; take five from Forty one,
And what remains? *Juſt Thirty ſix*: Well done.
Add ſeven what makes it then? *Juſt Forty eight*:
Ah thou muſt be a Man of an Eſtate!
And when this care for Gain all thoughts controuls,
When this baſe Ruſt hath cruſted o'er their Souls;
Ne'er think that ſuch will reach a noble hight,
Theſe clogs muſt check, theſe weights retard their flight:
Poets would *profit*, or *delight* alone,
Or join both *Profit* and *Delight* in one:
Let all your Rules be ſhort, laid plainly down;
That *docil* Minds may comprehend them ſoon,

And *faithful* Memories retain with eaſe,
Short Precepts profit much, as well as pleaſe:
For when we fill the narrow Mind too full,
It runs again out of the o'er-charg'd Soul.
Beſure what ever pleaſant Tales you tell,
Be ſo like Truth, that they may ſerve as well:
And do not *Lamias* eating Children feign,
Then ſhow them whole, and make them live again:
Our *grave Men* ſcorn the looſe and meer jocoſe;
Our *Youth* deſpiſe the ſtiff and the moroſe:
But He's the Man, He with a *Genius* writes
That takes them Both, and profits and delights:
That in one Line inſtructs and pleaſes all;
That Book will eaſily be ſet to ſale,
See diſtant Countries, ſpread the Author's name,
And ſend him down a Theme to future Fame:
Yet there are Faults, and Men may ſometimes Err;
And I'll forgive, I'll not be too ſevere.
An *Artiſt* always can't command his Harp,
But when he ſtrikes a *Flat* He hears a *Sharp*:
The greateſt *Archers* ſometimes miſs the Whites,
If *numerous Graces* ſhine in what he writes,
I'll not condemn tho ſome few Faults appear,
Which common frailty leaves or want of Care:
But if tho warn'd He ſtill repeats the ſame,
Who can endure, and who forbear to blame?
Juſt as that *Fidler* muſt be call'd a Sot,
That always errs upon the ſelf ſame Note:
So He that makes a Book one copious fault,
As *Cherilus*, the greateſt Dunce that ever wrote,

In whom if e'er I ſee two lines of Wit,
I ſmile, and wonder at the lucky hit:
But fret to find the mighty *Homer* dream,
Forget himſelf a-while, and loſe his Theme:
Yet if the work be long, ſleep may ſurprize,
And a ſhort Nod creep o'er the watchfull'ſt Eyes.
Poems, like *Pictures*, ſome when near delight,
At diſtance ſome, ſome ask the cleareſt light;
And ſowe the ſhade; ſome Pictures pleaſe when new,
And ſome when old; ſome bear a tranſient view;
Some bid the Men of Skill ſeverely pry,
Some pleaſe but once, ſome always pleaſe the Eye.
But you, dear Sir, tho you your ſelf are wiſe,
Tho by your Father's care, and kind advice
Secure from faults, yet pray believe me this:
In other things *a Mean* may be allow'd,
Not *Beſt* may ſtill be *tolerable* good:
A *Common Lawyer*, tho he cannot plead
Like ſmooth *Meſſala*, nor's ſo deeply read
As learn'd *Caſſelius*, yet the Man may pleaſe,
Yet He may be in vogue, and get his Fees:
But now the Laws of God and Man deny
A middle State, and mean in Poetry,
For as at Treats, or as at noble Feaſts,
Bad Perfumes, and bad Songs diſpleaſe the Gueſts,
Becauſe the Feaſt did not depend on theſe,
So *Poetry*, a thing deſign'd to pleaſe,
Compos'd for meer delight, muſt needs be ſtill
Or very good, or ſcandalouſly ill.
He that's unskilful will not toſs a Ball,
Nor run, nor wreſtle for He fears the fall;

He juſtly fears to meet deſerv'd diſgrace,
And that the *Ring* will hiſs the baffled Aſs:
But every one can *Rhime*, He's fit for that;
Why not? I'm ſure he hath a good Eſtate,
And that may give him juſt pretence to write,
It makes a Poet, as it dubs a Knight.
But you, Sir, know your ſelf, will wiſely chooſe,
And ſtill conſult the *Genius* of your Muſe;
And yet when e'er you write, let every line
Paſs thro your *Fathers*, *Mecca*'s Ears, or *mine t*
Keep it long by you, and improve it ſtill,
For then you may correct what e'er you will:
But nought can be recall'd when once 'tis gone,
It grows the *Publick's*, 'tis no more your own.
Fame ſays, Inſpired *Orpheus* firſt began
To ſing *Gods* Laws, and make them known to Man;
Their fierceneſs ſoftned, ſhow'd them wholeſom food,
And frighted all from lawleſs Luſt and Blood;
And therefore Fame hath told, his charming Lute
Could tame a Lion, and correct a Brute:
Amphion too, (as Story goes) could call
Obedient Stones to make the *Theban* Wall;
He led them as he pleas'd, the Rocks obeyed,
And danc'd in order to the Tunes he play'd:
'Twas then the work of *Verſe* to make Men wiſe,
To lead to Vertue, and to fright from Vice:
To make the Savage, Pious, Kind and Juſt;
To curb wild Rage, and bind unlawful Luſt;
To build Societies, and force confine,
This was the noble, this the firſt Deſign;
This was their Aim, for this they tun'd their Lute,
And hence the *Poets* got their firſt repute:

Next

Next *Homer* and *Tyrteus* did boldly dare,
To whet brave Minds and lead the ſtout to War:
In *verſe* their *Oracles* the *Gods* did give,
In *verſe* we were inſtructed how to live:
Verſe recommends Us to the Ears of Kings,
And eaſeth Minds when clog'd with ſerious things;
And therefore, Sir, *Verſe* may deſerve your care,
Which *Gods* inſpire, and *Kings* delight to hear.
Now ſome diſpute to which the greateſt part
A *Poem* owes, to *Nature*, or to Art;
But faith, to ſpeak my thoughts, I hardly know,
What *witleſs Art*, or *Artleſs Wit* can do:
Each by it ſelf is vain I'm ſure, but join'd
Their force is ſtrong; each proves the others friend.
The Man that is reſolv'd the Prize to gain,
Doth often run, and take a world of pain;
Bear Heat and Cold, his growing ſtrength improve,
Nor taſt the Joys of Wine, or Sweets of Love:
The good *Muſician* too that's fam'd for Song,
Hath con'd his Tune, and fear'd his Maſter long:
But amongſt *Poets* 'tis enough to ſay,
Faith I can write an admirable Play,
Pox take the hindmoſt, I am foremoſt ſtill,
And tho 'tis great, conceal his want of skill.
As *Tradeſmen* call in Folks to buy their Ware,
Good Penny-worths, the beſt in all the Fair;
So wealthy Poets when they read their Plays,
Get Flatterers in, for they are paid for Praiſe:
And faith a Man that has a good Eſtate,
That can oblige a Friend, and nobly Treat,
Be Surety for the *Poor*, his Cauſe defend,
Shall never know a *Flatterer* from a Friend:

If you have been, or promis'd to be kind
To any one, whilſt joy perverts his Mind
Ask not his Judgment, for He'll ſtreight conſent,
And cry *'tis good, 'tis rare, 'tis Excellent*;
Grow pale, and weep, and ſtamp, at every line,
Oh Lord! 'Tis more than Man, 'tis all Divine.
As *Hired Mourners* at the Grave will howl,
Much more than thoſe that grieve with all their Soul,
Thus *Friends* appear leſs mov'd than *Counterfeits*,
And *Flatterers* out-do, and ſhow their Cheats:
Kings (thus ſays Story) that of old deſign'd,
To raiſe a *Favourite* to a *Boſome Friend*,
Did ply him hard with wine, unmask'd his thoughts,
And ſaw him Naked, and with all his Faults:
So when you write, take heed what Friend you have,
And fear the Smi'es of a deſigning Knave:
Let good *Quintilius* all your lines reviſe,
And he will freely ſay, mend this and this;
Sir I have often try'd, and try'd again,
I'm ſure I can't do better, 'tis in vain:
Then blot out every word, or try once more,
And file theſe ill turn'd Verſes o'er and o'er:
But if you ſeem in love with your own Thought,
More eager to defend than mend your Fault,
He ſays no more, but lets the Fop go on,
And Rival-free admire his lovely own:
An honeſt Judge will blame each idle line,
And tell you, you muſt make the Cloudy ſhine;
Show you what Words are harſh, blot out the rough,
And cut the uſeleſs gawdy painting off:

Look

Look thro your Faults with an impartial Eye,
And tell you what you muſt correct, and why:
Critick indeed, nor ſay, *ſhall I diſpleaſe*
My honeſt Friend for ſuch ſmall Toys as theſe?
Theſe Toys will once to ſerious miſchiefs fall,
When He is laugh'd at, when He's jeer'd by all:
For more than Mad or Pox'd Men hate the Dull,
And ſwiftly fly the ſenſeleſs rhiming Fool:
And fear to touch him, Men of Senſe retire,
The Boys abuſe, and only Fools admire:
Suppoſe He fir'd with his *Poetick* flame,
Juſt as a *Fowler* eager on his Game,
Doth fall into a Pit, and bawls aloud,
And calls for pity to the laughing Crowd;
He may bawl on, for all will ſtand and flout,
And not one lend an hand to help him out;
But yet if any ſhould; what? was't deſign,
Or elſe meer Chance, pray Sir, that threw him in?
I'll tell my Reaſons, and in ſhort relate,
A poor *Sicilian Poet's* wretched Fate:
Empedocles muſt needs be thought a God,
And therefore in a melancholly Mood,
Leap'd into *Ætna's* Flames: let Poets have
The Privilege to hang, and None to ſave;
For 'tis no greater cruelty to kill,
Than 'tis to ſave a Man againſt his Will:
Nor was it *Chance* the heedleſs Fool betray'd,
Nor the ſtrange efforts of a *crazy* head;
For draw him out, reſtore his life again,
He would not be content to be a Man,
He would be eager to be thought divine,
And gladly burn in Hopes to gain a Shrine:

Now

Now 'tis not known for what notorious Crime,
Theſe brainleſs Fellows are condemn'd to Rhime;
Whether they piſs'd upon their Fathers Grave,
Or rob'd a Shrine; 'tis certain that they rave;
And like wild Bears if once they break their Den,
And can get looſe, worry all ſorts of Men;
Their killing Rhimes they *barbarouſly* obtrude,
And make all fly, the Learn'd, as well as Rude:
But then to thoſe they ſieze, They ſtill reherſe,
And murder the poor Wretches with their Verſe;
They Rhime and Kill, a curſed murd'ring Brood,
Like *Leeches*, ſucking ſtill, till full of Blood

FINIS.

A

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